

THE HUMAN TORCH  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
THE SUB MARINER

# ALL

NO. 10 FALL ISSUE 10¢

# WINNERS

COMICS







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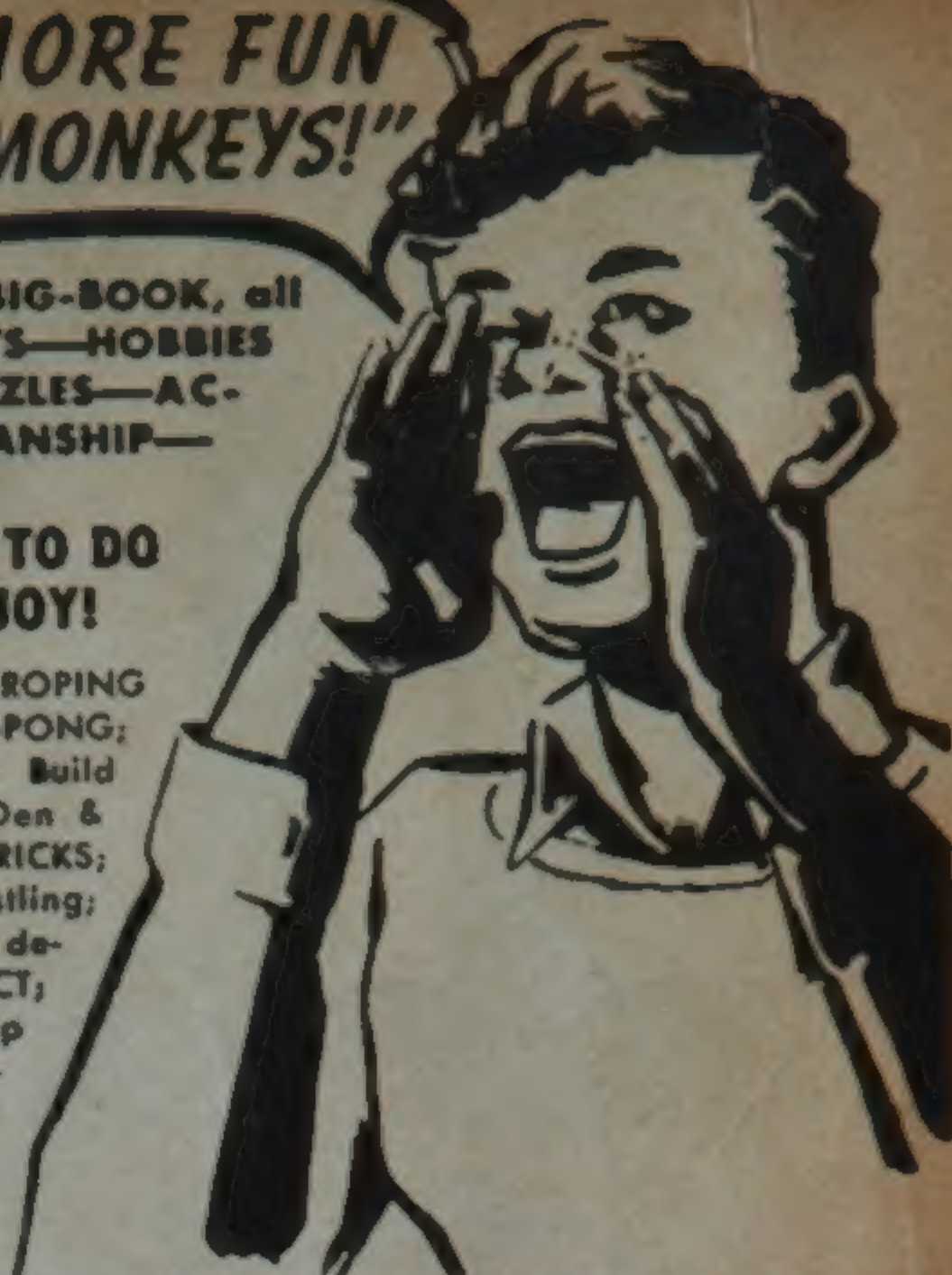
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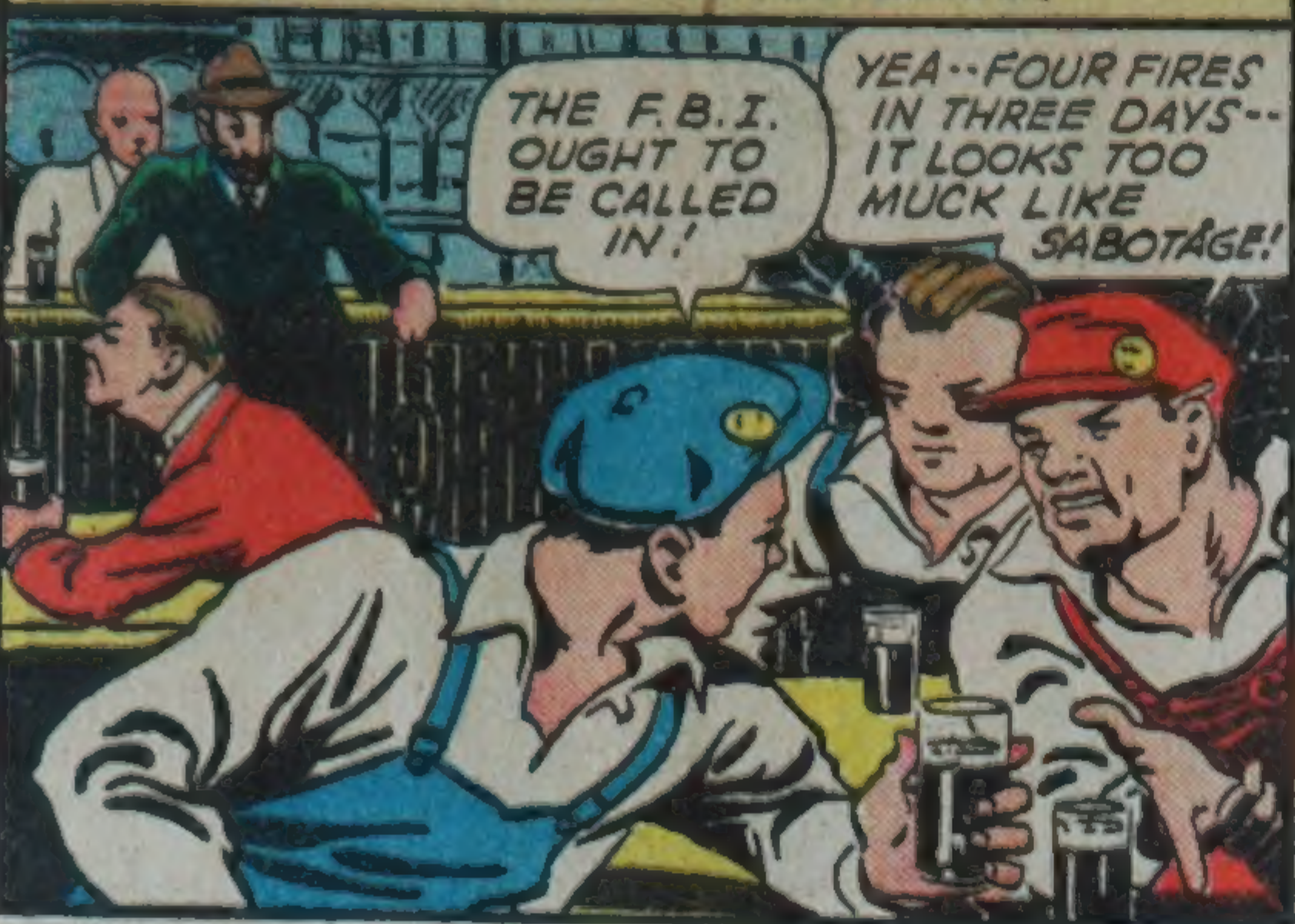
# HUMAN TORCH



**BLOODY TALONS  
OF THE  
FEATHERED FIENDS!**



A GREAT CITY'S PEOPLE ARE AROUSED IN ANGER AS MYSTERIOUS FIRES SWEEP ITS FACTORIES!



THE F.B.I. OUGHT TO BE CALLED IN!

YEA--FOUR FIRES IN THREE DAYS--IT LOOKS TOO MUCK LIKE SABOTAGE!

IN A LUNCHROOM, A STRANGE LOOKING MAN OVERHEARS..



HA! WOULDN'T THEY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THOSE FIRES! I MUST TELL THE VULTURE OUR PLAN IS WORKING!

WHAT OF THE VULTURE -- WHO IS HE? WHERE IS HIS LAIR?



HO-NIKKI--BORIS IS TALKING TOO MUCH--HIS TONGUE IS TOO LOOSE--GO FIND HIM AND KILL HIM!

YIK-K-KKK!

MEANWHILE, BORIS LEAVES THE LUNCHROOM ---



NOW FOR THE PAY-OFF, THE VULTURE WILL REWARD ME GENEROUSLY!

BAR

SUDDENLY... NIKKI CARRIES OUT HIS ORDERS!



YIKK-KKI!

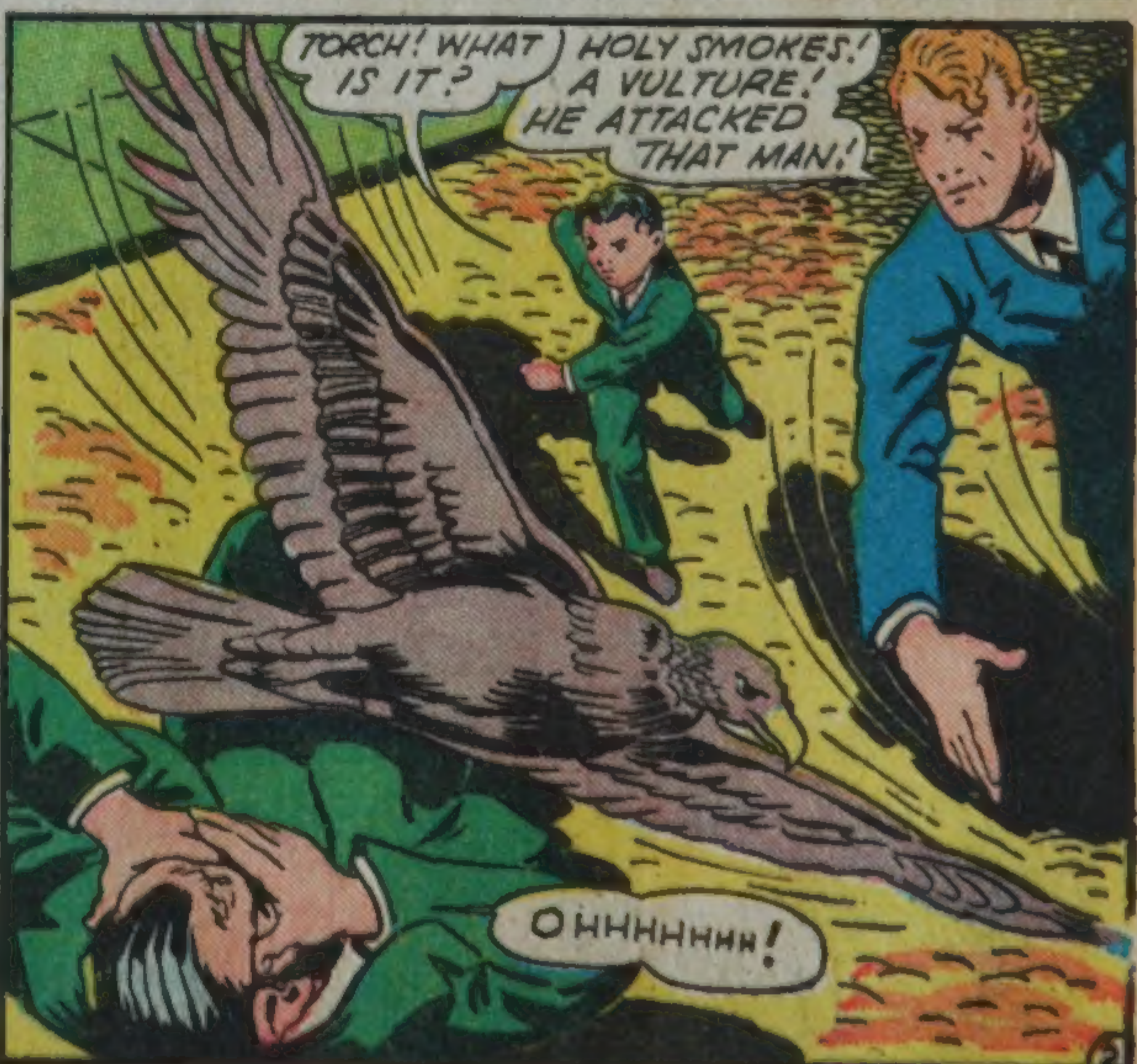
THE VULTURE--YAGHHHH!

TORCH AND TORO ARE JUST LEAVING THE NEARBY FACTORY AFTER MAKING A ROUTINE CHECK WHEN BORIS SCREAMS!



GOSH, TORCH! HEAR THAT?

YES--CAME FROM UP THE BLOCK. LET'S GO!



TORCH! WHAT IS IT?

HOLY SMOKES! A VULTURE! HE ATTACKED THAT MAN!

OH HHHHHH!







INSIDE THE APPARENTLY  
DESERTED MILL...

CHKKKK - CHAWWW!

AH, MY PET -- YOU  
RETURN -- I SEE  
BLOOD ON YOUR  
CLAWS -- GOOD!



THE BIRD CACKLES INCESSANTLY -- THE  
VULTURE LISTENS AND UNDERSTANDS!

CHUK-KAW-CUK-  
KAKKLE --  
KAWWW!

WHAT!? A MAN  
OF FLAME  
FOLLOWED YOU  
HERE? THE  
HUMAN TORCH!



CAUTIOUSLY -- READY TO  
FLAME ON AT INSTANT  
NOTICE, TORO ENTERS  
THE BUILDING.

HAVE TO  
BE CARE-  
FUL OF  
THAT  
BIRD!



SUDDENLY...

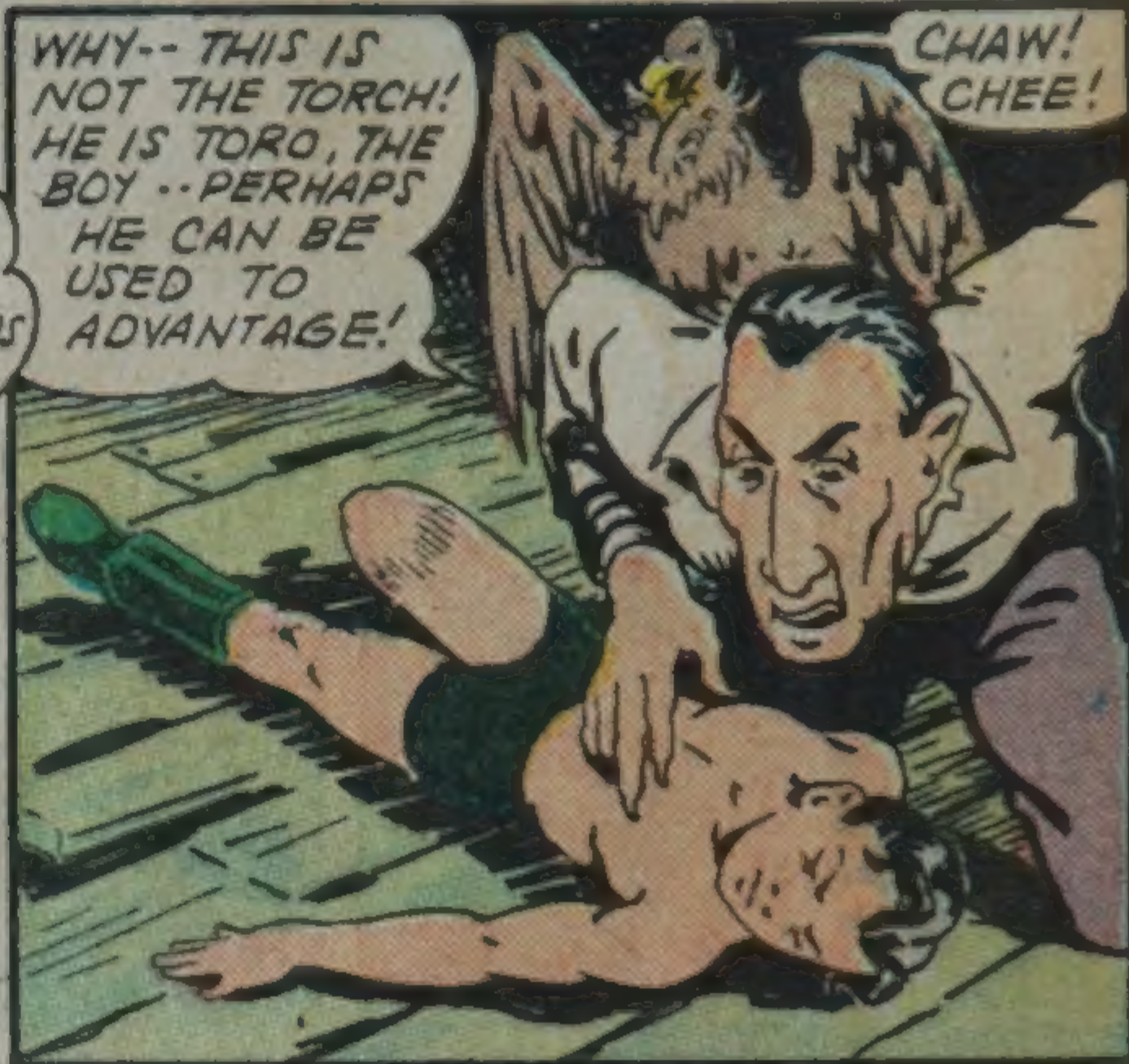
CHUKAWWW!



HAH!  
MY  
CURIOUS  
ONE!

WHY -- THIS IS  
NOT THE TORCH!  
HE IS TORO, THE  
BOY -- PERHAPS  
HE CAN BE  
USED TO  
ADVANTAGE!

CHAW!  
CHEE!



PARDON, SIRE -- BUT  
NOVAL REFUSES TO  
MAKE MORE  
EGGS --

WHAT? DOES HE DARE  
DISOBEY MY COMMANDS?  
-- HMM -- WE'LL  
SEE --



MONGO, BURY THIS  
BOY IN THE GROUND  
-- DEEP, UNDERSTAND?  
I WILL CHANGE  
NOVAL'S MIND  
MEANTIME!

YES, SIRE.  
DEEP!  
GOOD!

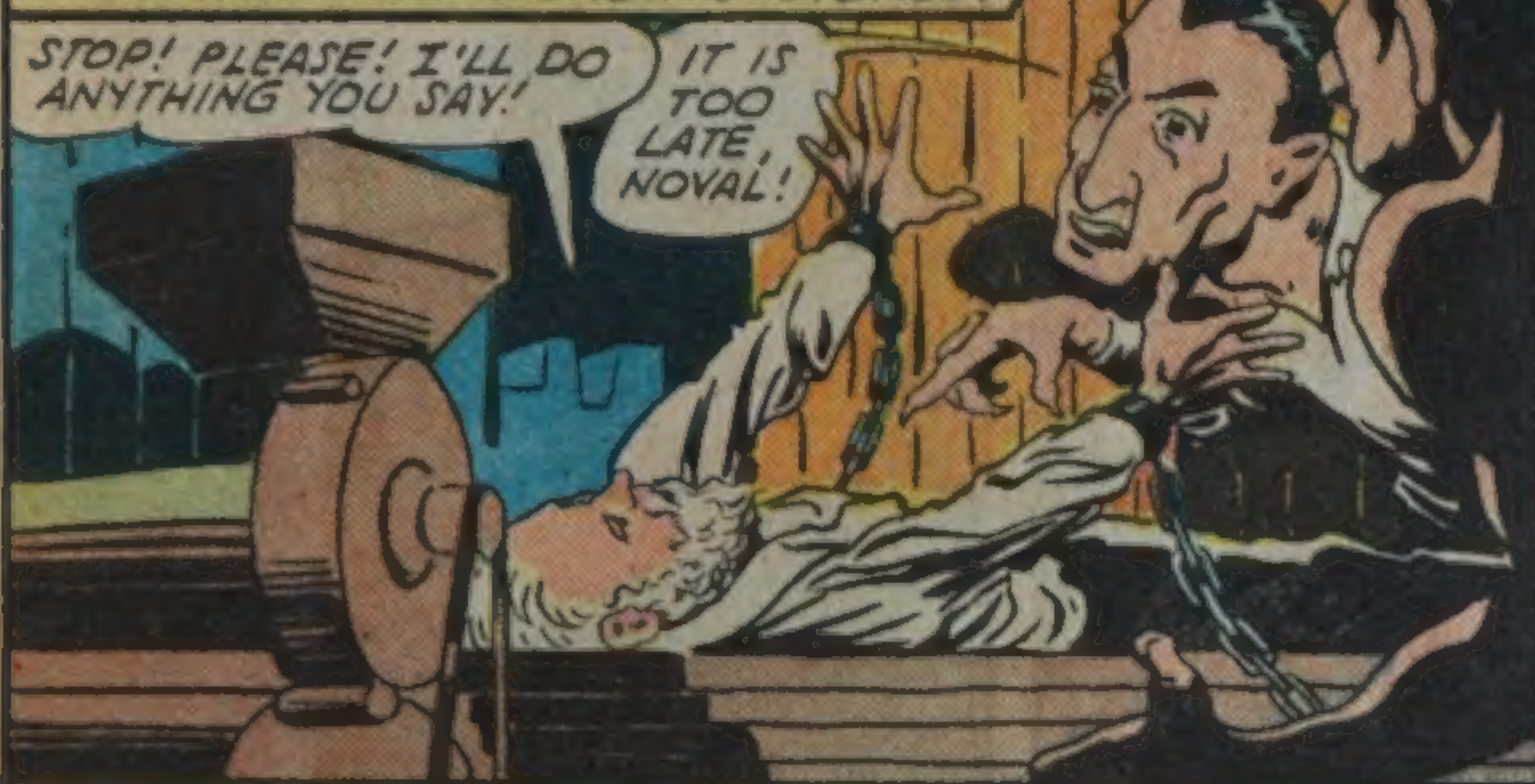




AS MONGO CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO OUTSIDE --- THE VULTURE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO NOVAL ..



THE VULTURE STANDS CALMLY WATCHING AS HUGO PUSHES THE UNFORTUNATE SCIENTIST NEARER- NEARER TO THE GRINDING STONES!

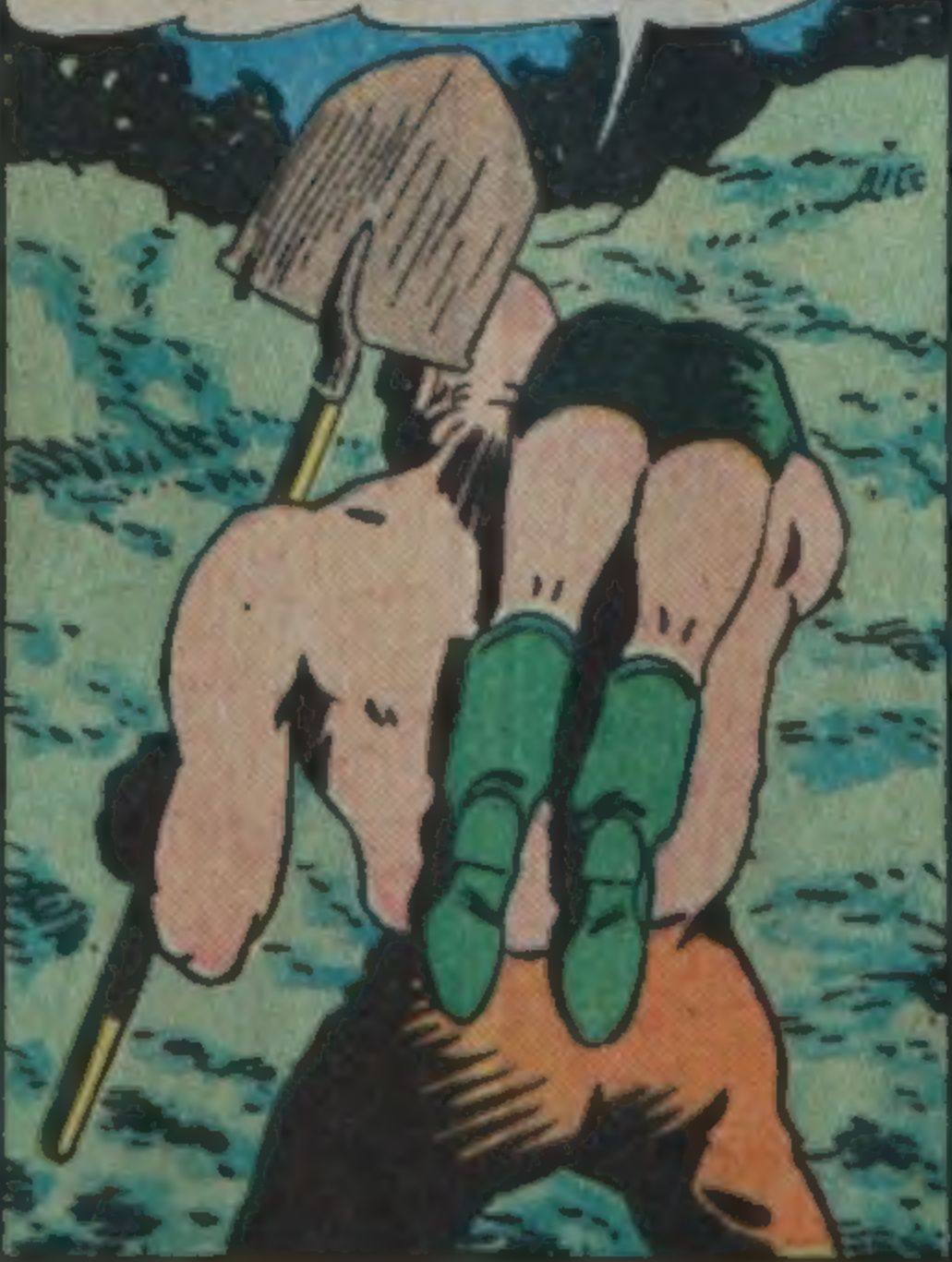


BACK IN THE CITY, TORCH GROWS IMPATIENT WITH WAITING.



WHERE IS TORO? MONGO HAS HIM SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER WHILE HE SEEKS A LIKELY GRAVE.

HEE..THIS IS PLACE TO PUT FLAME BOY IN GROUND DEEP!



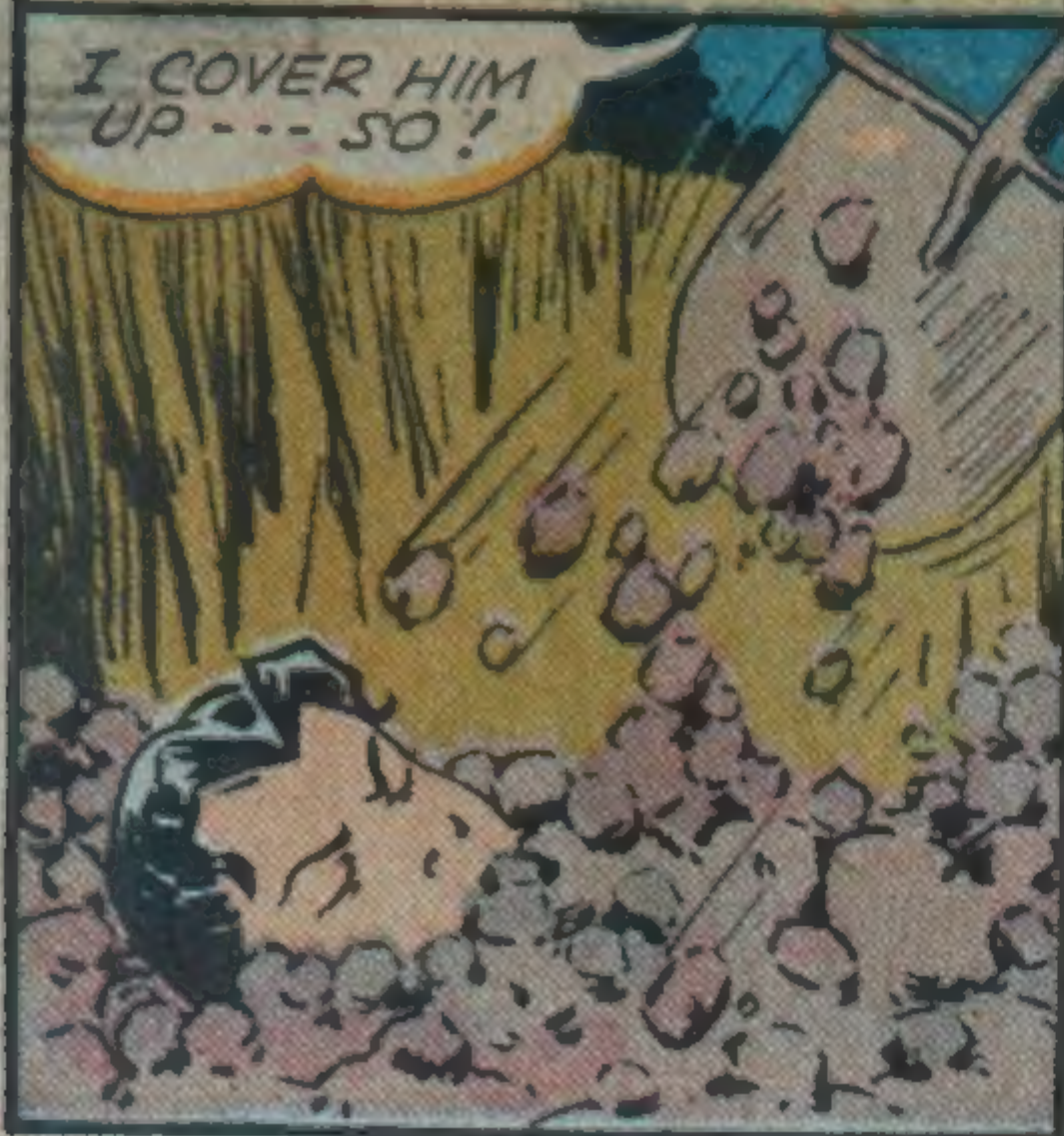
SIRE VULTURE SAY TO BURY BOY DEEP! YES, DEEP!





TEN FEET BELOW THE  
SURFACE OF THE EARTH...

I COVER HIM  
UP --- SO!

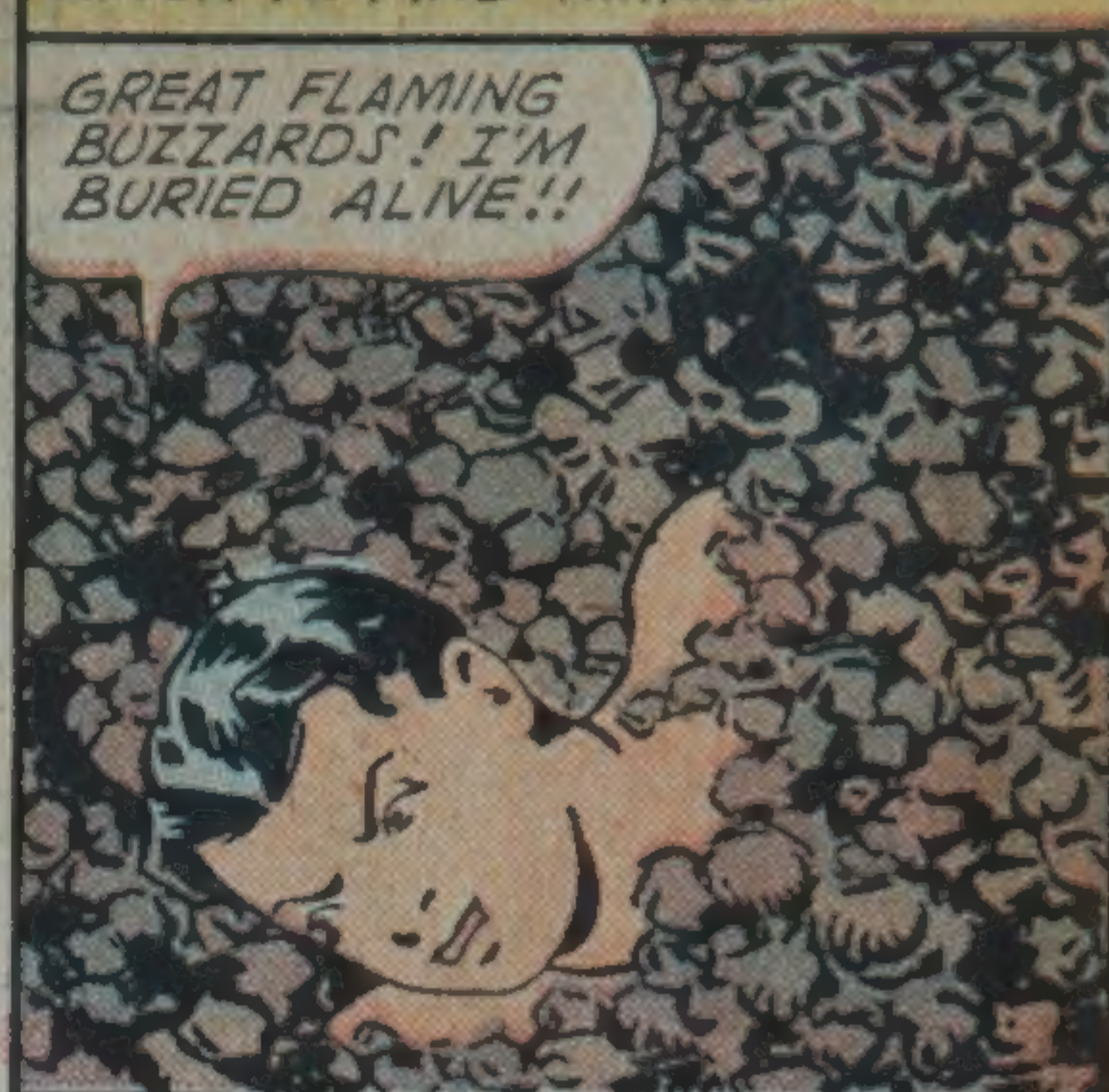


THAT IS ALL -- THE  
BOY IS DEAD!!

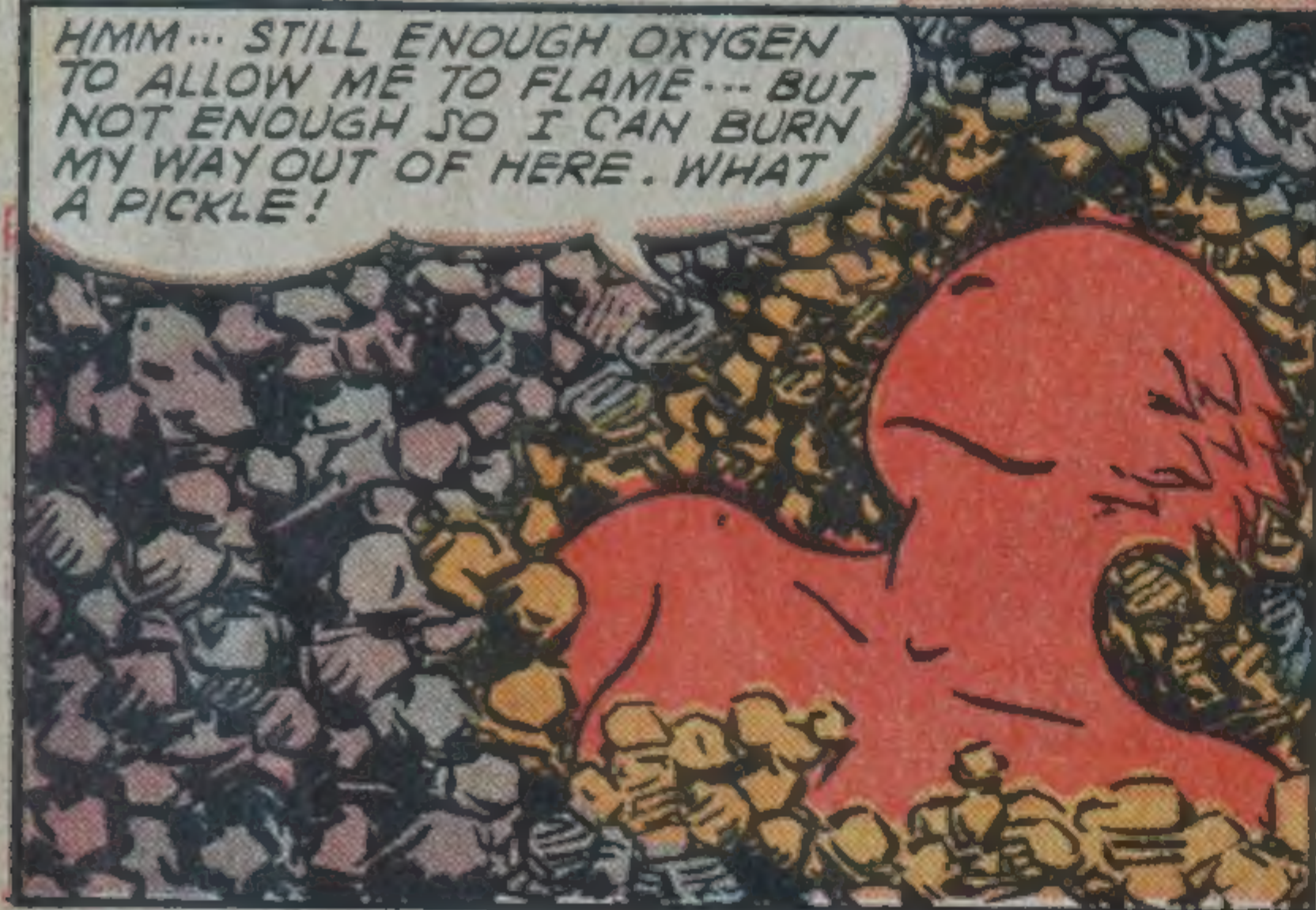


HOWEVER, TORO RECOVERS SHORTLY  
AFTER TO FIND HIMSELF ...

GREAT FLAMING  
BUZZARDS! I'M  
BURIED ALIVE!!

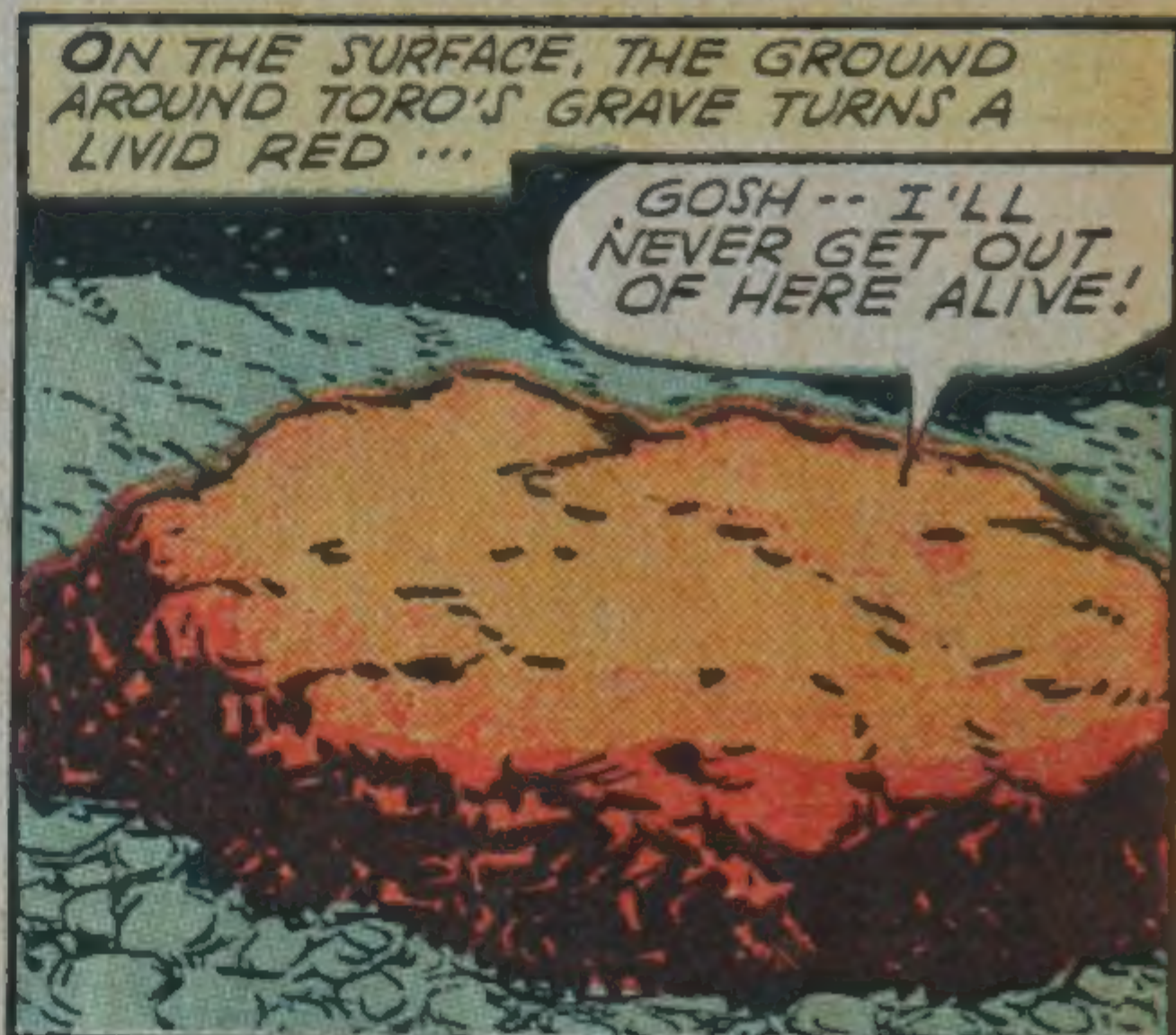


HMM... STILL ENOUGH OXYGEN  
TO ALLOW ME TO FLAME... BUT  
NOT ENOUGH SO I CAN BURN  
MY WAY OUT OF HERE. WHAT  
A PICKLE!



ON THE SURFACE, THE GROUND  
AROUND TORO'S GRAVE TURNS A  
LIVID RED ...

GOSH -- I'LL  
NEVER GET OUT  
OF HERE ALIVE!



AT THIS MOMENT, TORCH FLAMES OVER-HEAD!



FUNNY--  
WHAT'S THAT  
GLOW IN THE  
EARTH?

LOOKS AS  
THOUGH THERE'S  
SOME KIND OF  
FIRE UNDER-  
GROUND -- I'D  
BETTER  
INVESTIGATE!





THE HUMAN TORCH FLAMES DOWN-- BURNING THROUGH THE EARTH...

HUH... THIS GROUND IS SOFT AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DUG UP RECENTLY!



I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUT OF THERE!

HOW IN HEAVENS DID YOU GET IN THERE?



TORCH DIGS DOWN AND FINDS..

TORO!

YOU'RE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!



TORO RELATES HIS STRANGE CHASE AS FAR AS HE CAN REMEMBER..

THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I CAME TO AND FOUND MYSELF BURIED ALIVE!

WELL, I GUESS WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THAT MILL!



AS THE TWO FLAME MASTERS APPROACH..

WOW-- HEAR THAT!

SOMEONE SCREAMING! SOUNDS AS THOUGH HE'S HURT BADLY! HURRY, TORO!



THEY BURN INTO THE MILL...

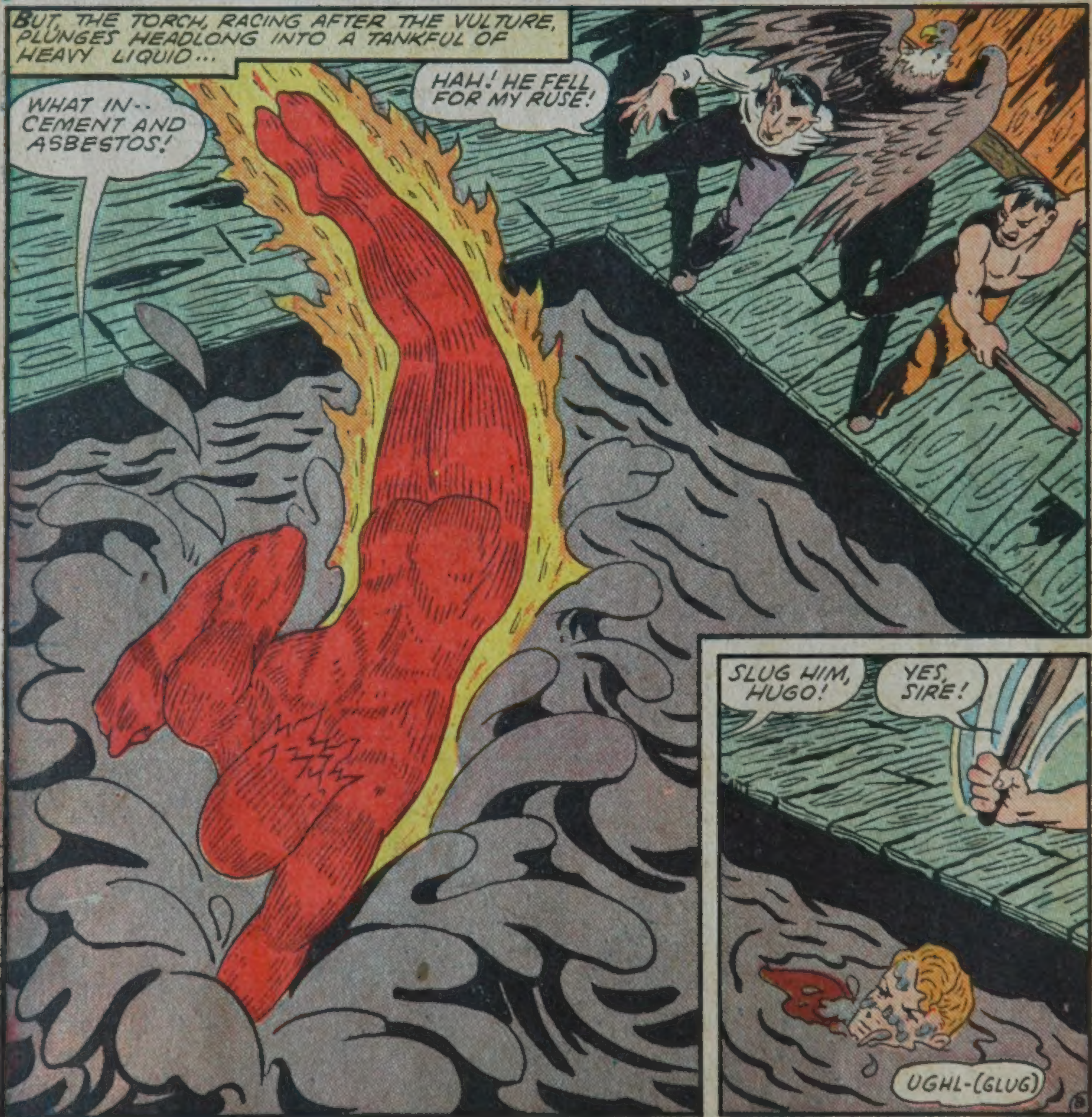
TORCH-- LOOK!

SO-- NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT FELLOW MEANT BY, "THE VULTURE"!

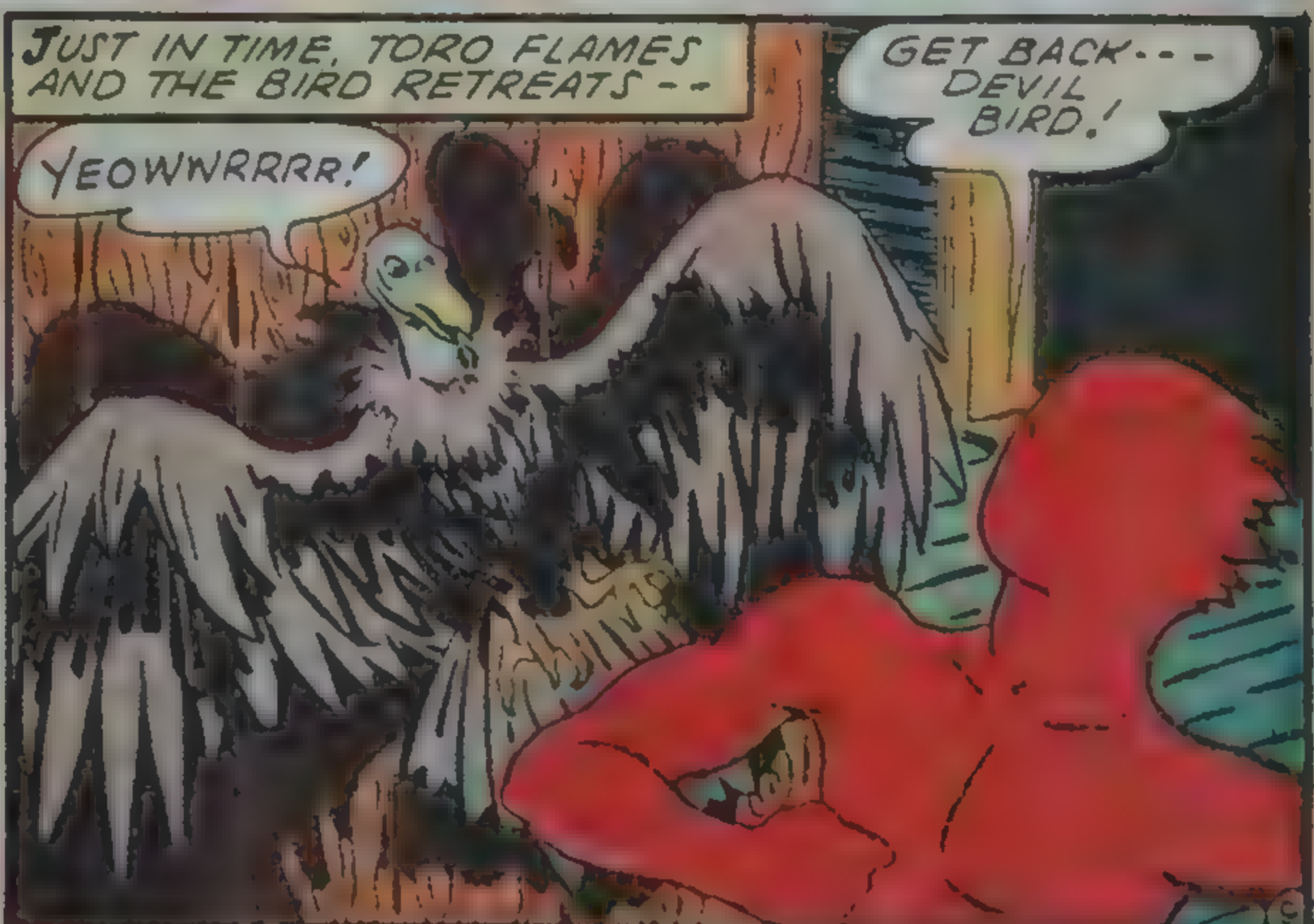
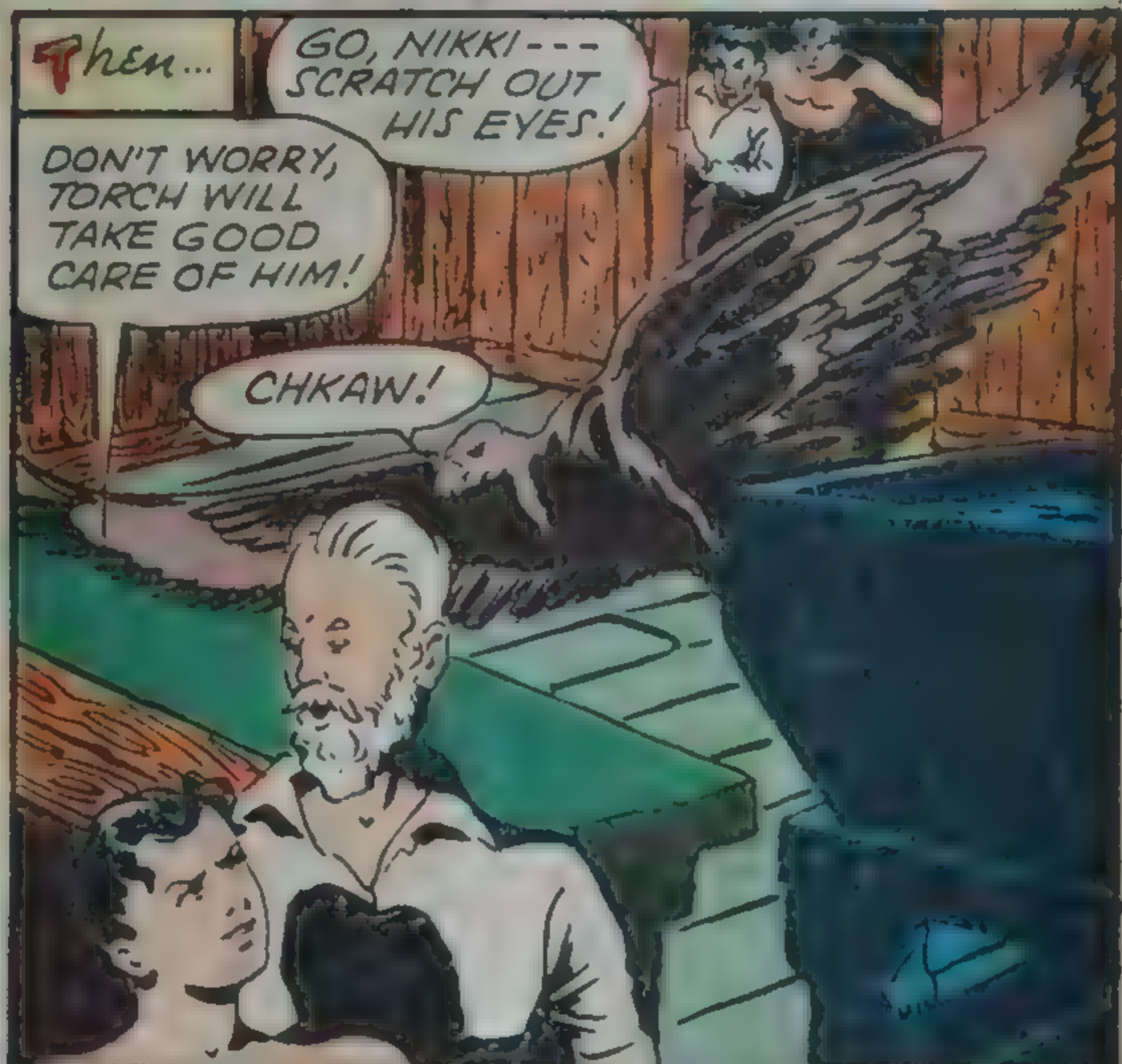
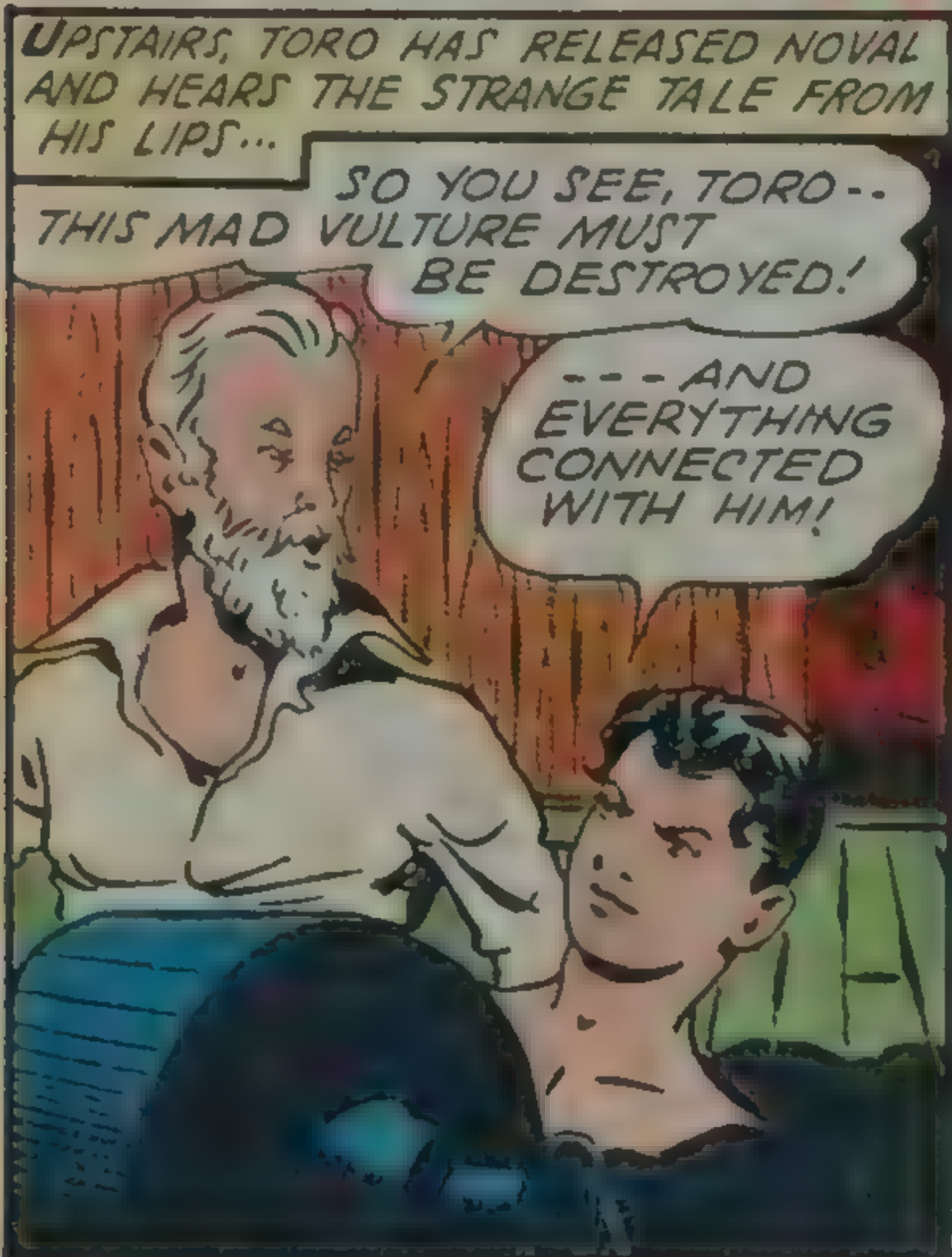
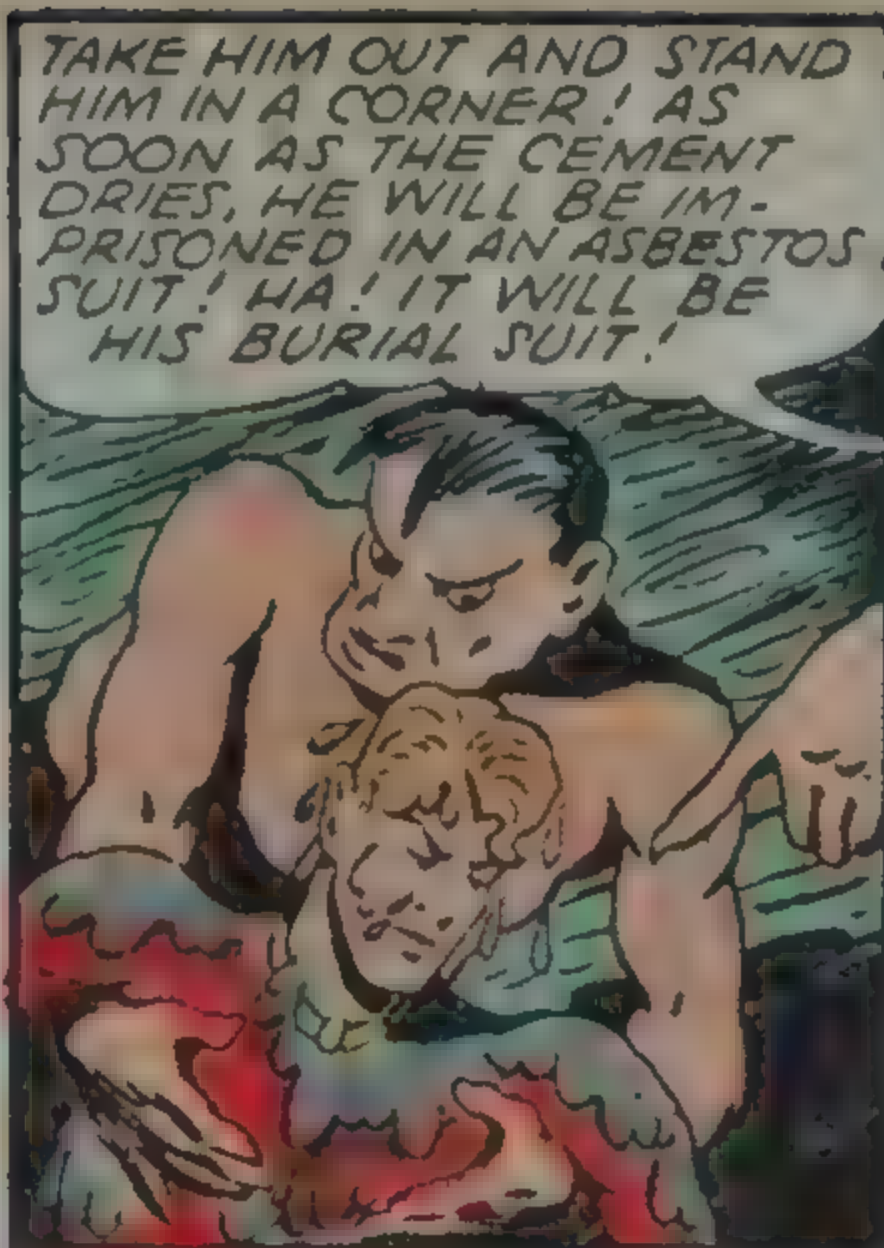
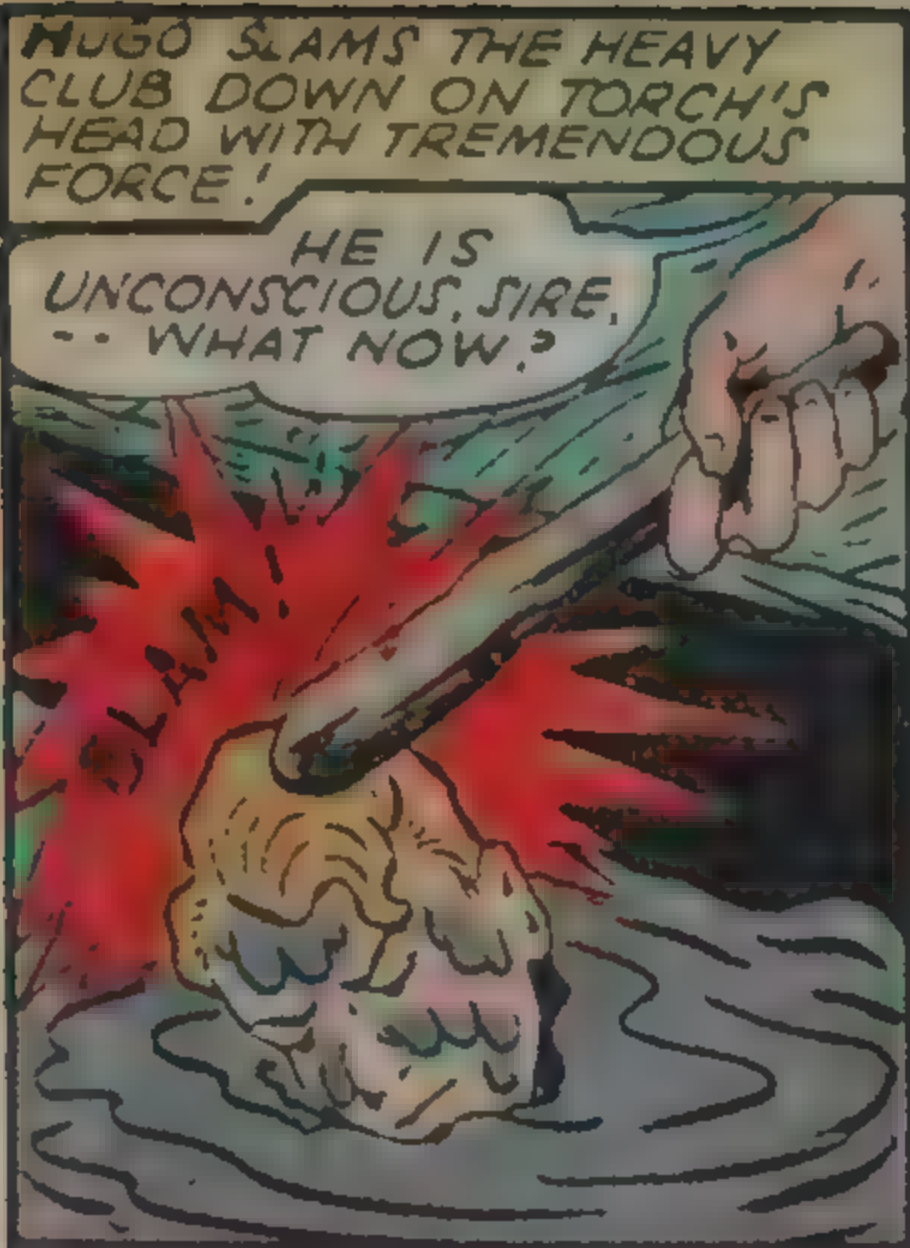
THE HUMAN TORCH! TORO!



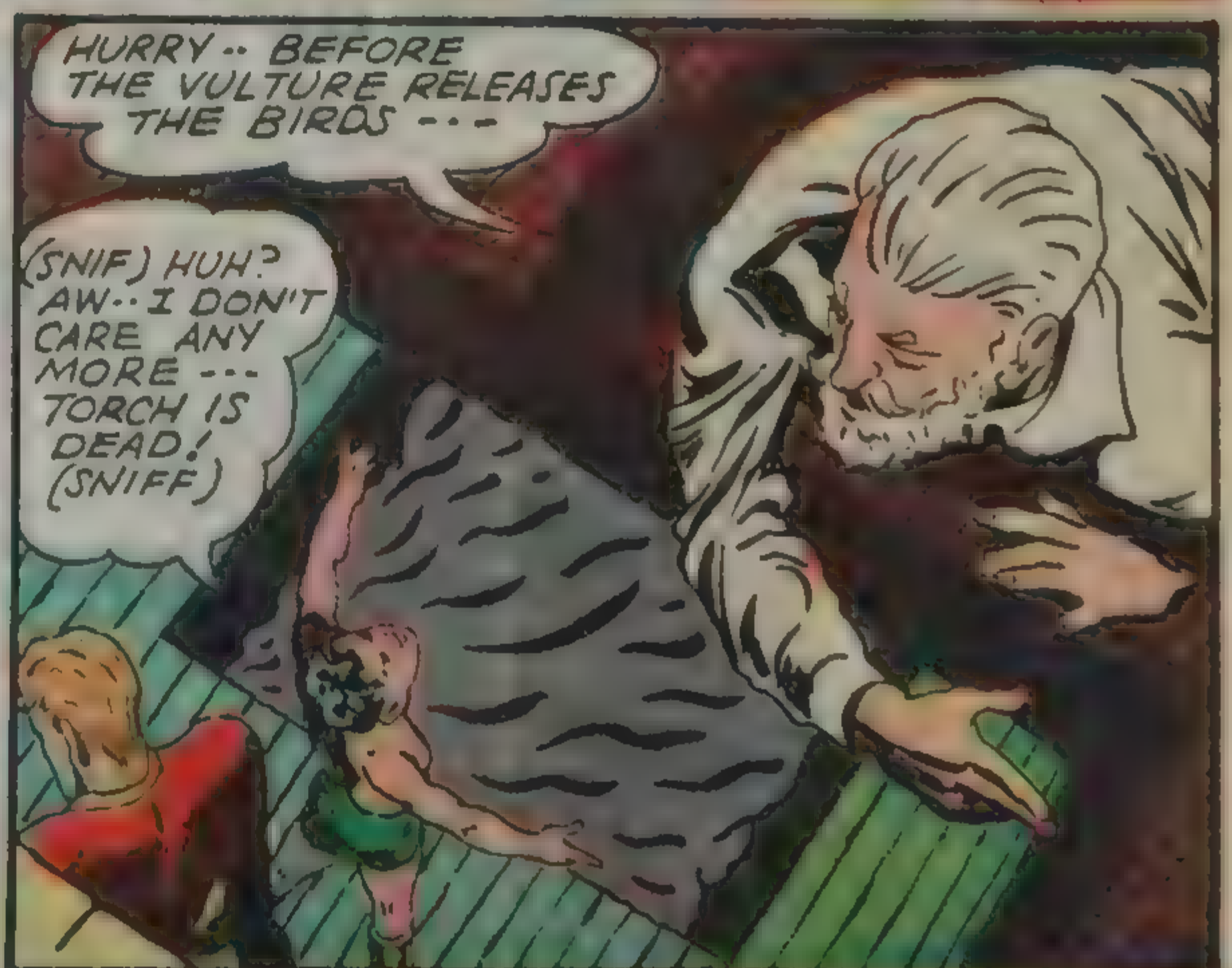
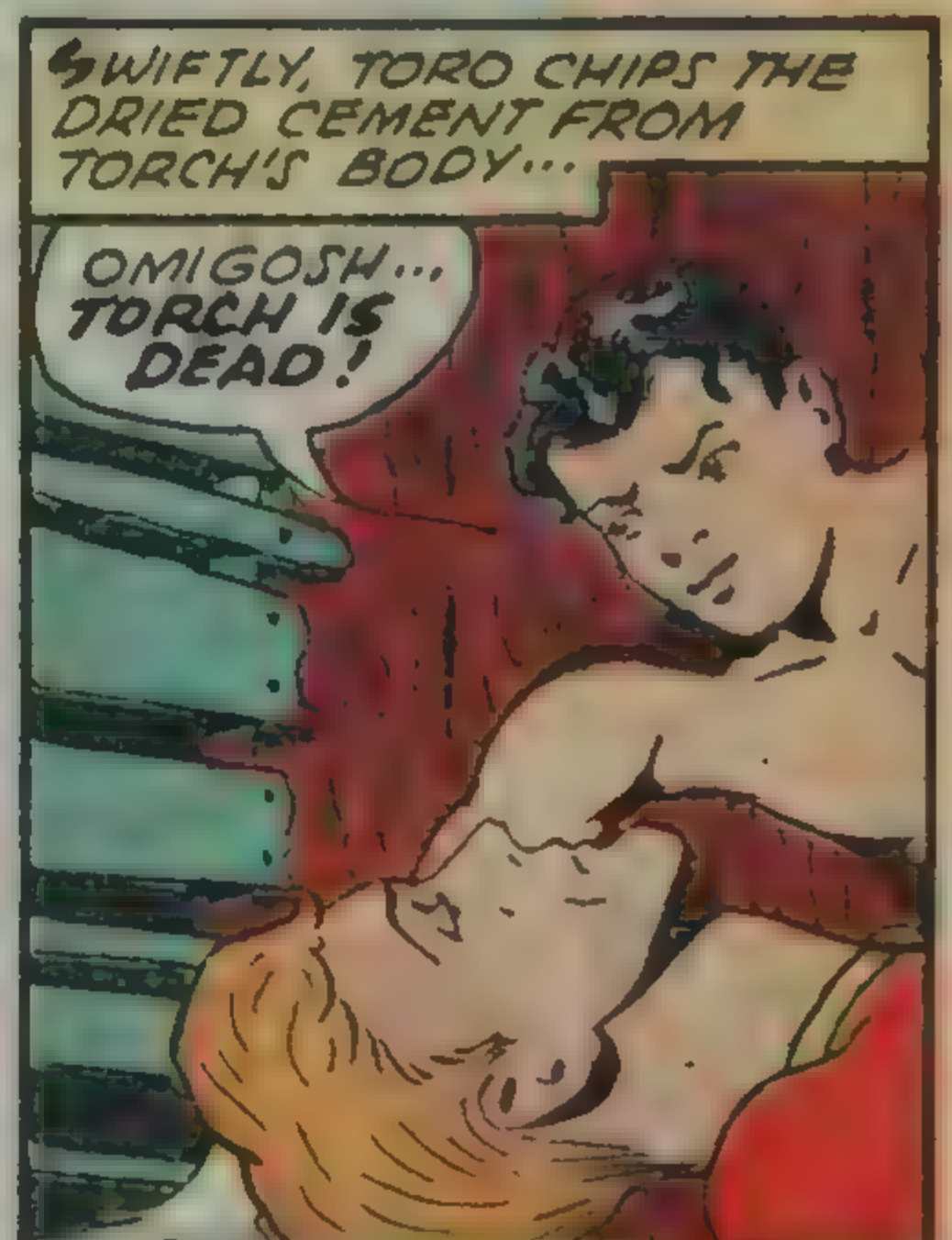
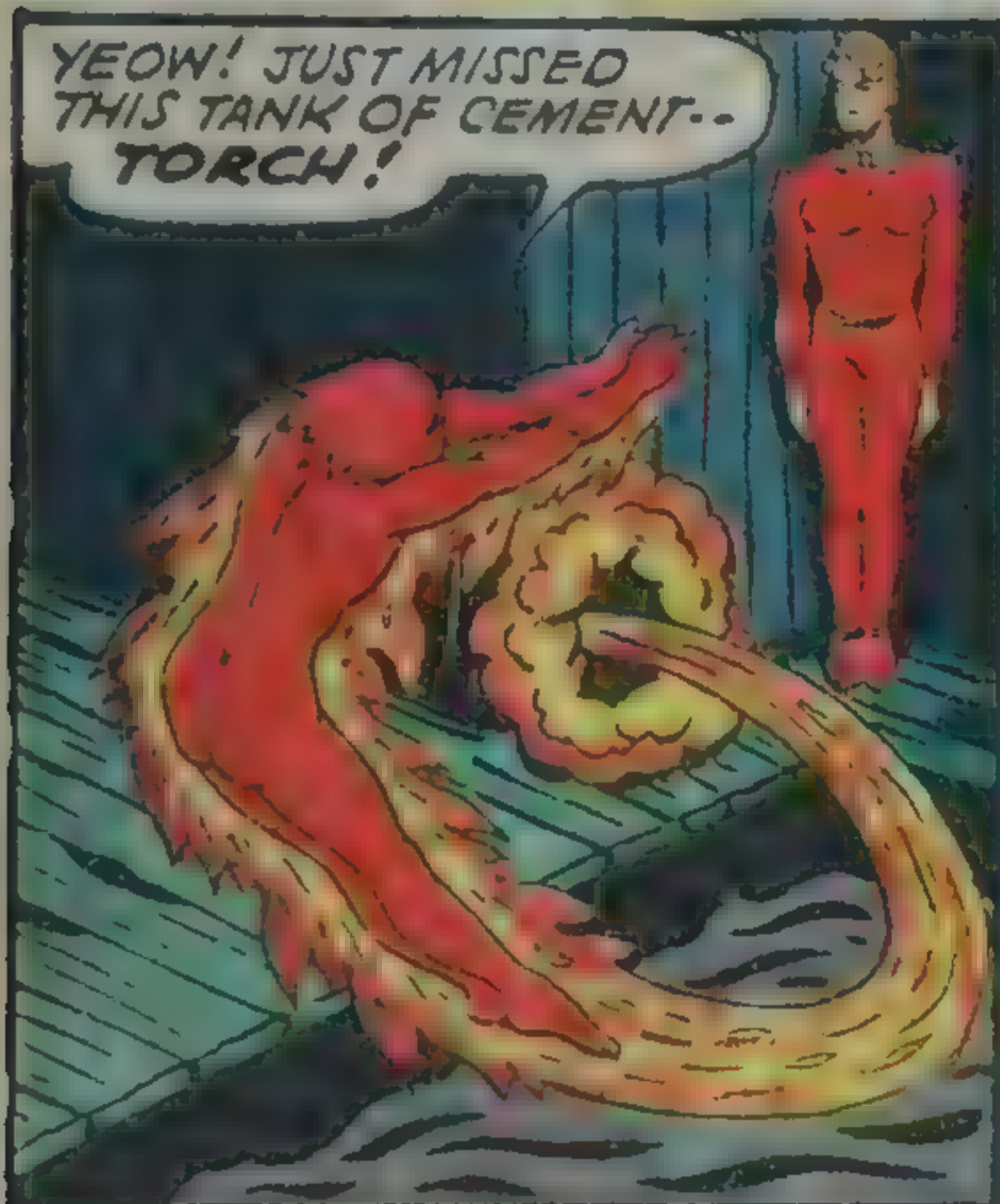
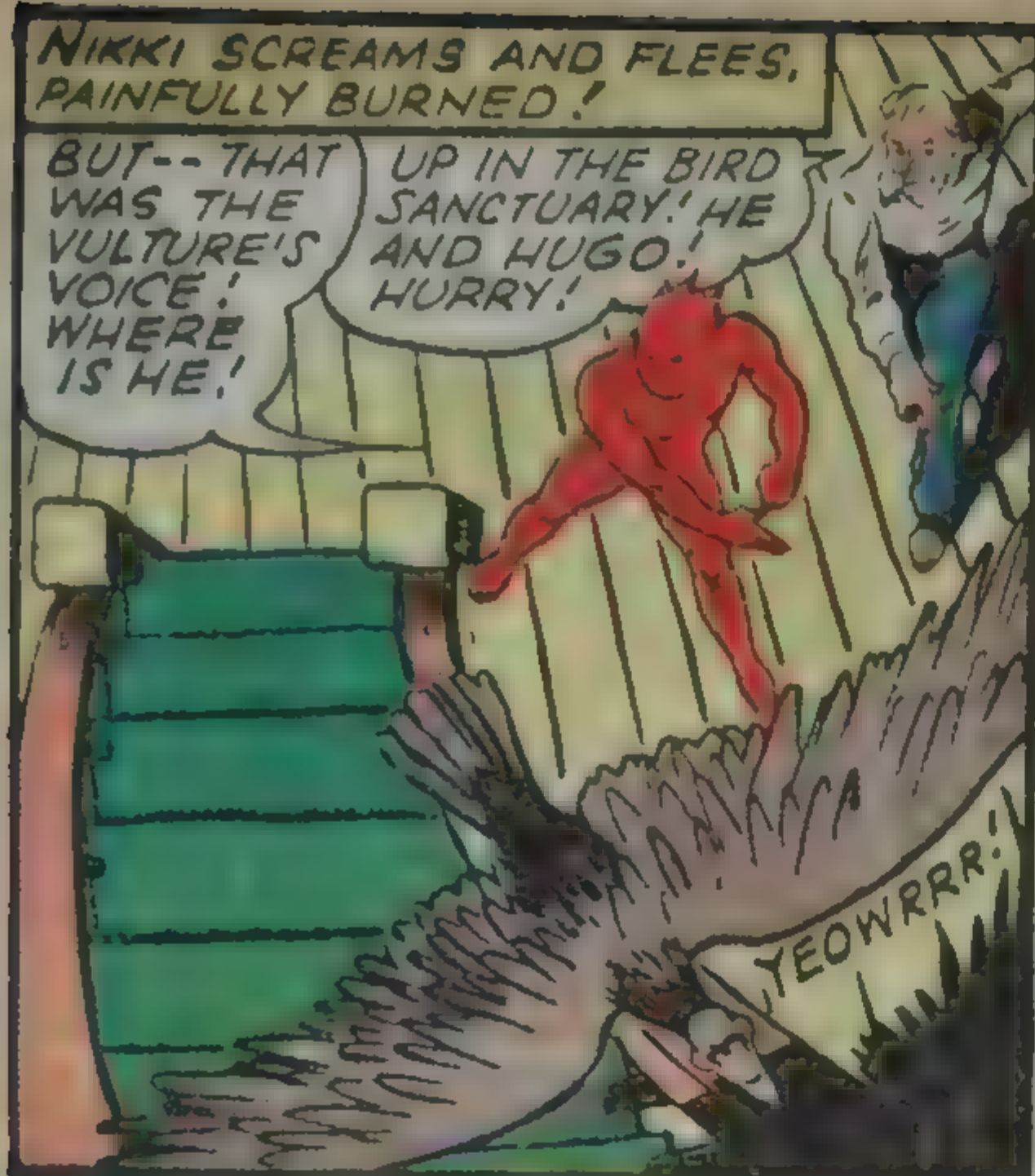




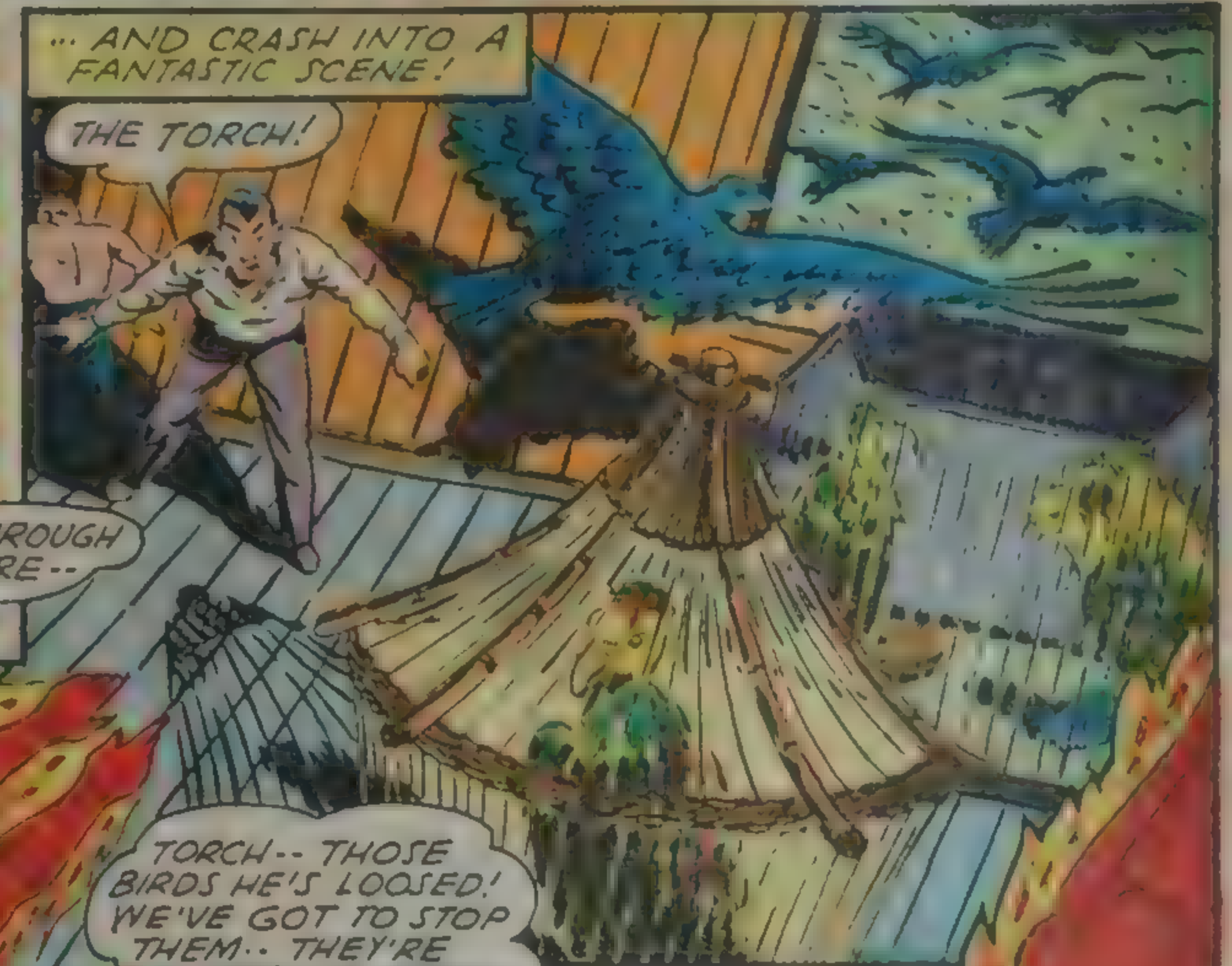
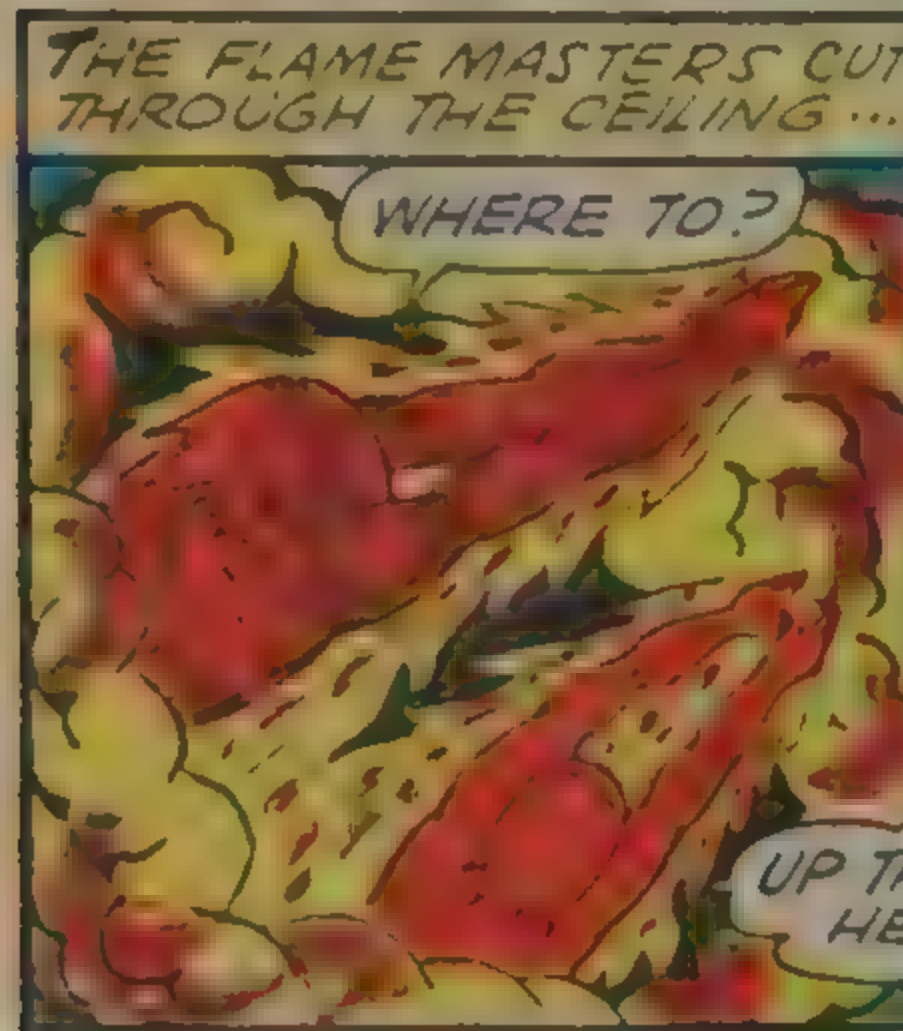












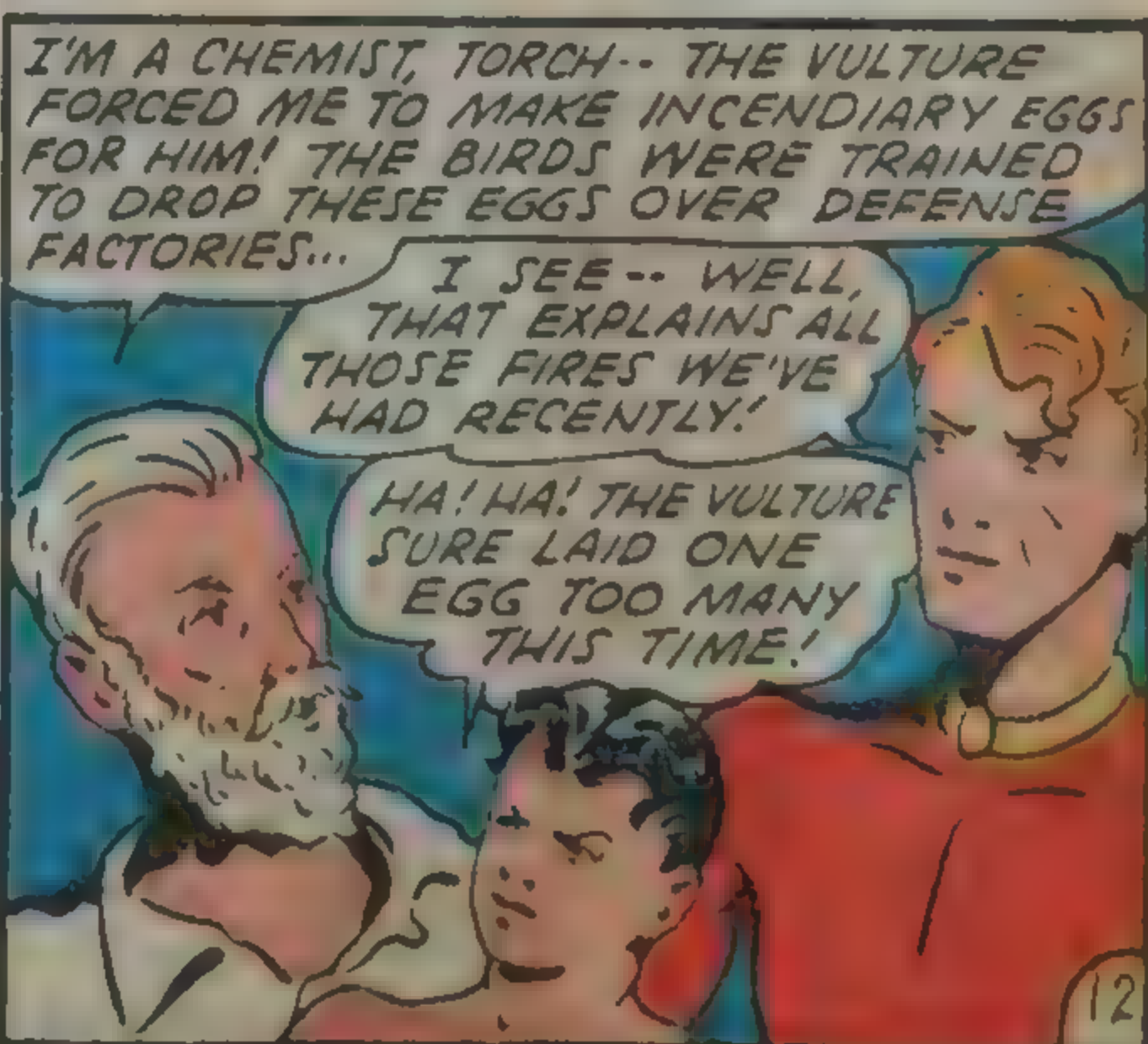
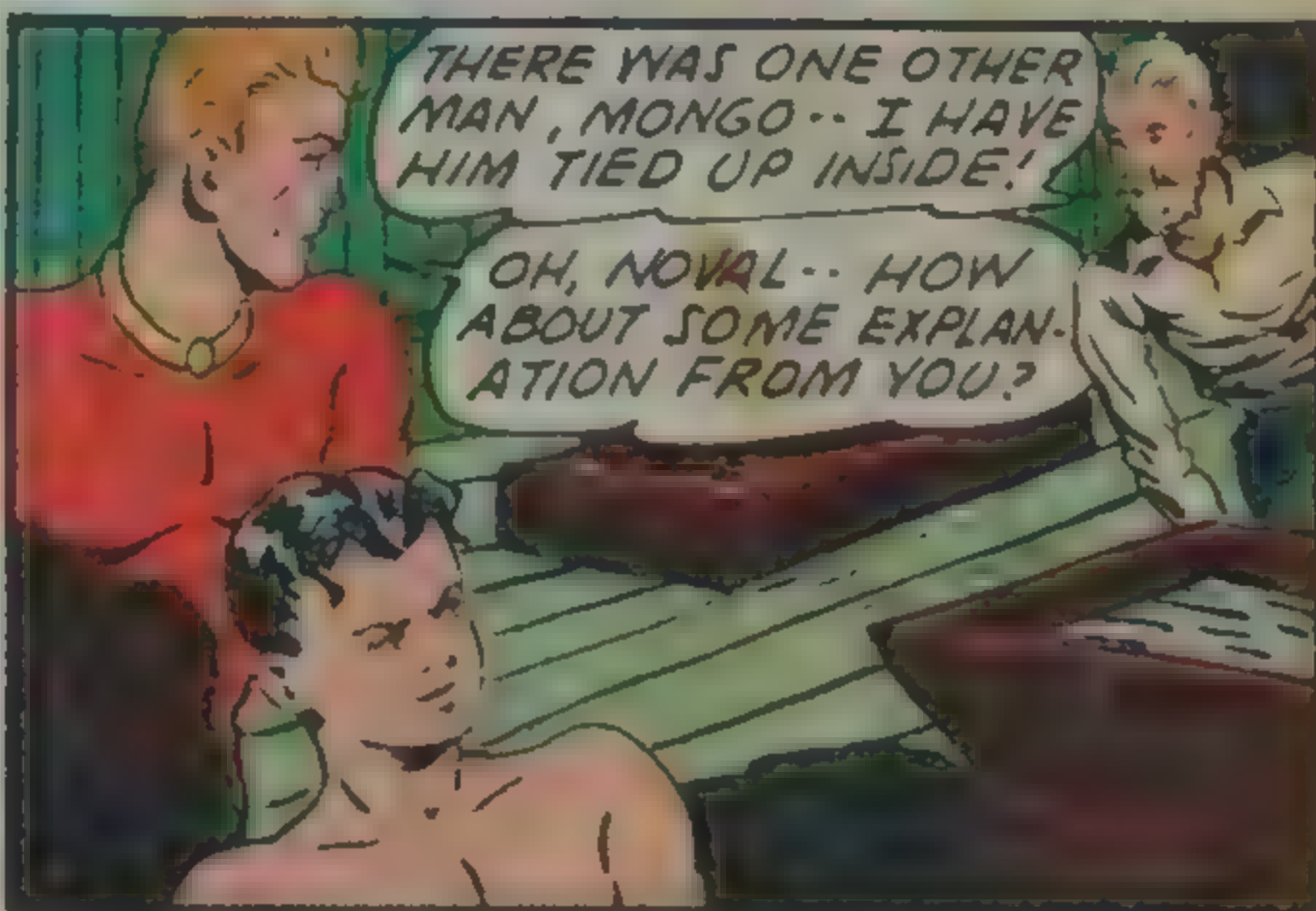




AS TORCH COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER, THE VULTURE LOSES HIS HEAD AND UNWITTINGLY RUNS THROUGH THE OPEN TRAP DOOR TO DROP DOWN INTO THE POOL OF CEMENT!



LATER, TORCH AND TORO MEET BACK AT THE MILL ...





# CAPTAIN AMERICA



**C**AN KIOTO AND HIS MAD-JAP-HORDE OF THE PACIFIC ISLAND PROVE TOO MUCH OF A BARRIER FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY?

**READ THIS STARTLING ADVENTURE AS  
CAPTAIN AMERICA BATTLES--**

**"KIOTO, THE MAD JAP!"**



SOMEWHERE ON A JAP HELD ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC---

OH NOBLE AND HONORABLE FATHER--  
THY SHAME AND DISHONOR IS AVENGED!  
THIS DAY, YET ANOTHER AMERICAN DIED  
BY THE SACRED SWORD TO BE SENT  
BACK BY HIS OWN!

TELL YOUR MEN  
TO KEEP SHARP  
LOOKOUT! I  
BE BACK  
NEXT SUN-  
DOWN!

MY PEOPLE WATCH  
WHITE MAN, BUT NO  
GET BULLETS  
PROMISED!

FILTHY SAVAGE PIG -- THAT WILL  
TEACH YOU -- CAPTAIN KIOTO  
WILL BE IN CHARGE! SHOOT THE  
FIRST NATIVE THAT DARES TO  
DISPUTE!

CAPTAIN KIOTO TAKES OVER!

CAPTAIN KIOTO -- I  
SEND BACK REIN-  
FORCEMENTS! TAKE  
CARE OF OUR  
PRISONERS!

AND IN THE DANK HOLE BELOW A NATIVE HUT -- THE CRUEL KIOTO  
TAUNTS THE NEXT VICTIM WITH HATE!

DOG! YOU WILL  
SCREAM FOR  
MERCY!

DON'T MAKE  
ME LAUGH! YOU'LL NEVER GET  
A RISE OUT OF ME, YOU WORM!

MEAN-  
WHILE, THE  
SAME  
DRONE OF  
A PLANE  
IS HEARD  
AT AN  
AMERICAN  
CAMP AND  
ANOTHER  
MURDERED  
AMERICAN  
PRISONER  
COMES  
FLOATING  
DOWN!

THIS MAKES THE SIXTH!

AND THE SAME JAP  
NOTE PINNED ON  
HIM!

AND AT HEADQUARTERS---

THERE MUST BE A WAY  
TO FIND THOSE POOR  
DEVILS -- PLANES HAVE  
SCOUTED FOR 500  
MILES -- BUT WITH SO  
MANY SMALL ISLANDS,  
IT'LL TAKE  
MONTHS!

POOR  
GUY!



**A**ND AT THE SAME MOMENT, STEVE ROGERS ON GUARD DUTY, IS PLUNGED INTO THE MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS!



HMM? SOUNDS LIKE A JAP PLANE... HOPE IT ISN'T ANOTHER POOR GUY... HEY! WHAT THE...?

**Q**UICKLY UNWRAPPING THE BARK TIED TO THE SPEAR, STEVE'S HEART SKIPS A BEAT AS HE REALIZES THE IMPORT OF THE CRUELY DRAWN MAP!

I'LL BE OFF DUTY IN A FEW MINUTES! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE JOB I'M AFTER!

(YAWN) WHAT'S THE... CAP? SOMETHING UP?



SHHH! HURRY AND DRESS, BUCKY... WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!

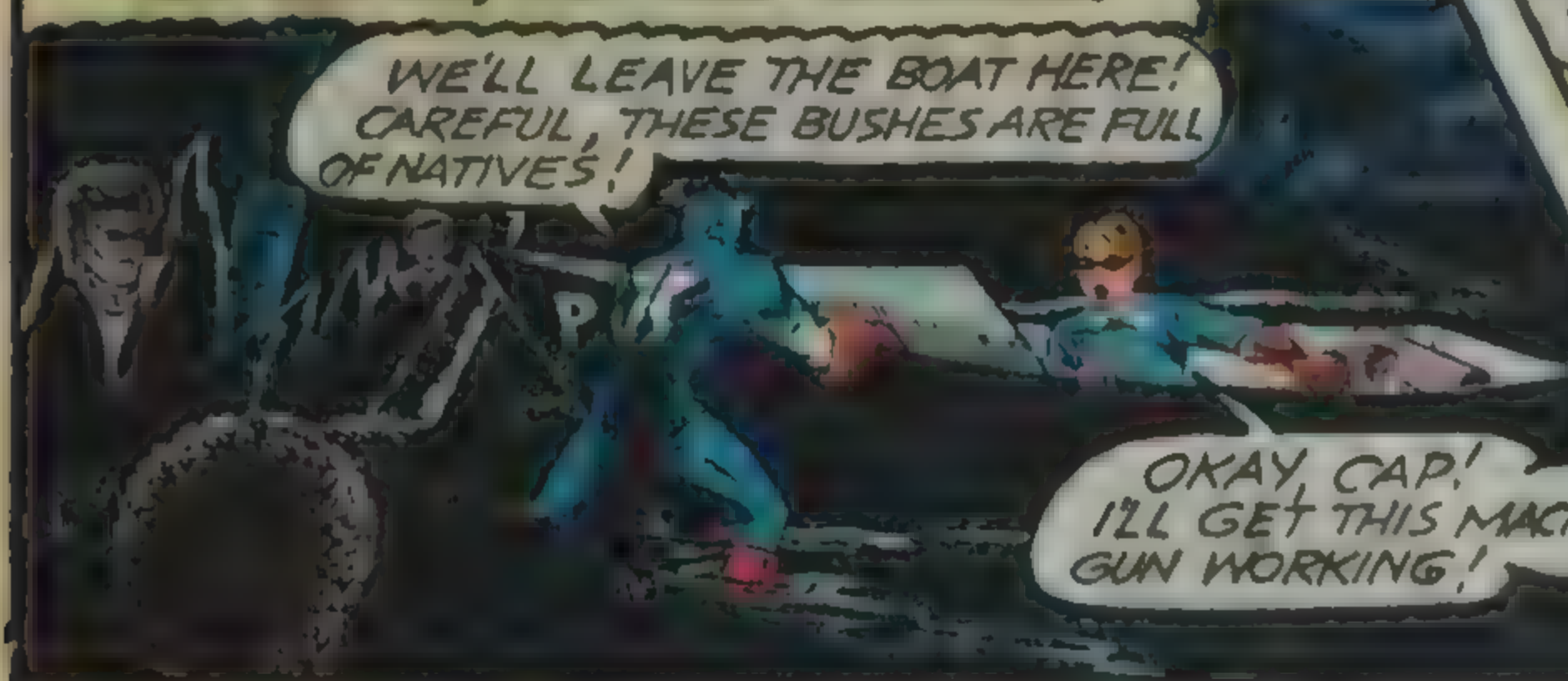
**M**OMENTS LATER...

IF THE MAP IS A TIP OFF WHERE THE AMERKANS ARE BEING HELD, WHY DIDN'T WE REPORT IT AND GET A RESCUE PARTY TO GO OVER?

BECAUSE IT MAY BE A JAP TRAP! WE CAN SLIP UP ON THEM!



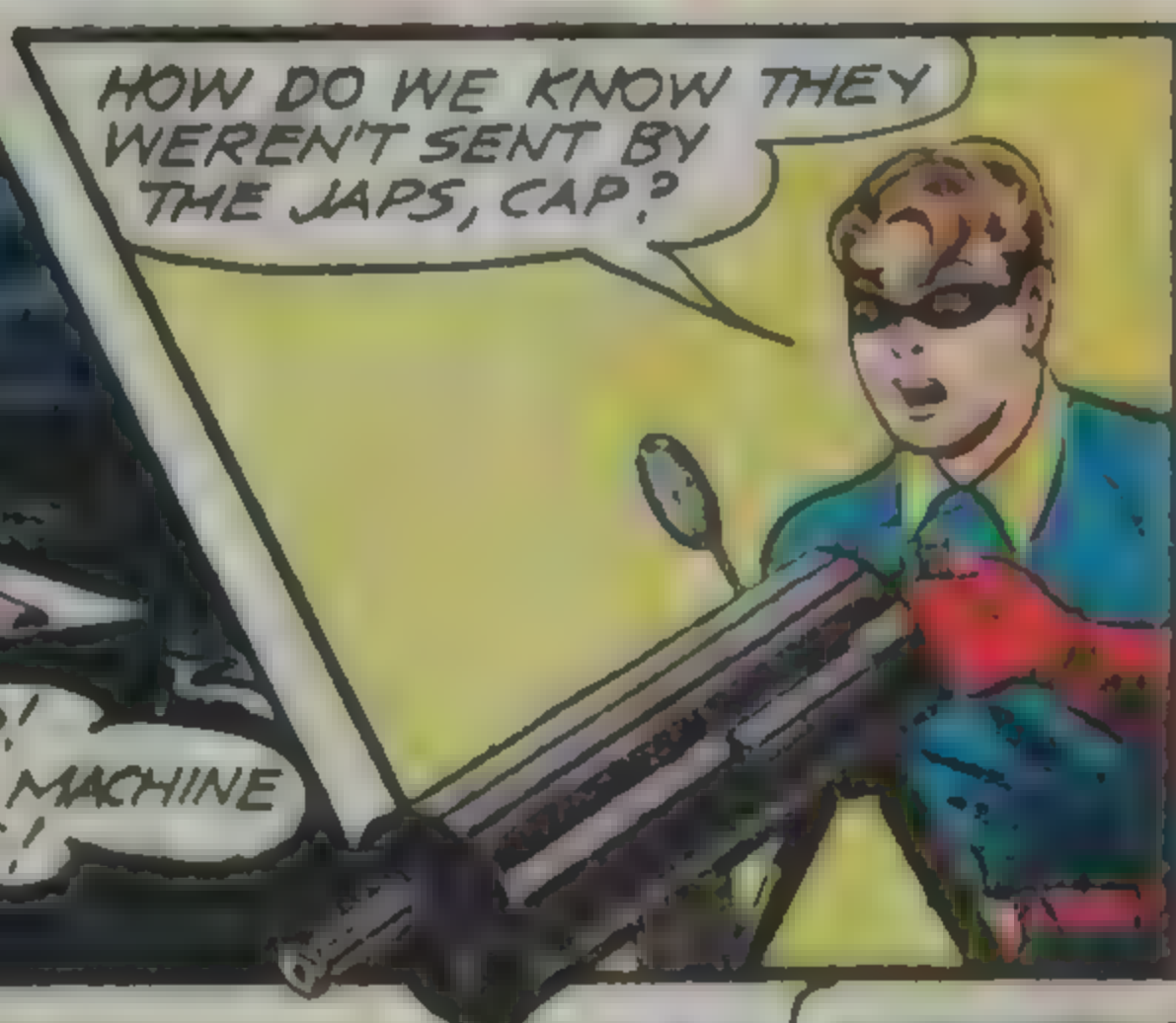
**A**S CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REACH THEIR DESTINATION, THEY ARE OBSERVED!



WE'LL LEAVE THE BOAT HERE! CAREFUL, THESE BUSHES ARE FULL OF NATIVES!

OKAY, CAP! I'LL GET THIS MACHINE GUN WORKING!

HOW DO WE KNOW THEY WEREN'T SENT BY THE JAPS, CAP?



IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUCKY! PUT UP THE GUN! THIS CHIEF SENT THE MESSAGE AND HE'S DISAPPOINTED THAT A LARGE FORCE DIDN'T ARRIVE! HE'S BURNED UP BECAUSE OF THE JAPS!



**T**HE NATIVES START LEADING THEM TO THE JAP CAMP --- BUT SUDDENLY ---

YOWEE! JAPS! HERE'S WHERE THIS RIVETER STARTS TO CHATTER!



AMBUSHED! QUICK-- TAKE COVER!



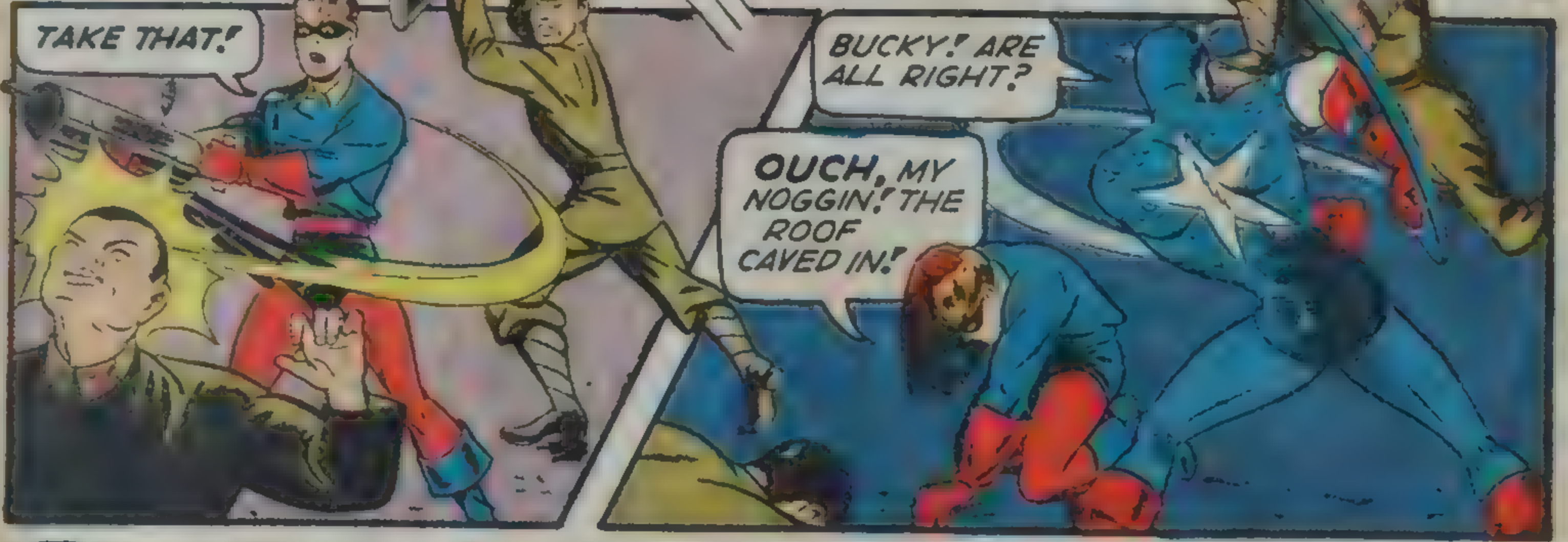


SEVERAL MINUTES LATER!

TRY THIS STOMACH  
MASSAGE!

NO KILL! HONORABLE  
LEADER SAY MAKE  
PRISONERS!

(GROAN) NO MORE  
AMMUNITION! AND  
PLENTY OF JAPS  
STILL STANDING!



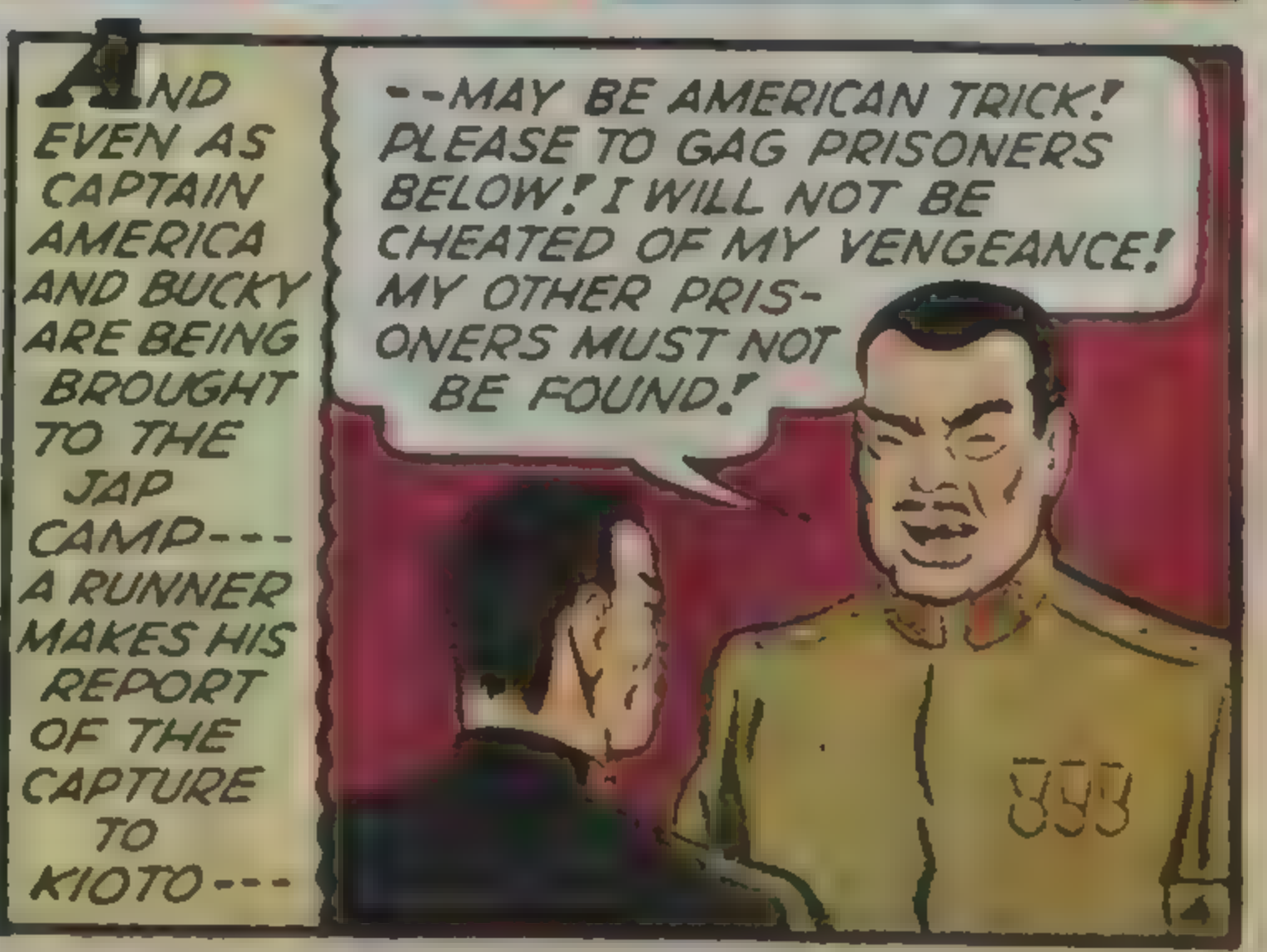
TAKE THAT!

BUCKY! ARE  
ALL RIGHT?

OUCH, MY  
NOGGIN! THE  
ROOF  
CAVED IN!



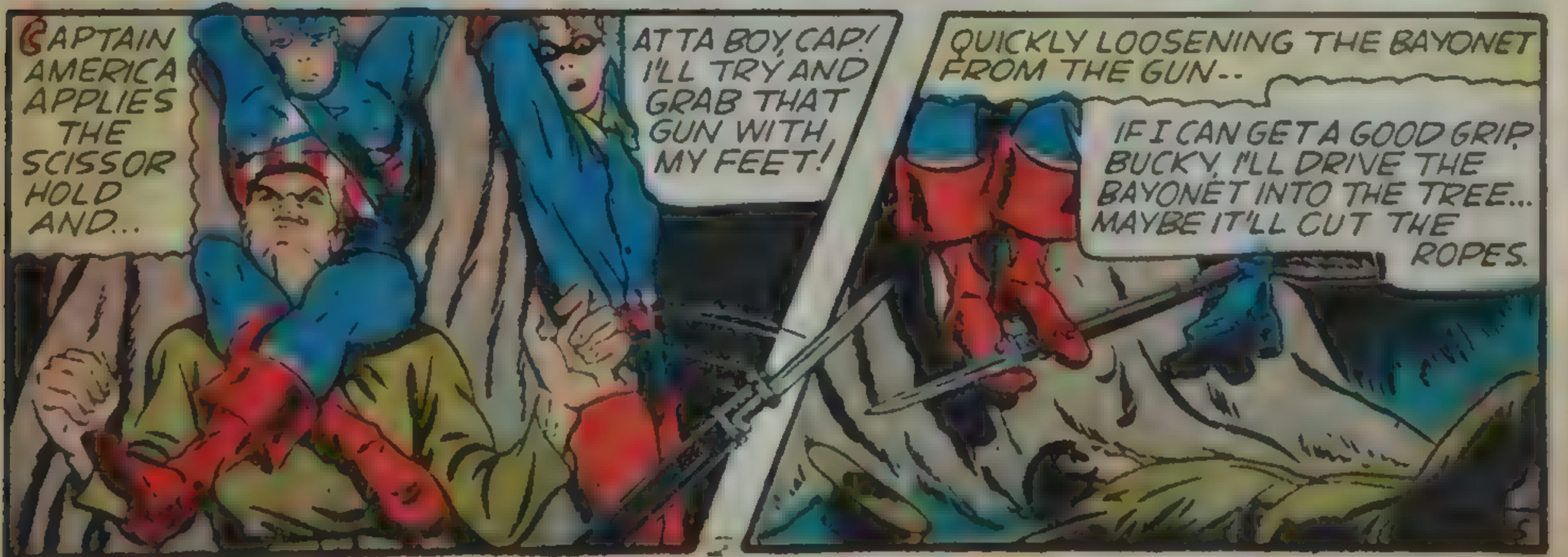
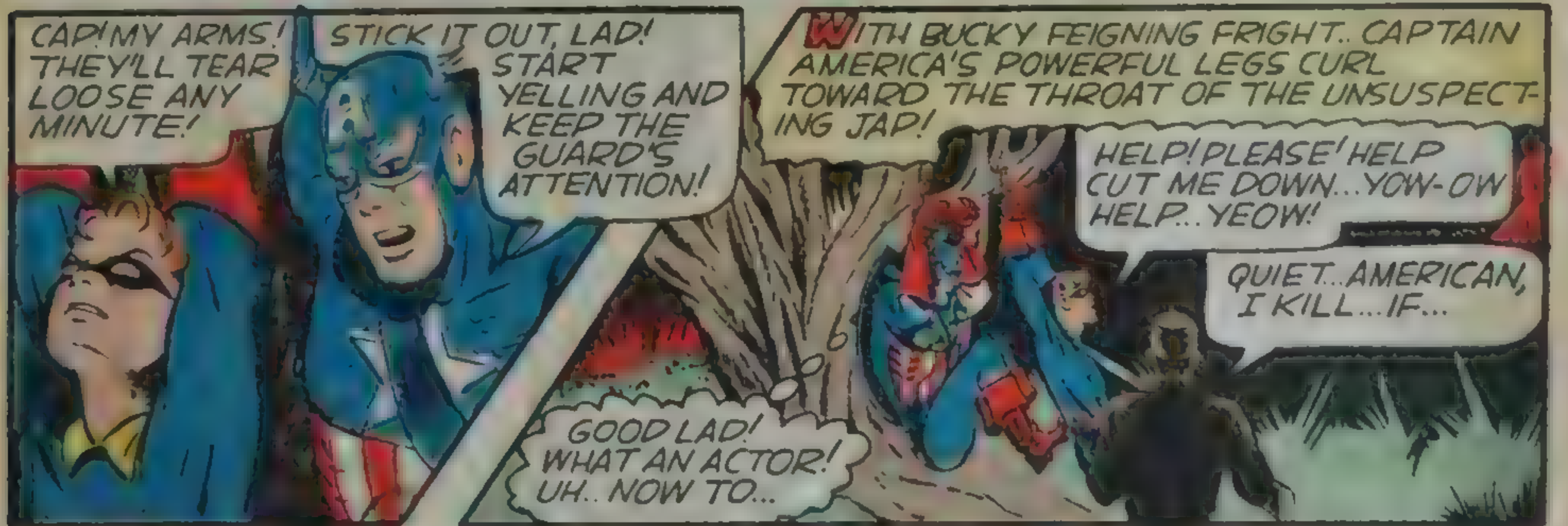
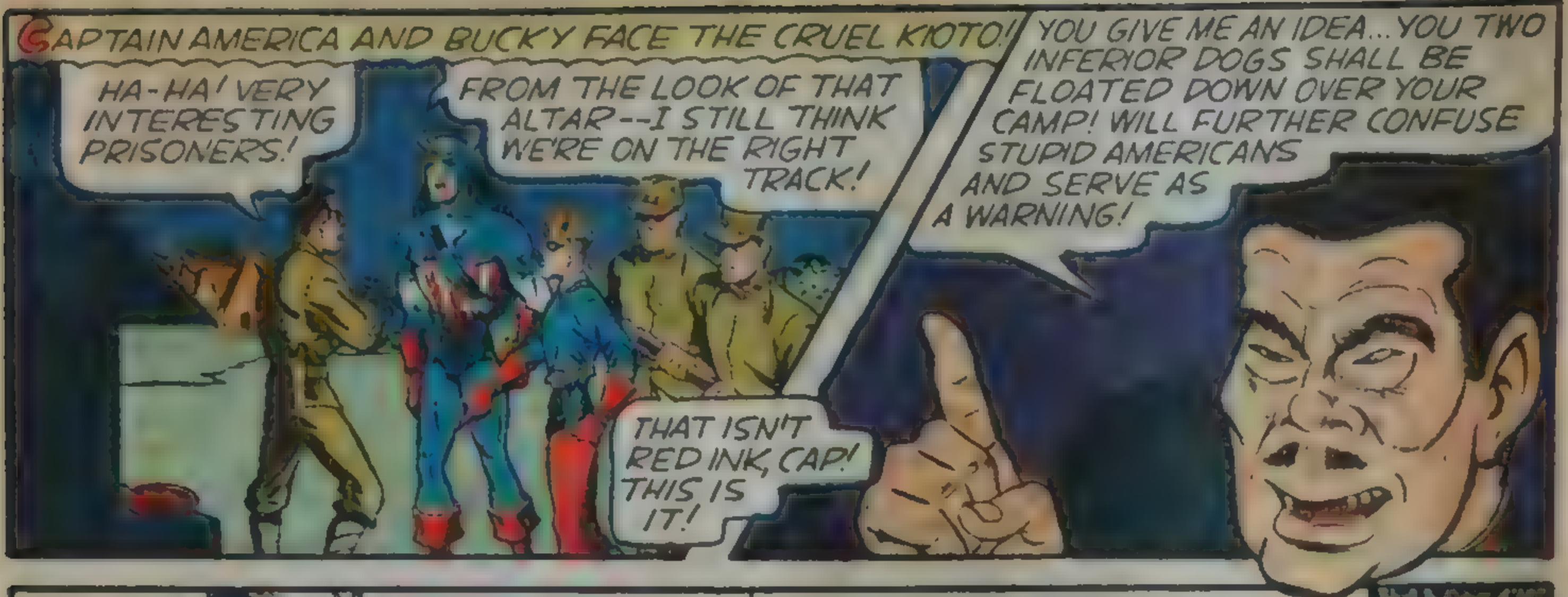
**B**UT IN SPITE OF HEROIC RESISTANCE ---  
THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT --- AND THEY'RE  
CAPTURED AND LED AWAY!



**A**ND EVEN AS CAPTAIN  
AMERICA  
AND BUCKY  
ARE BEING  
BROUGHT  
TO THE  
JAP  
CAMP ---  
A RUNNER  
MAKES HIS  
REPORT  
OF THE  
CAPTURE  
TO  
KIOTO ---

--MAY BE AMERICAN TRICK!  
PLEASE TO GAG PRISONERS  
BELOW! I WILL NOT BE  
CHEATED OF MY VENGEANCE!  
MY OTHER PRIS-  
ONERS MUST NOT  
BE FOUND!







**A**FTER SEVERAL DESPERATE TRIES---

BULLS EYE, CAP! BUT I  
STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!

**A**T THE EX-  
PENSE OF  
LACERATED AND  
BLEEDING WRISTS,  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
MANAGES TO WORK HIS  
ROPES ALONG THE BRANCH  
AND CONTACT THE IMBEDDED  
BAYONET!

**M**OMENTS LATER---

SAVE YOUR BREATH,  
LAD! WE'VE LOTS TO  
DO BEFORE OUR  
MURDERING HOST  
GETS BACK!

GEE, CAP! I  
NEVER  
THOUGHT  
YOU'D MAKE  
IT!

**C**APTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AFTER SEARCH-  
ING IN VAIN, ENTERS THE LAST HUT NOT  
KNOWING THAT THE PRISONERS ARE BENEATH  
THEIR VERY FEET!

PUZZLING! SEARCHED EVERY HUT  
AND NOT A SIGN OF THEM! WE'D  
BETTER PULL OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE THE OTHERS  
GETS BACK!

I'LL BE RIGHT  
WITH YOU, CAP!  
I NEED AMMU-  
NITION!

**B**UT AS THEY START AWAY FROM THE  
HUT-- THEY SEE --- THE JAPS  
COMING BACK!

BACK, BUCKY---  
WE CAN'T MAKE IT!



ALL REST HERE, HONORABLE  
LEADER!

TAKE MEN! HUNT  
TWO THAT ESCAPED!

WHEN THEY GO,  
I'M GOING DOWN!  
IF THE JAPS  
HEAD THIS  
WAY, DUCK AND  
SHUT THE  
TRAP!

CAPTAIN AMERICA FREES THE PRISONERS  
AND THEY PLAN THEIR ESCAPE...

REMEMBER! GET INTO YOUR CHAINS WHEN  
THE JAPS COME FOR POLK--AFTER  
THEY TAKE HIM. YOU ALL SLIP QUIETLY  
OUT! I'LL GIVE YOU  
GUNS! GOOD LUCK!

HOLY SMOKE!  
AND WE WERE  
STANDING OVER  
THE PRISONERS  
ALL THE TIME!

DUSK, AND ANOTHER VICTIM IS  
BEING LED TO THE SLAUGHTER!

HOPE I  
DON'T  
MISS  
THAT  
JAP!

YOU CAN'T, BUCKY! TOO  
MUCH DEPENDS UPON  
DEMORALIZING THE  
JAPS BY STRIKING DOWN  
THEIR LEADER! IT MEANS  
THE LIFE OF THAT  
BRAVE AMERICAN!

HERE'S YOUR  
GUN, BUDDY!

BOY! I CAN'T  
WAIT TO TAKE  
A SHOT AT  
THOSE  
JAPS!

OUTNUMBERED THREE TO ONE! EACH  
ONE PICK YOUR MAN AND WHEN BUCKY  
FIRES, BLAST AWAY! IF WE CAN GET  
THE BEACH  
WHILE  
THEY'RE  
SURPRISED.

WHEN HE  
DRAWS BACK  
HIS ARM I  
WON'T MISS!

BUCKY'S AVENGING SHOT RINGS OUT...  
AND THE CRUEL KIOTO PITCHES  
FORWARD!



**A**T THAT VERY MOMENT, ZOTO IS DRAWING NEARER THE CAMP WITH REINFORCEMENTS!

SOUND OF GUNS!  
PLEASE GIVE  
ORDERS TO CHARGE!

**T**RAPPED! WITH FREEDOM FOR THE TORTURED AMERICAN PRISONERS IN SIGHT! --- THE BRAVE BAND LEAD BY OUR TWO HEROES IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO ENEMY FORCES!

NOW WE'RE  
IN DUTCH!

**I**N A STARTLING MOVE, CAPTAIN AMERICA TRIES FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE CAR-- AND---

**YAHOO!**  
NOW  
YOU'RE  
COOKIN',  
CAP!

COME ON,  
BUCKY!  
FOLLOW  
ME!

HEAD FOR THE NIPS  
IN THE CLEARING--  
IF WE CAN MAKE  
THE HUT--

ALL ABOARD!  
TOOT! TOOT! THE  
AMERICAN  
SPECIAL!

INTO THE  
HUT! DON'T  
TAKE ANY  
CHANCES!

MADE IT!



HURRY IT, MEN! BEFORE A CHANCE  
SHOT BLOWS US UP!

HOURS LATER! THE WEARY AMERICANS ARE BEGIN-  
NING TO FEEL THE SITUATION IS HOPELESS!

THE JAPS HAVE RETIRED FROM  
THE CLEARING BUT BY NOW  
THEY'VE SENT FOR REIN-  
FORCEMENTS!

CAP! I JUST  
REMEMBERED--  
THERE'S A RADIO  
IN ONE OF THE  
HUTS! WE CAN--

IT SURE IS A  
GOOD IDEA TO STORE  
THIS STUFF!

LEAVING THEIR FRIENDS WITH A CHEER-  
FUL WORD--CAP AND BUCKY INCH  
THEIR WAY TO THE RADIO HUT!

THIS IS THE HUT,  
CAP! HEY, THAT  
PLANE! MAYBE--

HURRY, LAD! THEY'LL BLAST THAT HUT  
ANY MINUTE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH THOSE GUYS?  
HOLD EVERYTHING--  
CONTACT!

CALLING AMERICAN  
HEADQUARTERS--  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
CALLING ----  
SEND HELP--TIBULA--  
FIFTY MILES OFF  
RANGU--N.N.W.--HOLD  
ON--FOUND PRISONERS--  
HOLD ON---  
PLEASE---

NOW  
WHAT?  
THEY'RE  
WAITING!

TOO LATE FOR  
REINFORCEMENTS! LET  
ME---YOU WATCH THE  
DOOR!

BOATS TO PICK UP MEN  
ON BEACH! P.T. BOAT  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
SUNK! WILL TRY TO  
GET AWAY BY JAP PLANE!  
INSTRUCT BOMBERS NOT  
TO FIRE ON JAP PLANE  
TAKING OFF! I'LL WAIT FOR  
A SIGNAL TO SET OFF  
FIRES! IF WE FAIL, BLAST  
ISLAND OFF THE MAP!  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
SIGNING OFF---  
GOODBYE!

AMERICA'S FIGHTING DUO MAKE A  
DASH BACK TO THE HUT TO TELL  
THEIR FRIENDS THE PLAN!

UNDER THE MOONLESS SKY---CAPTAIN  
AMERICA PROCEEDS TO CARRY OUT THE PLAN!

I SURE HOPE IT  
WORKS, CAP!

AFTER THE  
CAR IS LOAD-  
ED WITH  
AMMUNITION  
AND THE HUTS  
WELL STOCKED,  
START YOUR  
MEN DOWN  
THE BACK  
ROAD!

OKAY! WE'LL  
MAKE IT! GOOD  
LUCK!

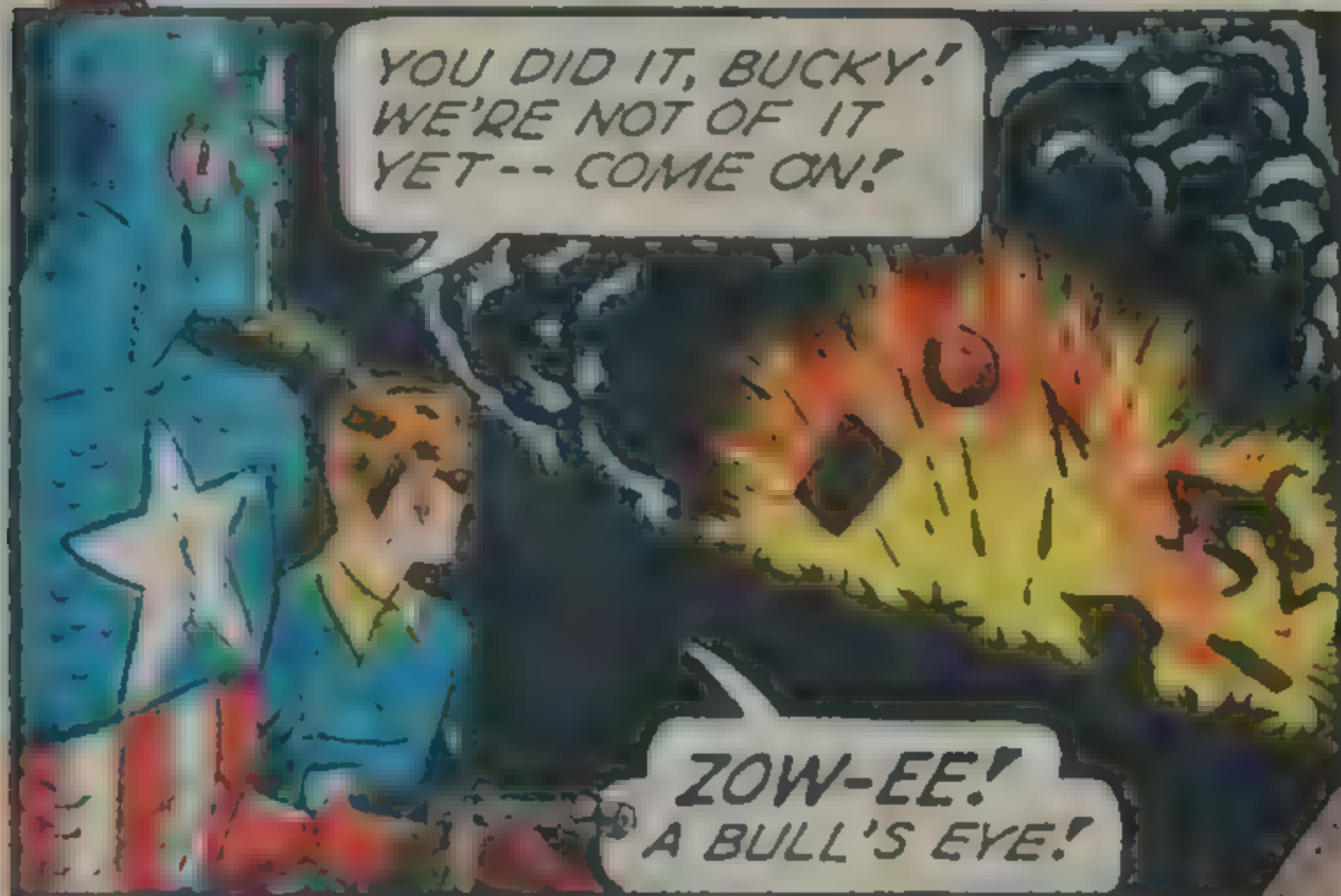




WHEW! GLAD THE AMMUNITION IS IN THIS CAR AND IN OTHER HUTS!

GET READY TO FIRE INTO THE POWDER! WE'LL GIVE IT A GOOD START!

READY? -- WAIT UNTIL THE CAR IS FIFTY YARDS AWAY -- THEN SHOOT AT IT! THE JAPS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!



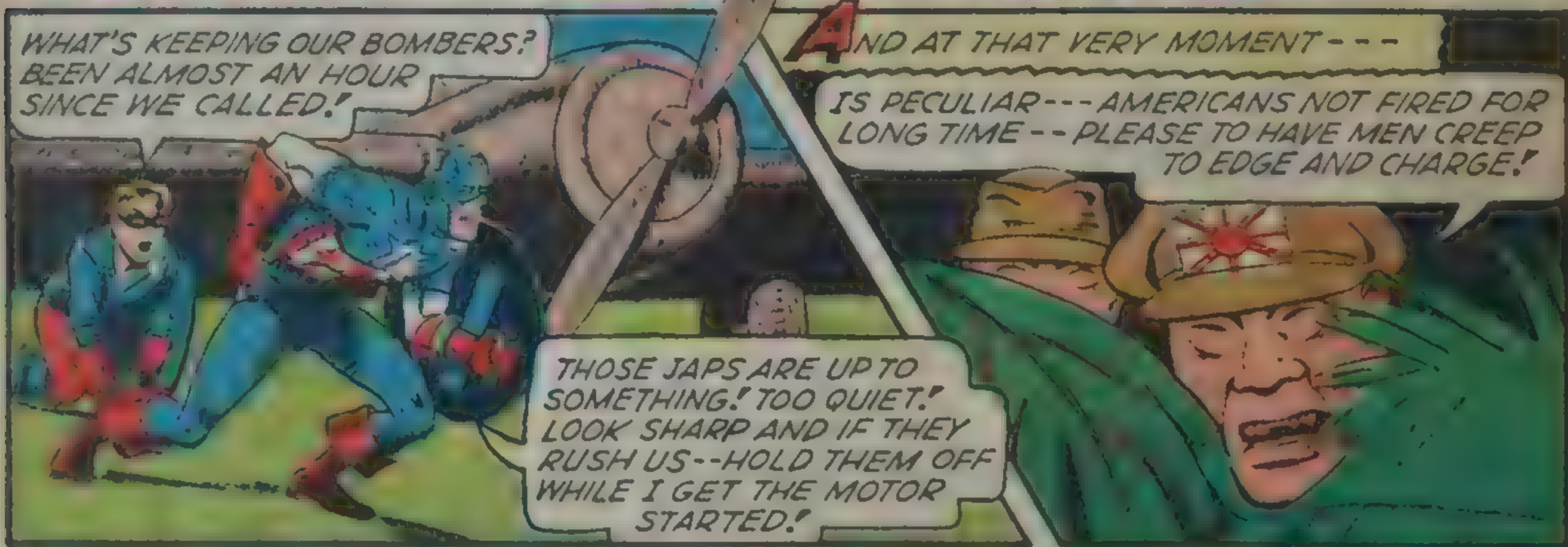
YOU DID IT, BUCKY! WE'RE NOT OF IT YET -- COME ON!

ZOW-EE! A BULL'S EYE!



I CAN FINISH THIS! YOU TRY TO GET THAT COVERING OFF THE PLANE WITHOUT BRINGING THE JAPS DOWN AROUND OUR EARS, EH?

RIGHT! HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS!



WHAT'S KEEPING OUR BOMBERS? BEEN ALMOST AN HOUR SINCE WE CALLED!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT ---

IS PECULIAR --- AMERICANS NOT FIRED FOR LONG TIME -- PLEASE TO HAVE MEN CREEP TO EDGE AND CHARGE!

THOSE JAPS ARE UP TO SOMETHING! TOO QUIET! LOOK SHARP AND IF THEY RUSH US -- HOLD THEM OFF WHILE I GET THE MOTOR STARTED!

ONLY A FEW FLYING MINUTES AWAY --- A WEDGE OF AMERICAN BOMBERS WINGS ITS WAY TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA!





HERE THEY COME!  
I'LL START THE  
PLANE--- YOU  
FIRE THE  
POWDER  
TRAIL!

OKAY, BOMBERS!  
HERE'S YOUR SIG-  
NAL! START  
BOMBING!

THE IGNITED TRAIL OF POWDER BLAZES OFF IN  
A FIERY TRAIL TOWARD THE AMMUNITION  
STORED IN THE DIFFERENT HUTS!

OOPS--  
JUST  
MADE IT!

I'M HOPING  
THOSE BABIES  
DON'T START  
LAYING THEIR  
EGGS 'TILL  
WE'RE CLEAR!

WITH A CLOCK-LIKE DECISION,  
THE AMERICAN BOMBERS LAY  
DOWN A PATTERN OF EXPLODING  
BOMBS---

DON'T SHOOT AT THAT JAP  
PLANE! IT'S CAPTAIN  
AMERICA!

WHEW!  
THEY SURE  
CAME IN  
FAST!

THE FREED AMERICANS WAVE AND CHEER  
AS CAP AND BUCKY FLY OVER THE  
RESCUE BOAT!

THEY GOT AWAY!

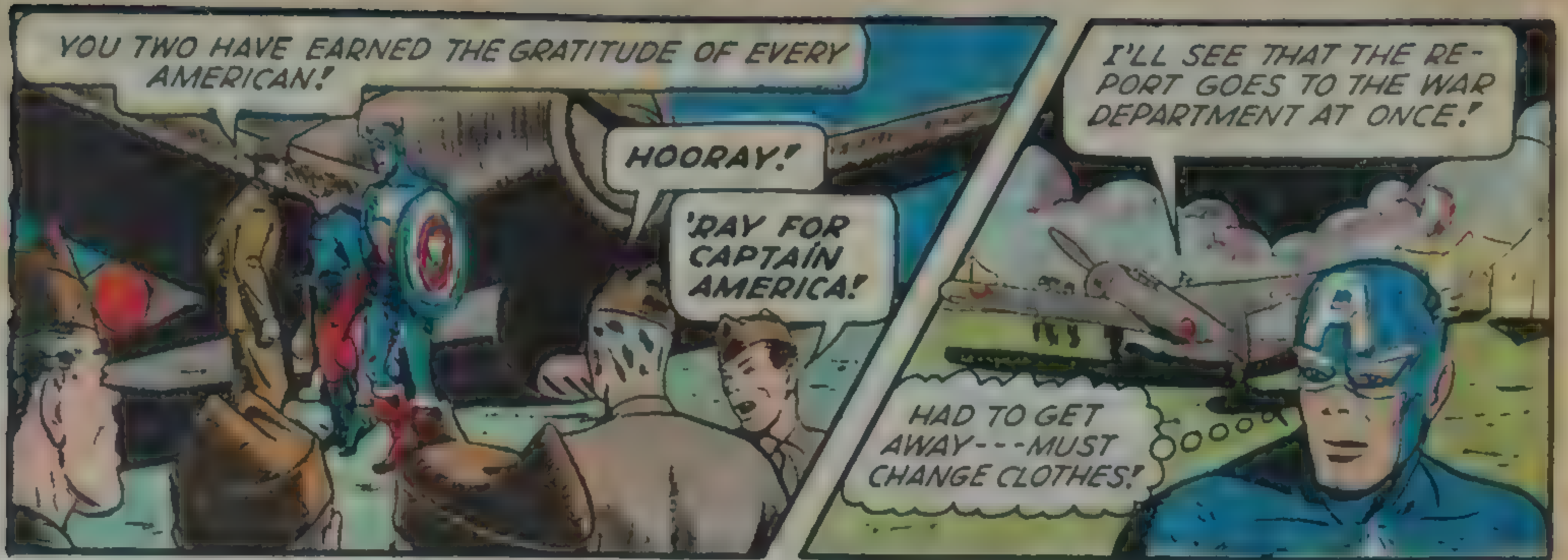
HURRAH!

THAT'S THE PLANE  
WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA  
AND BUCKY!

ACCOMPANIED BY THE BOMBERS--- OUR EX-  
HAUSTED HEROES WING THEIR WAY BACK  
TO THE AMERICAN BASE---

GLAD TO GET  
BACK! IT'S  
CRAMPED IN  
THESE JAP  
PLANES!





YOU TWO HAVE EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF EVERY AMERICAN!

HOORAY!

'DAY FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!

I'LL SEE THAT THE REPORT GOES TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT ONCE!

HAD TO GET AWAY---MUST CHANGE CLOTHES!



WHAT--WHERE? HE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!

I DIDN'T EVEN SEE CAP GO! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF TO CHANGE CLOTHES!

LATER----

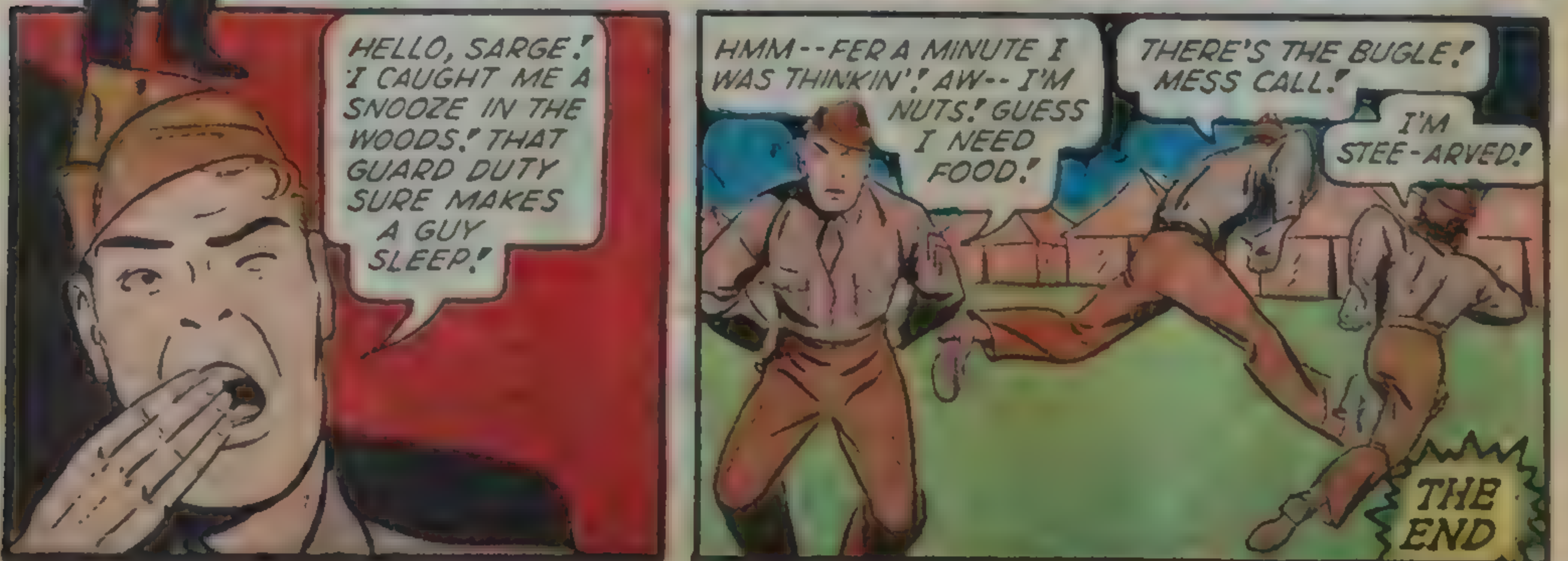
I BETTER LOOK FOR STEVE! OH--OH!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! WHERE'S THAT STOOP PAL O' YOURS?



COME ON! MAKE UP YOUR MIND! WHERE'S PRIVATE ROGERS?

OH, HERE YOU ARE! WHERE YA BEEN ALL THE TIME, PRIVATE ROGERS?



HELLO, SARGE! I CAUGHT ME A SNOOZE IN THE WOODS! THAT GUARD DUTY SURE MAKES A GUY SLEEP!

HMM--FER A MINUTE I WAS THINKIN'! AW-- I'M NUTS! GUESS I NEED FOOD!

THERE'S THE BUGLE! MESS CALL!

I'M STEE-ARVED!

THE END



# SUB-MARINER

**ALIBI  
FOR  
GRIM  
DECEIT!**





NAZI MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS-BERLIN.

GENTLEMEN-- ALL ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE SUBMARINER HAVE FAILED PRINCIPALLY BECAUSE WE ALWAYS USED FORCE --

JA, HERR MARSHALL KRONIN!



SHUT OPP, GEZUNK! NOW, I HAVE OUTLINED A PLAN THAT'S SURE TO SUCCEED. IT INVOLVES THE ABDUCTION OF BETTY DEAN, POLICE-WOMAN IN NEW YORK CITY. -- YOU SEE, DER SUBMARINER ISS IN LUFF WITH HER!

EXCELLENT, YOUR EXCELLENCY!



DAYS LATER, WE GEE SUBMARINER IN HIS UNDERSEA KINGDOM..

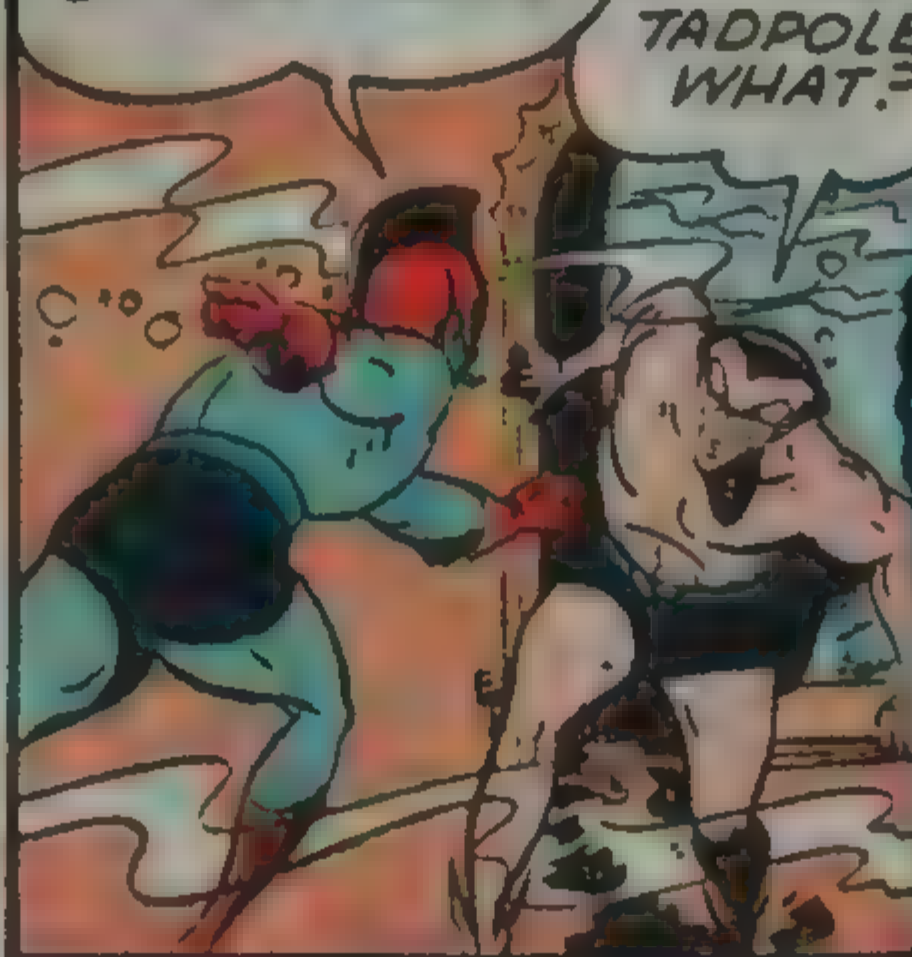
WITH A LULL IN THE FIGHTING IN EUROPE, I'M WONDERING IF ...



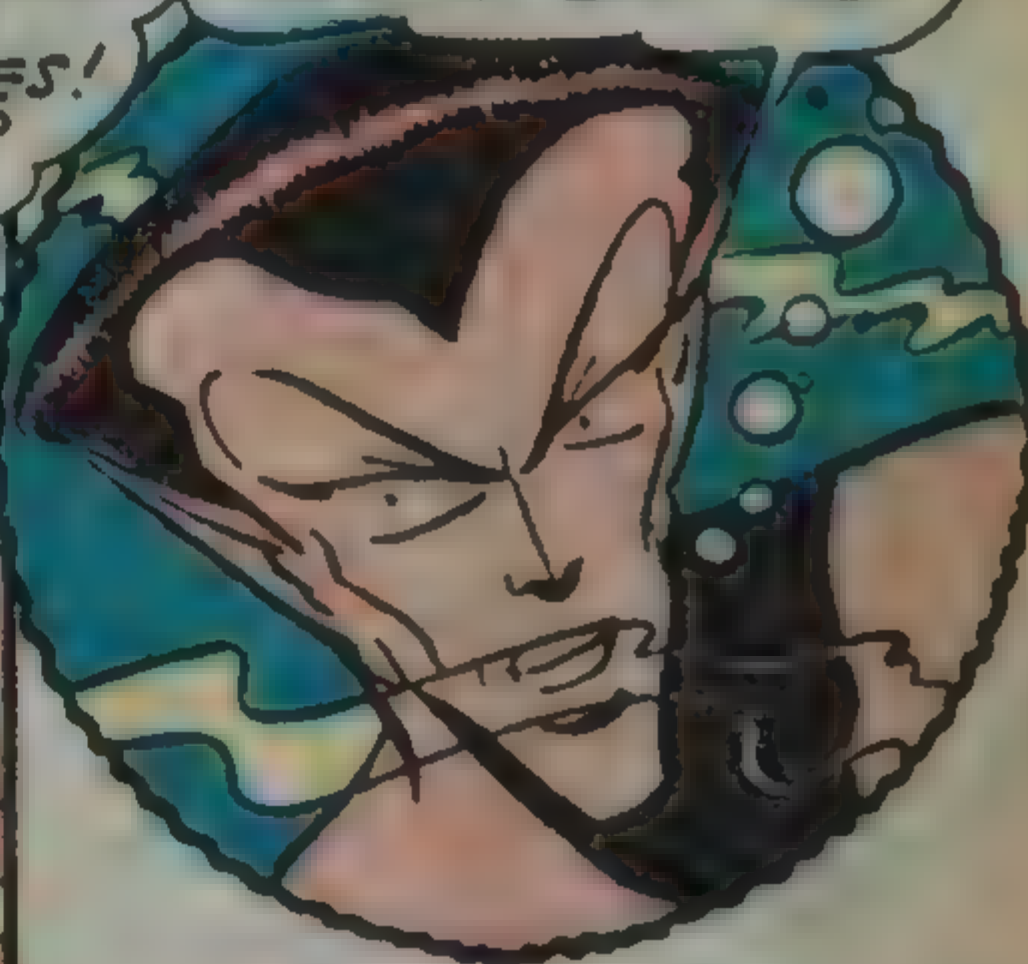
SUDDENLY---

PRINCE NAMOR! OUR HYDRO-RADIO HAS PICKED UP A LAND DISPATCH -- BETTY DEAN HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE NAZIS!

THUNDERING TADPOLES! WHAT?

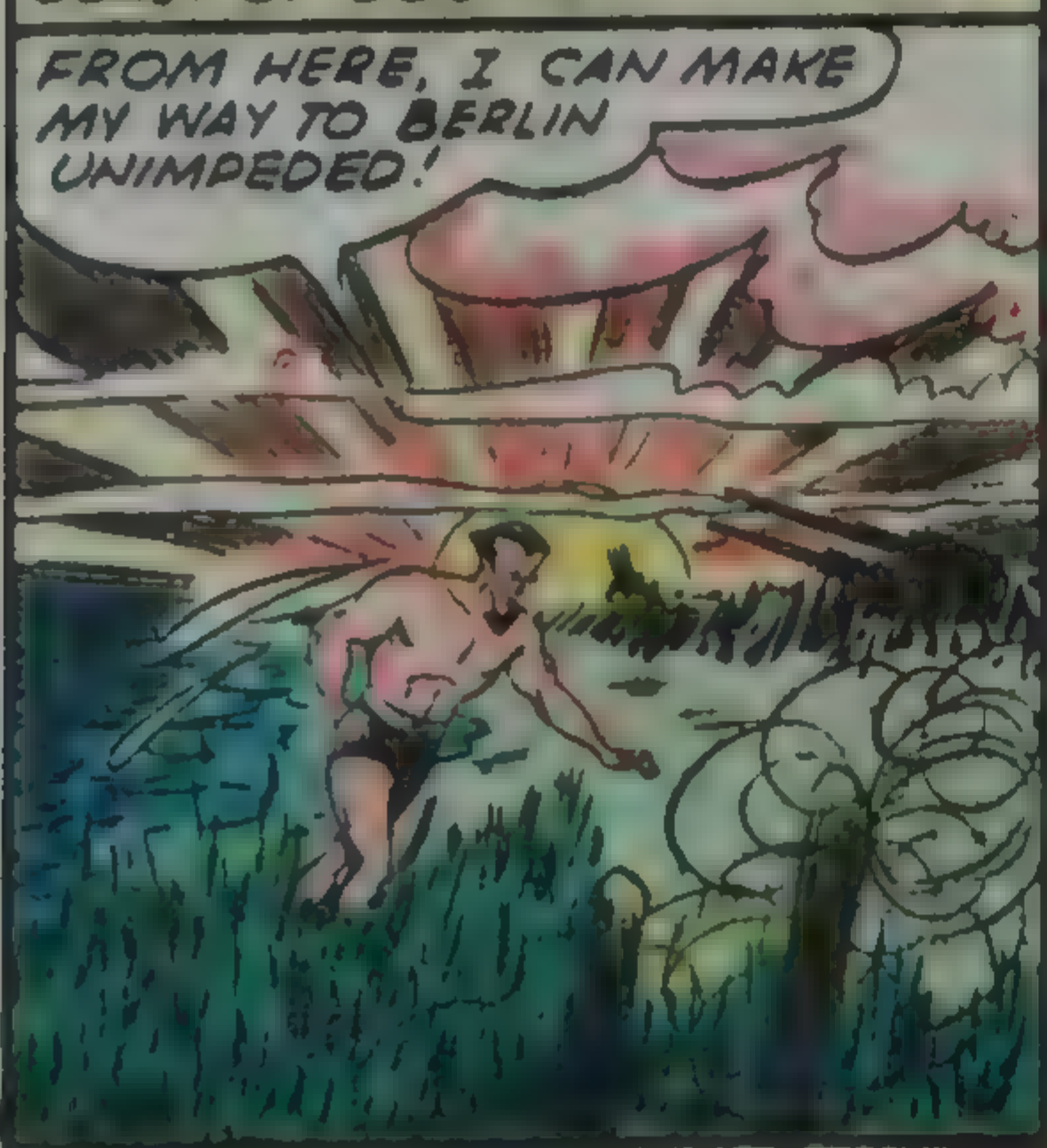


IF THOSE FILTHY VERMIN TOUCH HER, I'LL -- WAIT A MINUTE -- I'LL BET THEY KIDNAPPED HER TO BAIT ME!



SOME TIME LATER, ON THE COAST OF SOUTHERN FRANCE ..

FROM HERE, I CAN MAKE MY WAY TO BERLIN UNIMPEDED!



STILL LATER... BERLIN!

THERE'S NAZI MILITARY INTELLIGENCE -- MARSHALL KRONIN'S HEADQUARTERS!





PRINCE NAMOR WALKS UP  
THE STEPS BOLDLY--

GUESS THEY THINK  
THEY'RE SEEING  
THINGS!



THAT MUST BE THE  
MARSHALL'S OFFICE  
DOWN THERE--

ACH!  
SUBMARINER??



NAMOR WALKS IN,  
UNANNOUNCED!

HEIL  
HITLER!

ACH DU-??

DER  
SUBMARINER!  
OH! ??



WHAT'S THE MATTER? I'M  
NOT GOING TO BITE  
YOU --- WHAT ARE  
YOU AFRAID OF??

I-ER-AH---



HARUMMPHHH!

SO! YOU KNOW  
WE HAVE BETTY  
DEAN HERE!

I'D HEARD  
ABOUT IT--  
SO WHAT?

Y-YOU MEAN  
YOU DON'T CARE?



CARE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH  
-- WHAT MADE YOU THINK I  
CARED FOR HER! SHE'S NO-  
THING TO ME -- NOR ARE ANY  
OTHER VERDAMTE  
AMERICANS!

THEN...

NAMOR--  
YOU DON'T  
MEAN THAT!

OH, HELLO BLUE-EYES  
--- NICE SPOT YOU'RE IN!







WHY HAVE YOU COME?

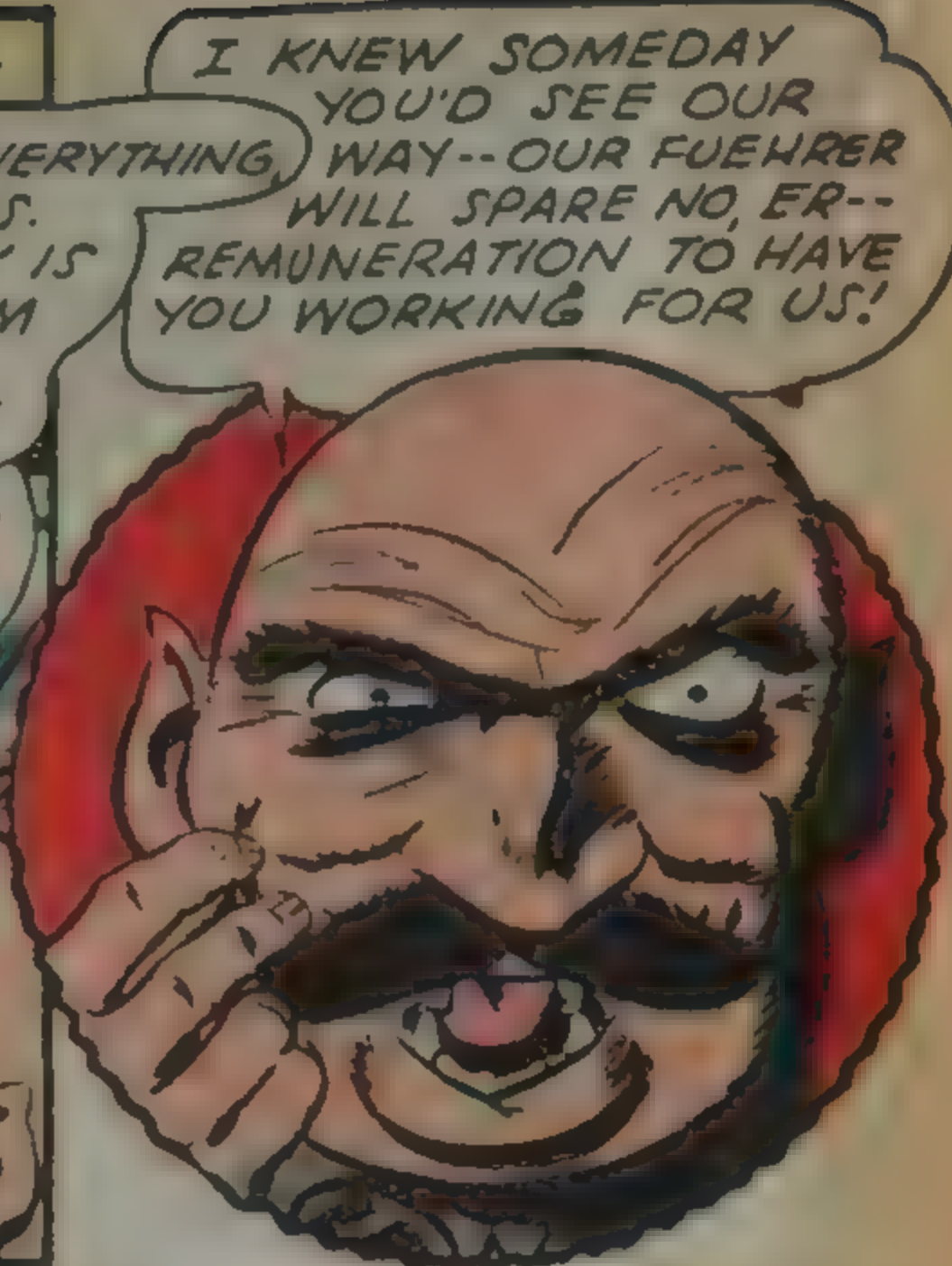
THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND I AND THE NAZI GOVERNMENT. TAKE THE GIRL AWAY!



AFTER BETTY IS GONE--

THERE'S A PRICE FOR EVERYTHING, INCLUDING MY SERVICES. BESIDES MY BAD STREAK IS COMING UP IN ME -- I'M TIRED OF THE GOODY-GOODY STUFF OF THE DEMOCRACIES!

AH--- YOU TALK SENSE!

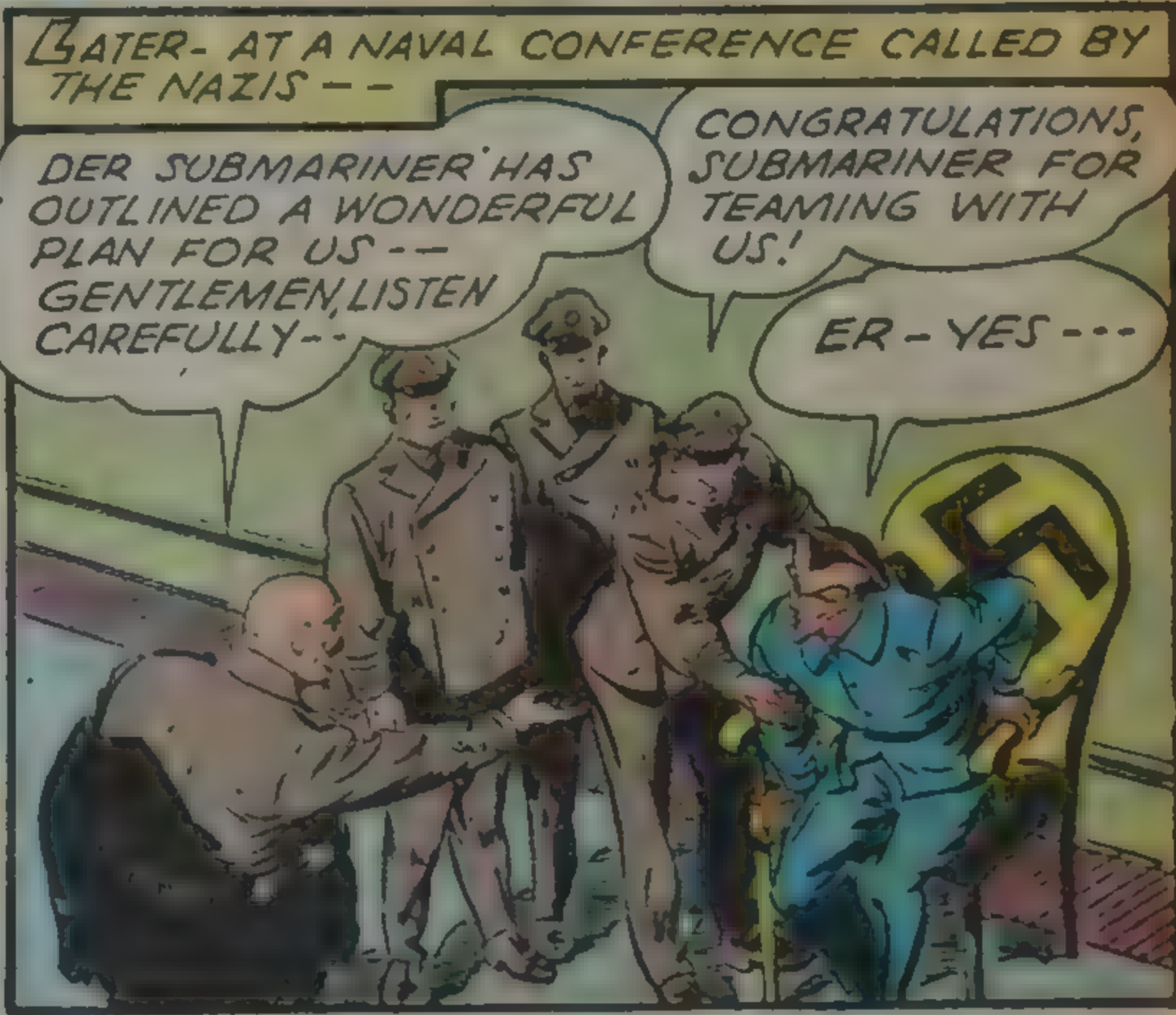


I KNEW SOMEDAY YOU'D SEE OUR WAY--OUR FUEHRER WILL SPARE NO, ER-- REMUNERATION TO HAVE YOU WORKING FOR US!



GOOD! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS-- I'VE OUTLINED A SPLENDID BLOW AGAINST YOUR ENEMIES!

EXCELLENT-- PLEASE -- GO ON --



LATER- AT A NAVAL CONFERENCE CALLED BY THE NAZIS --

DER SUBMARINER HAS OUTLINED A WONDERFUL PLAN FOR US -- GENTLEMEN, LISTEN CAREFULLY--

CONGRATULATIONS, SUBMARINER FOR TEAMING WITH US!

ER-- YES ---



I KNOW WHERE THE ALLIED CONVOY BOUND FOR MURMANSK, RUSSIA, WILL BE AT NOON TOMORROW -- THE FOOL ALLIES HAVE TAKEN ME INTO COMPLETE CONFIDENCE!

NORTH SEA



HAVE YOUR TWO RAIDERS, HURPITZ AND SCHORNHAF, AT THIS POINT TOMORROW --

BUT DER ALLIED ESCORT SHIPS--





SH- HAVE NO FEAR! THERE'S WHERE I COME IN! I SHALL RIP OFF THEIR RUDDERS-- THEY'LL BE HELPLESS AGAINST YOUR GUNFIRE!



SPLENDID! I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT! YOU HAVE THE RUN OF THE CITY TONIGHT, HERR SUBMARINER --- ENJOY YOURSELF!

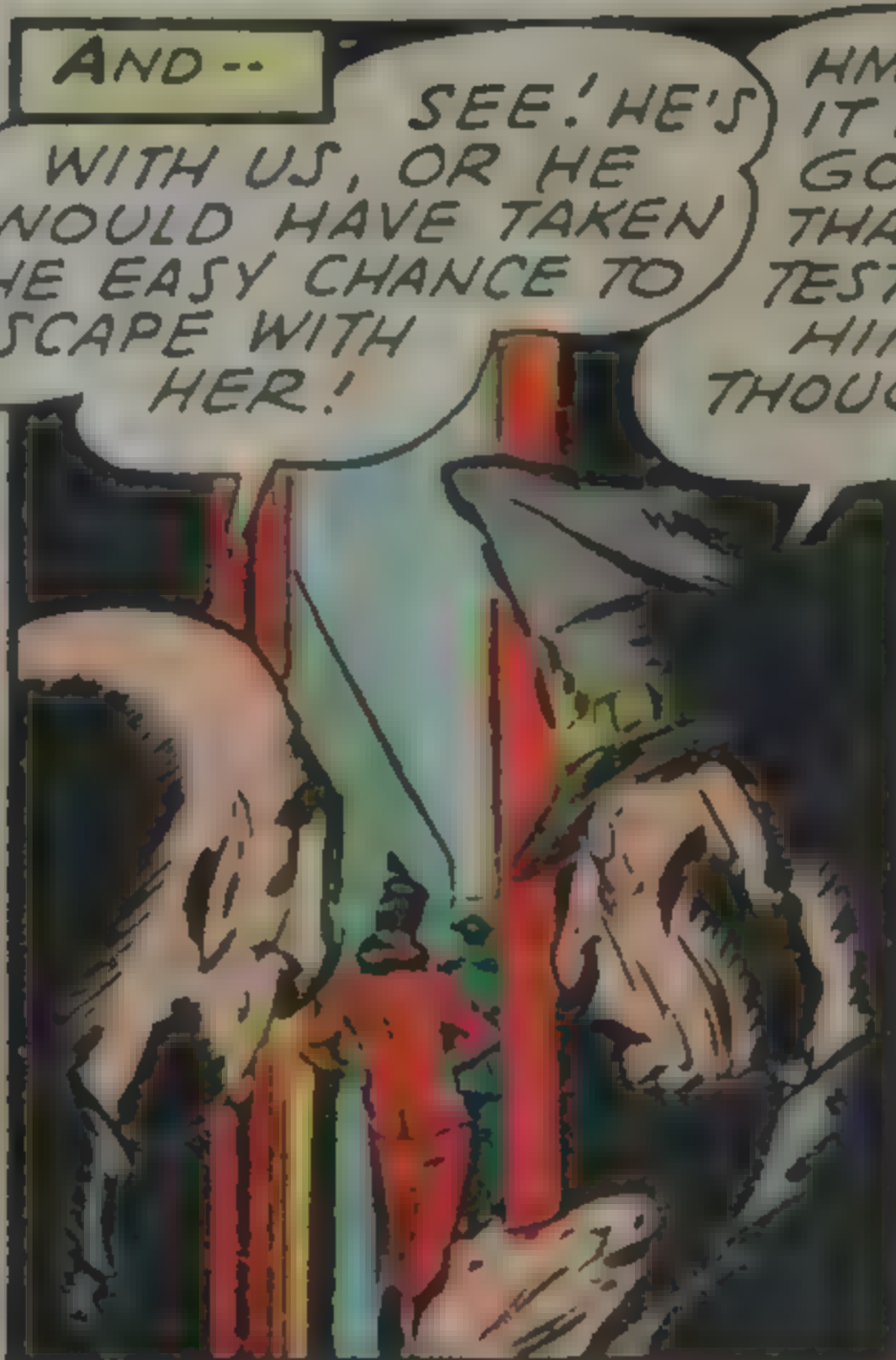


NO! I MUST MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS RIGHT. I HAVE WORK TO DO. I'LL LEAVE NOW, GENTLEMEN!



IN THE HALL--

OH-- THERE'S BETTY-- BRRR! WHAT AN ICY LOOK, I GOT!

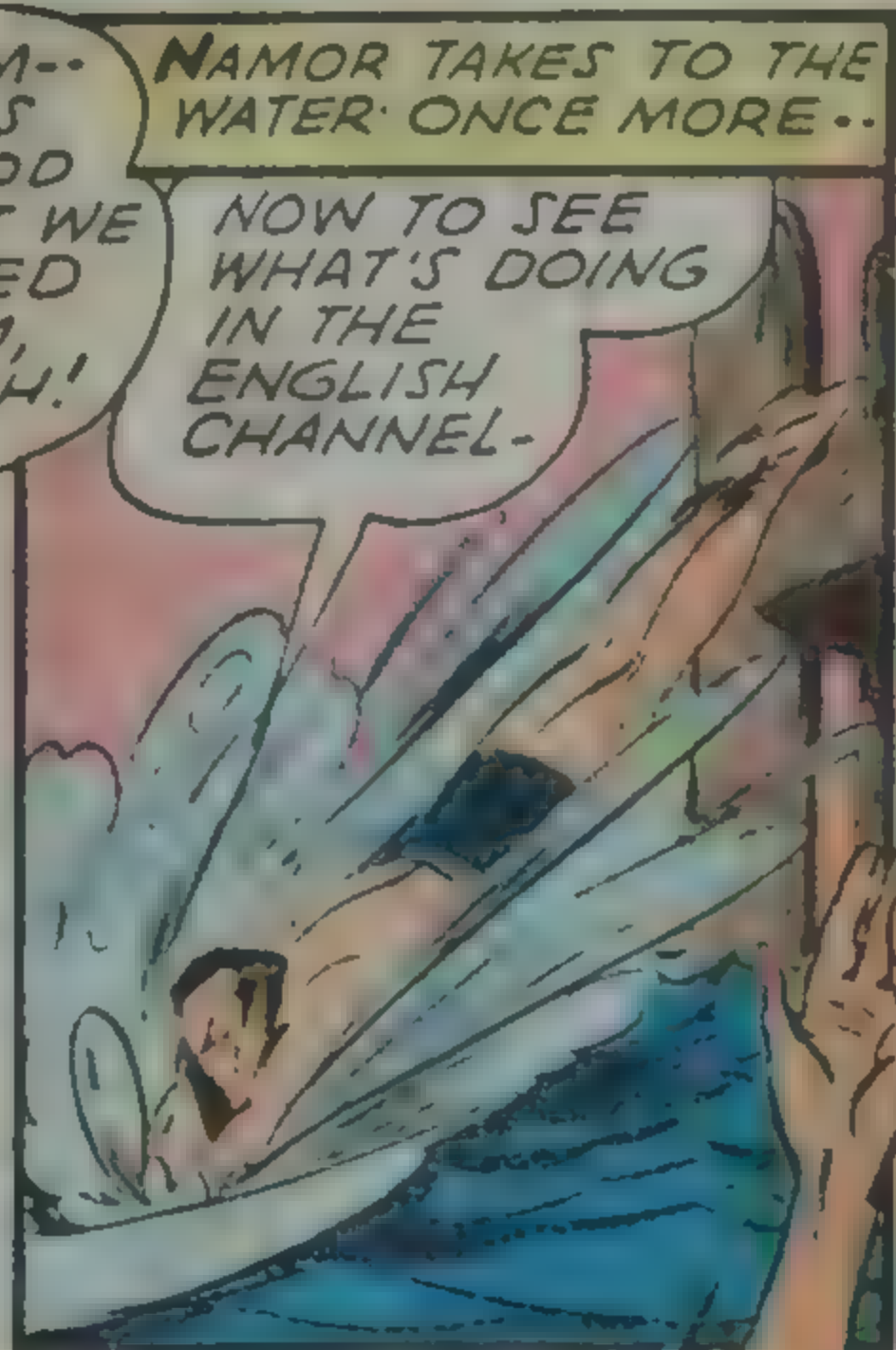


AND--

SEE! HE'S WITH US, OR HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE EASY CHANCE TO ESCAPE WITH HER!

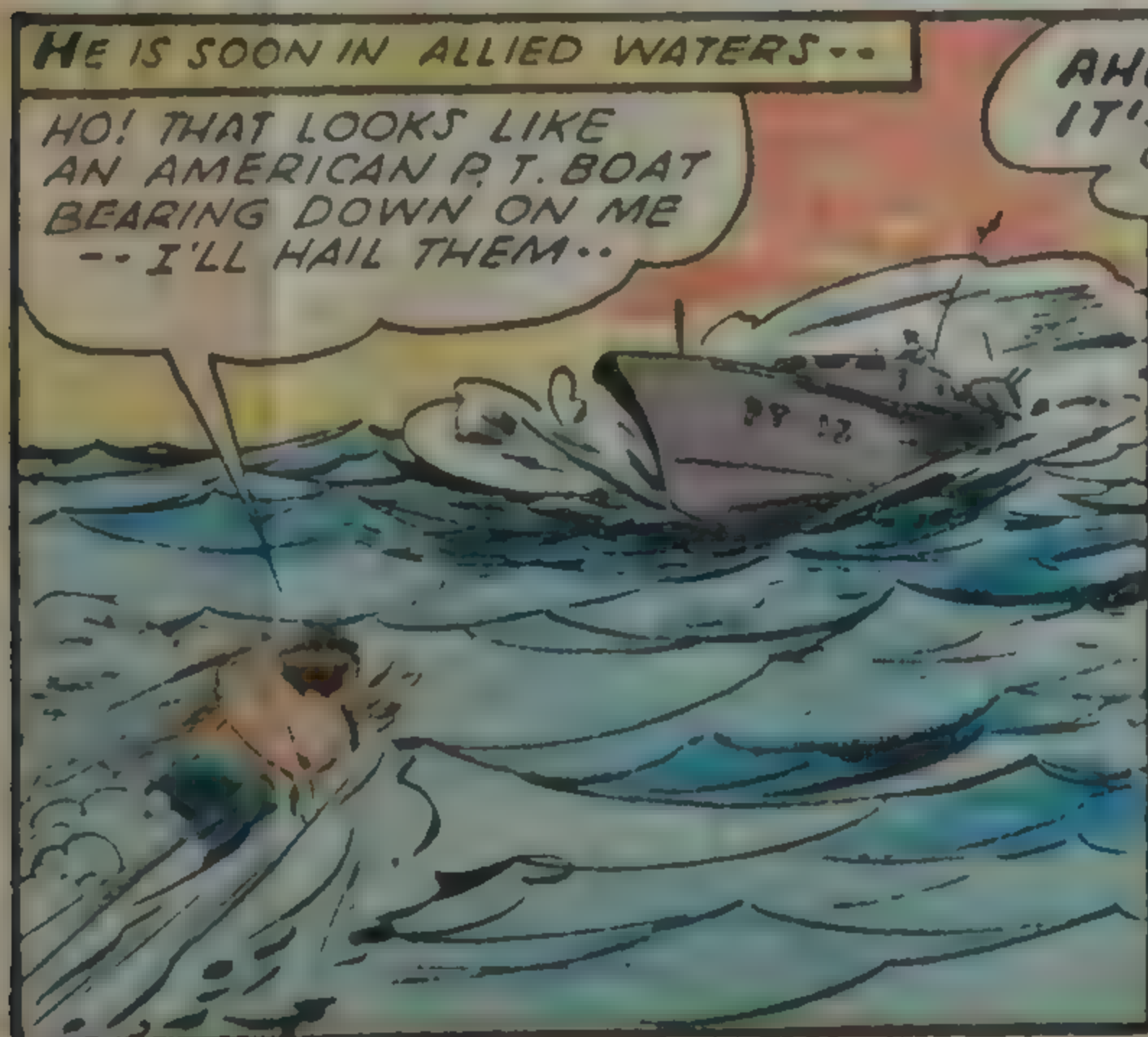


HMM-- IT IS GOOD THAT WE TESTED HIM, THOUGH!



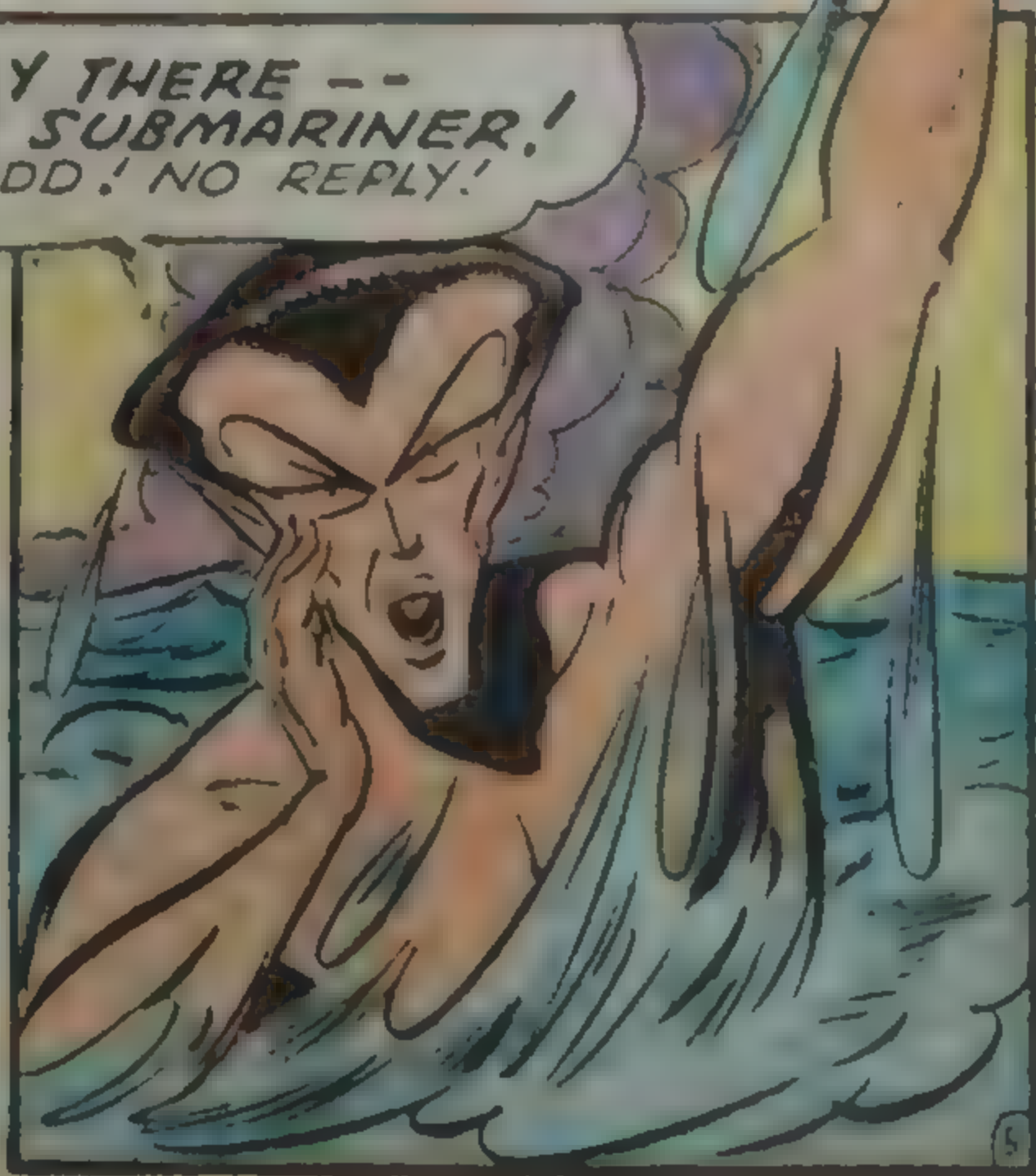
NAMOR TAKES TO THE WATER ONCE MORE--

NOW TO SEE WHAT'S DOING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL--



HE IS SOON IN ALLIED WATERS--

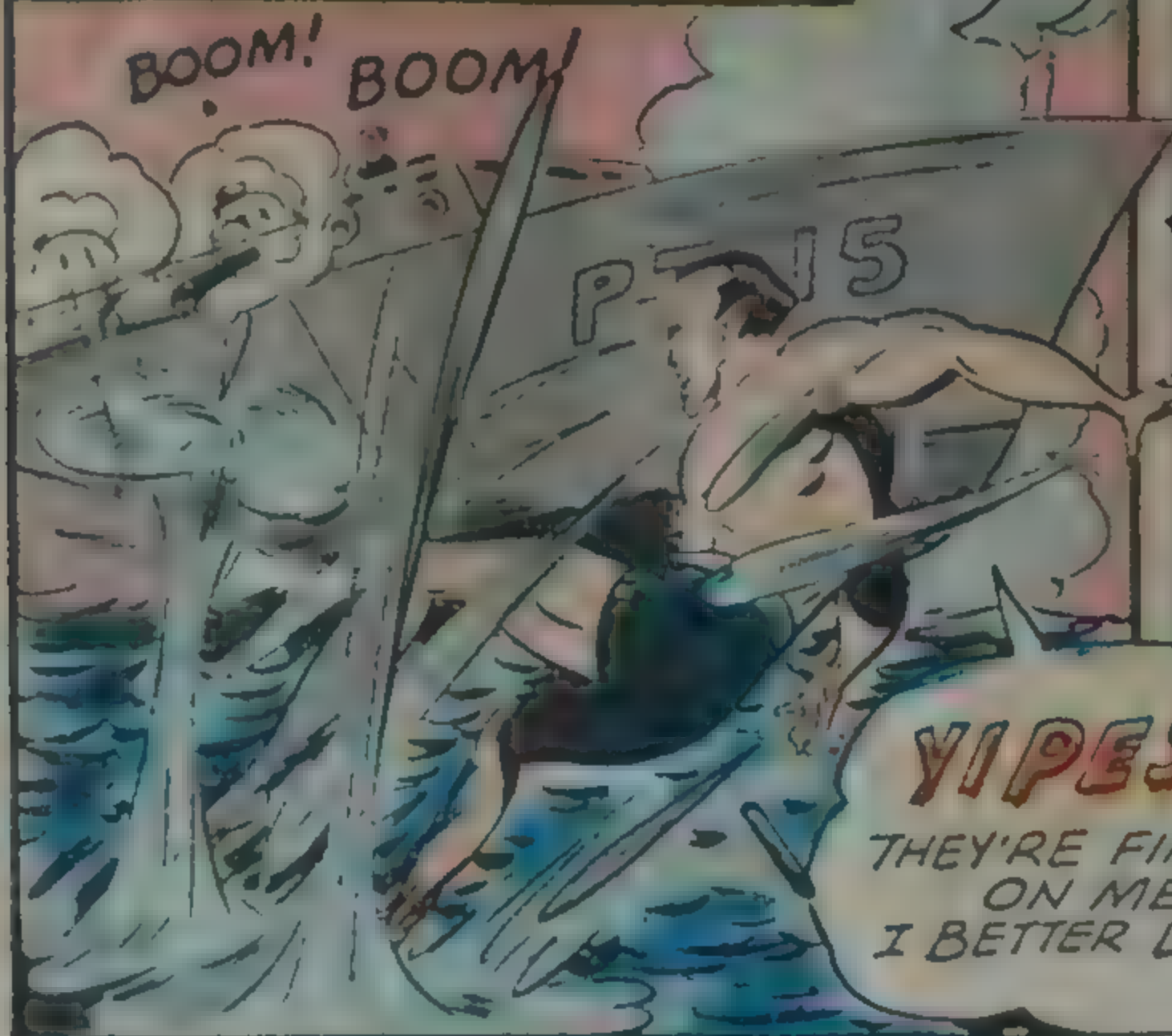
HO! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN AMERICAN P.T. BOAT BEARING DOWN ON ME -- I'LL HAIL THEM--



AHOY THERE -- IT'S SUBMARINER! ODD! NO REPLY!



SUDDENLY--- GUNFIRE --



**YIPES!**

THEY'RE FIRING  
ON ME!  
I BETTER DUCK!

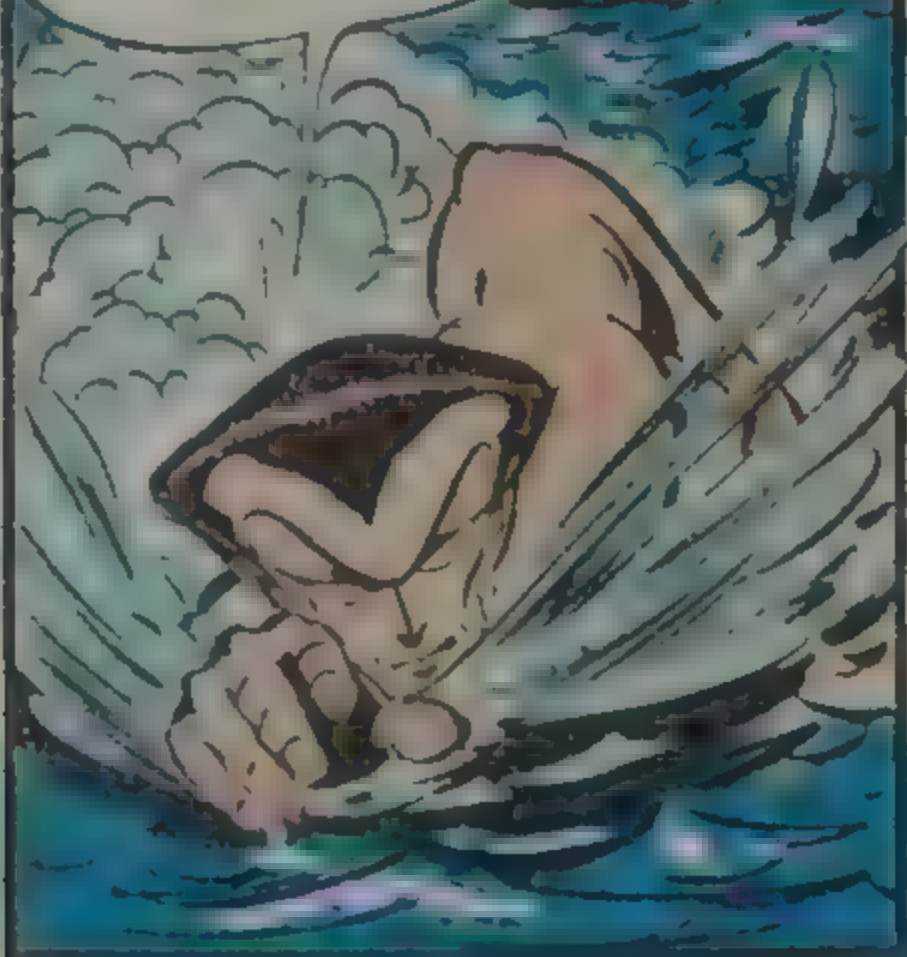
SECONDS LATER, AFTER HE DIVES--



MINUS A RUDDER,  
THIS CRAFT WON'T  
BE ABLE TO  
FOLLOW ME!

**THERE!**

NOW TO HEAD FOR  
LONDON AND FIND  
OUT WHY THE  
AMERICAN BOAT  
ATTACKED ME!



LATER-- LONDON --

**WOW!** NOW I'M AN ENEMY OF  
THE ALLIES-- THEY FOUND OUT  
THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND  
THAT I'M WORKING WITH  
THE NAZIS!



HE CONTACTS LIEUTENANT  
COMMANDER PHIL SMITH  
AT U.S. NAVY HEADQUARTERS

-- AND IF YOU RADIO  
THE POSITION TO THE  
CONVOY, WE'LL GET THEM  
BOTH! MEANWHILE I'VE  
GOT TO ACT, PRO - NAZI!



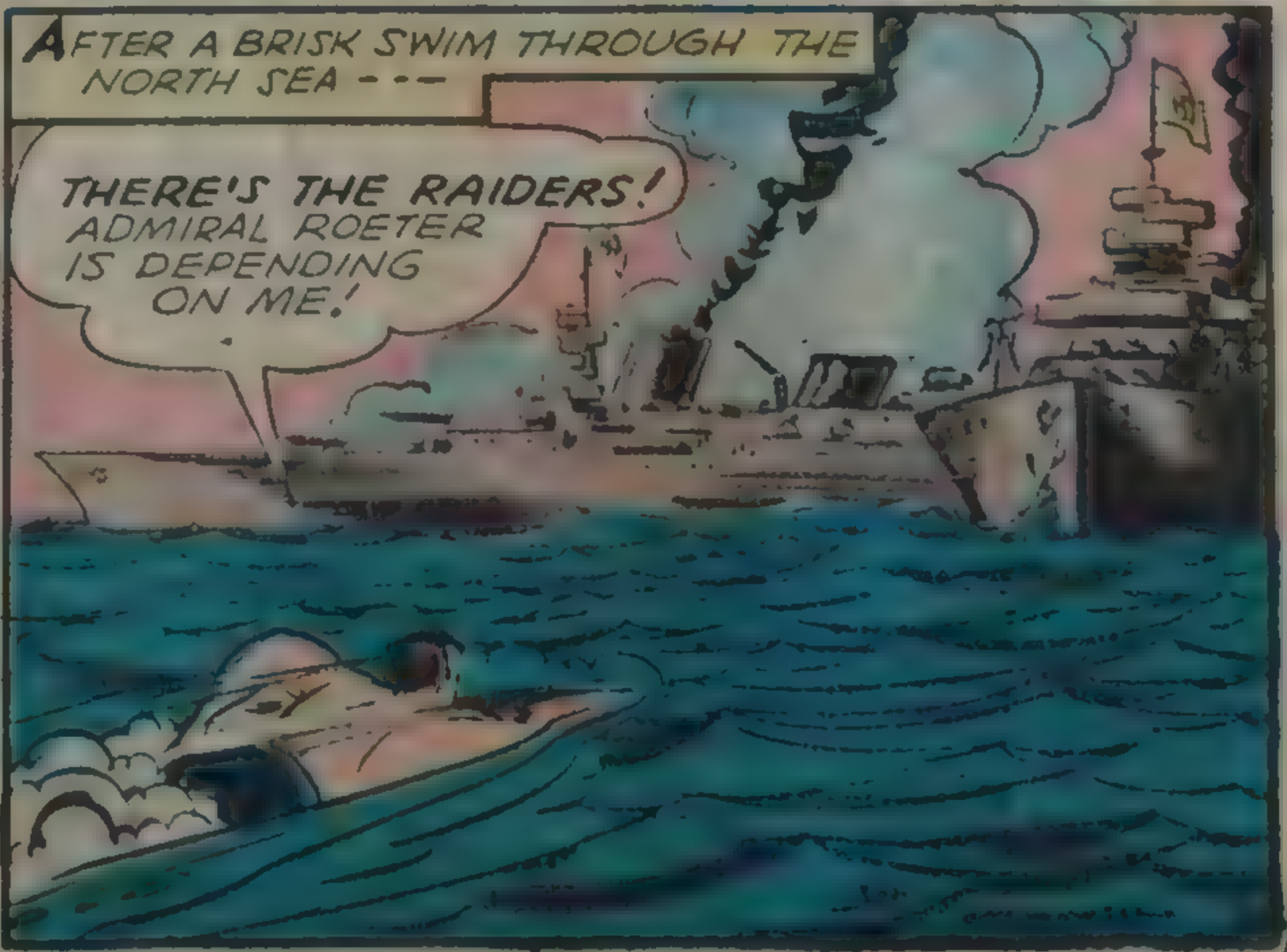
NAMOR RETURNS TO THE  
WATER --

NO ONE  
SAW ME, THANKS TO  
THE BLACKOUT! NOW  
-- TO KEEP MY  
RENDEZVOUS WITH THE  
NAZI RAIDERS!

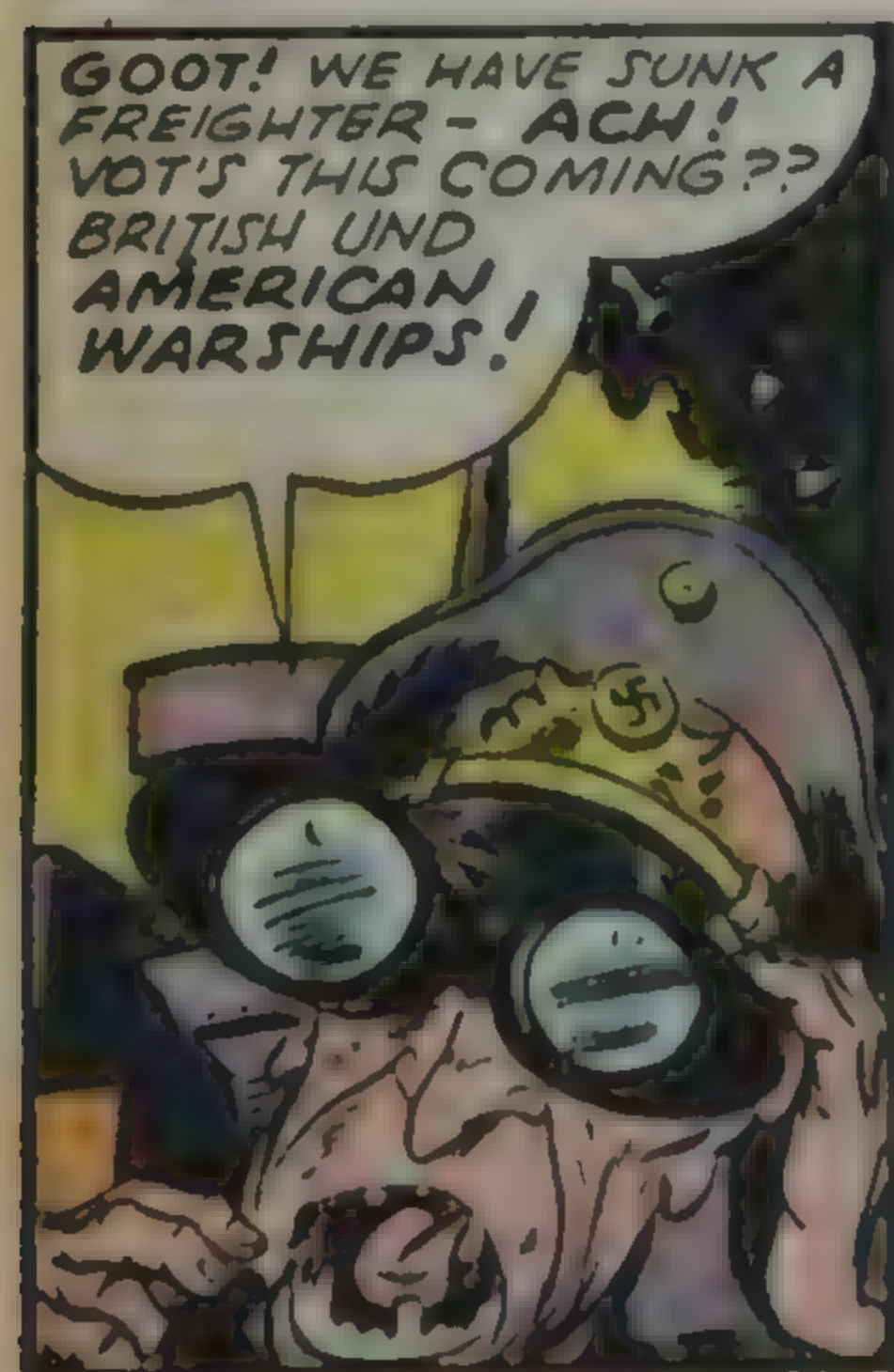
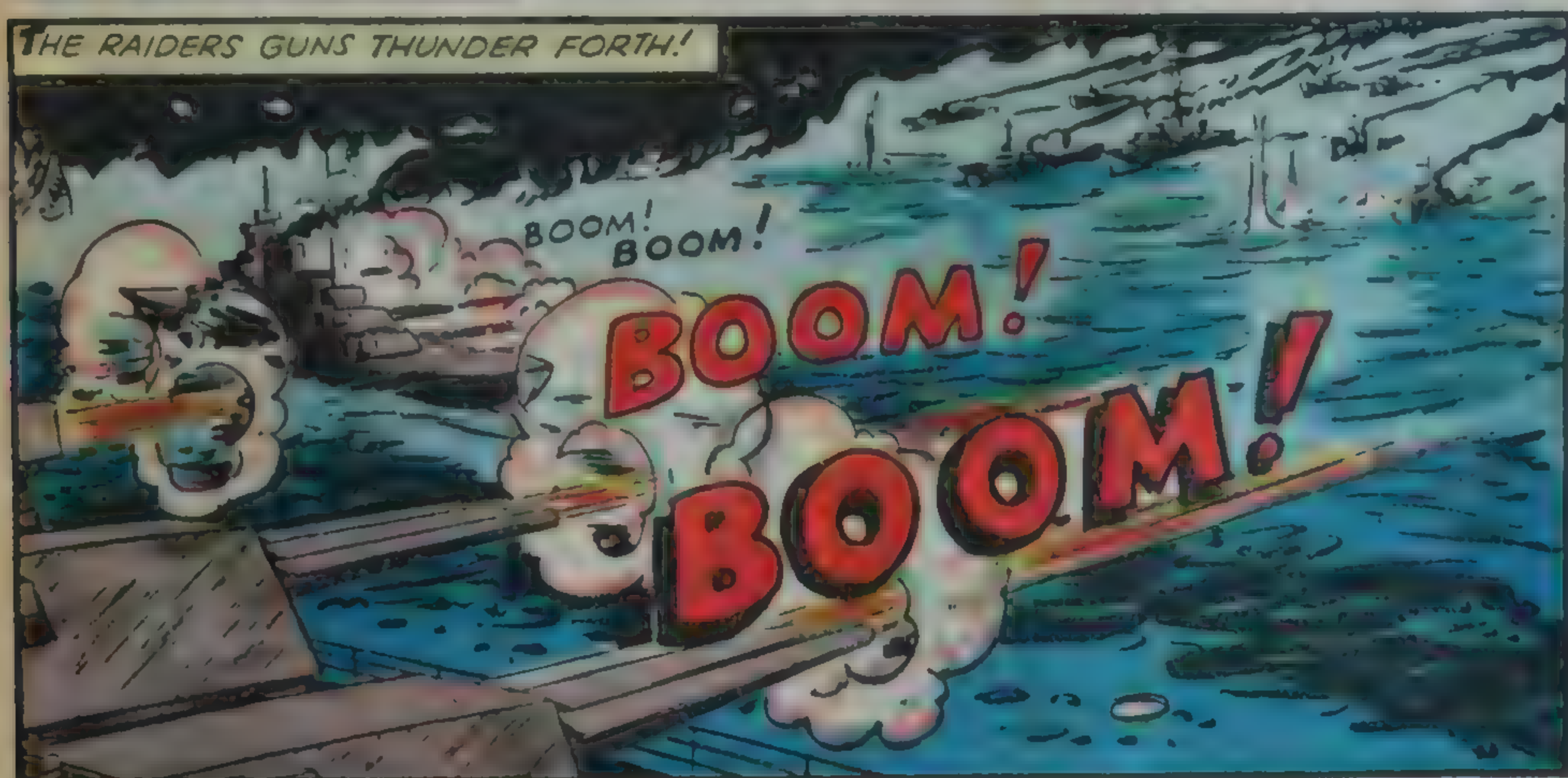
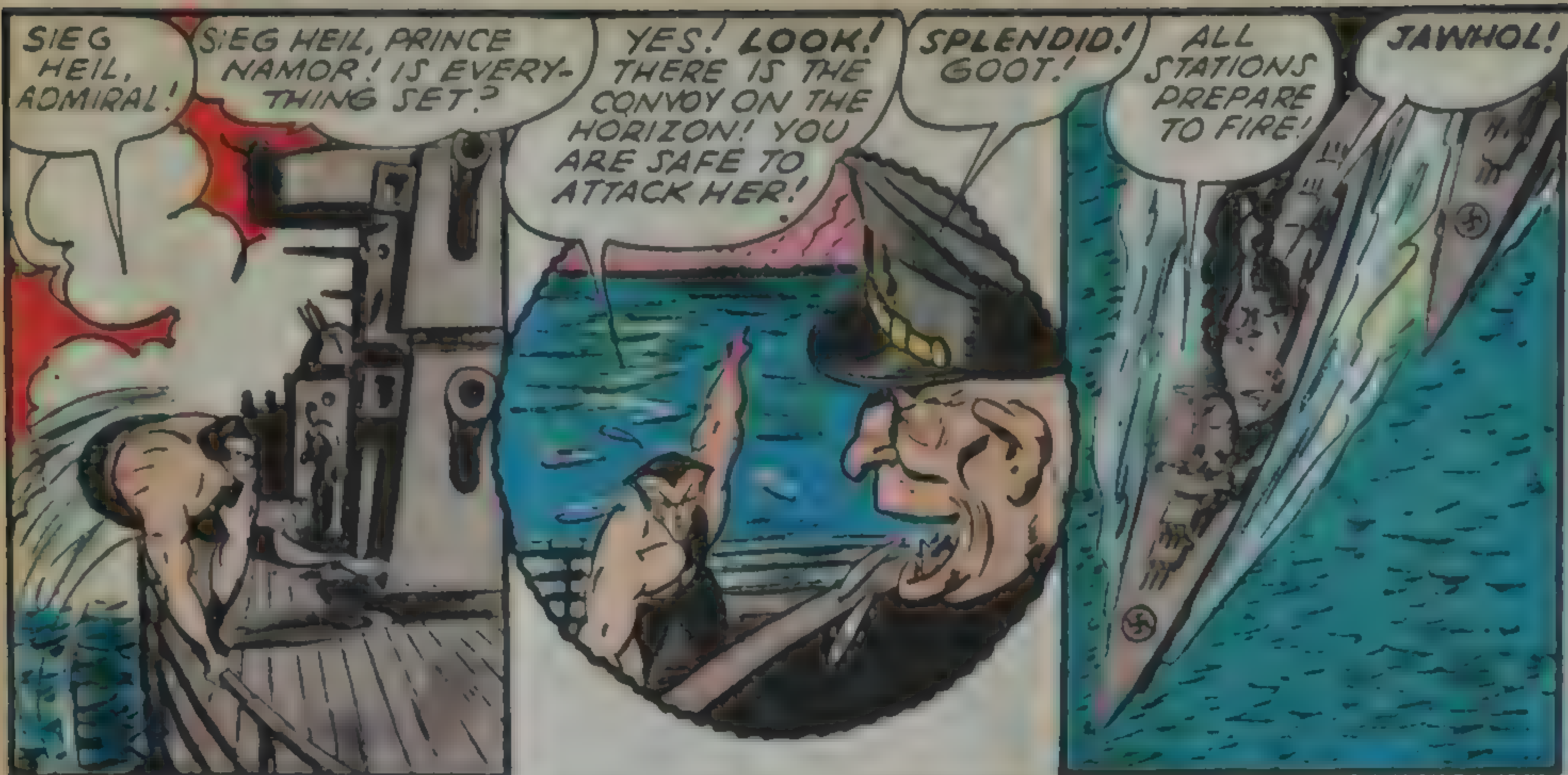


AFTER A BRISK SWIM THROUGH THE  
NORTH SEA ---

**THERE'S THE RAIDERS!**  
ADMIRAL ROETER  
IS DEPENDING  
ON ME!









THE ALLIED ESCORTS OPEN FIRE!



AND ---



HIMMEL! WE'RE ABLAZE!  
MUST ABANDON SHIP!  
AH! DER SUBMARINER  
WAS KNOCKED UNCON-  
SCIOUS -- GOOT! WE  
TAKE HIM ALONG!



PUT HIM IN THE BOAT  
AND CAST OFF  
IMMEDIATELY!



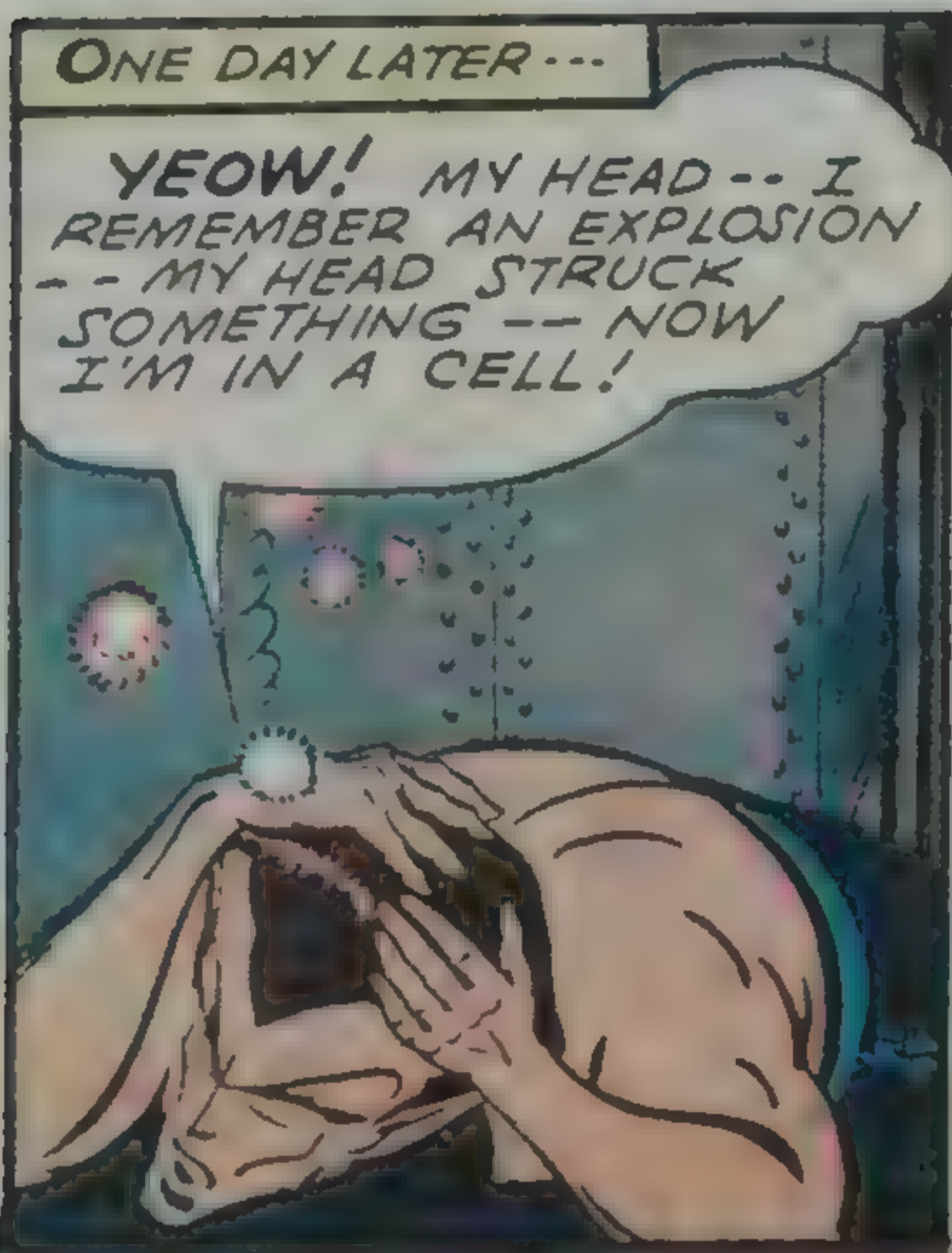
THEN --



CURSE DOT  
SUBMARINER!  
HE'S RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THIS DISASTER!  
HE SHALL SUFFER  
WHEN I TAKE  
HIM TO BERLIN!

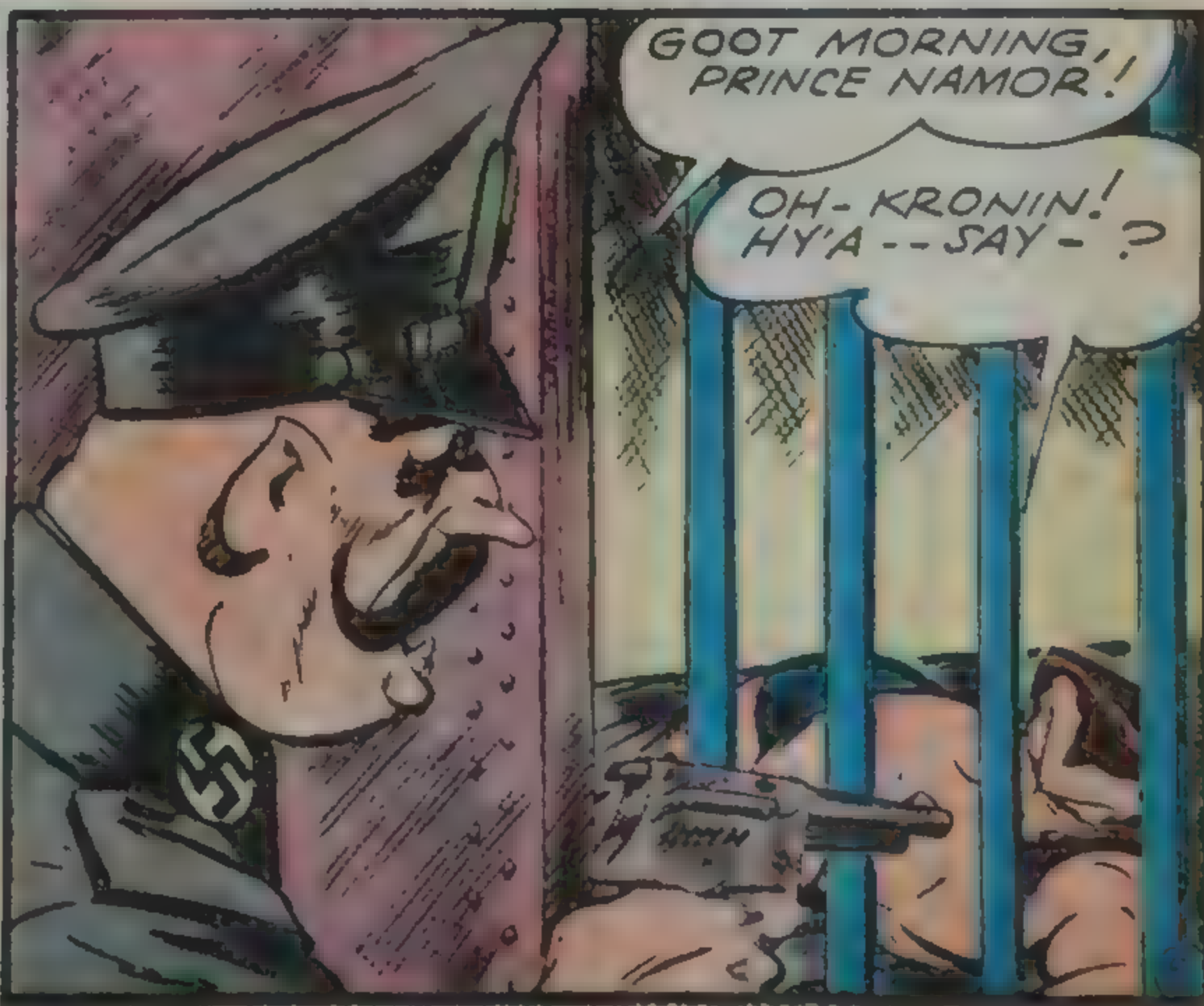
ONE DAY LATER---

YEOW! MY HEAD -- I  
REMEMBER AN EXPLOSION  
-- MY HEAD STRUCK  
SOMETHING -- NOW  
I'M IN A CELL!

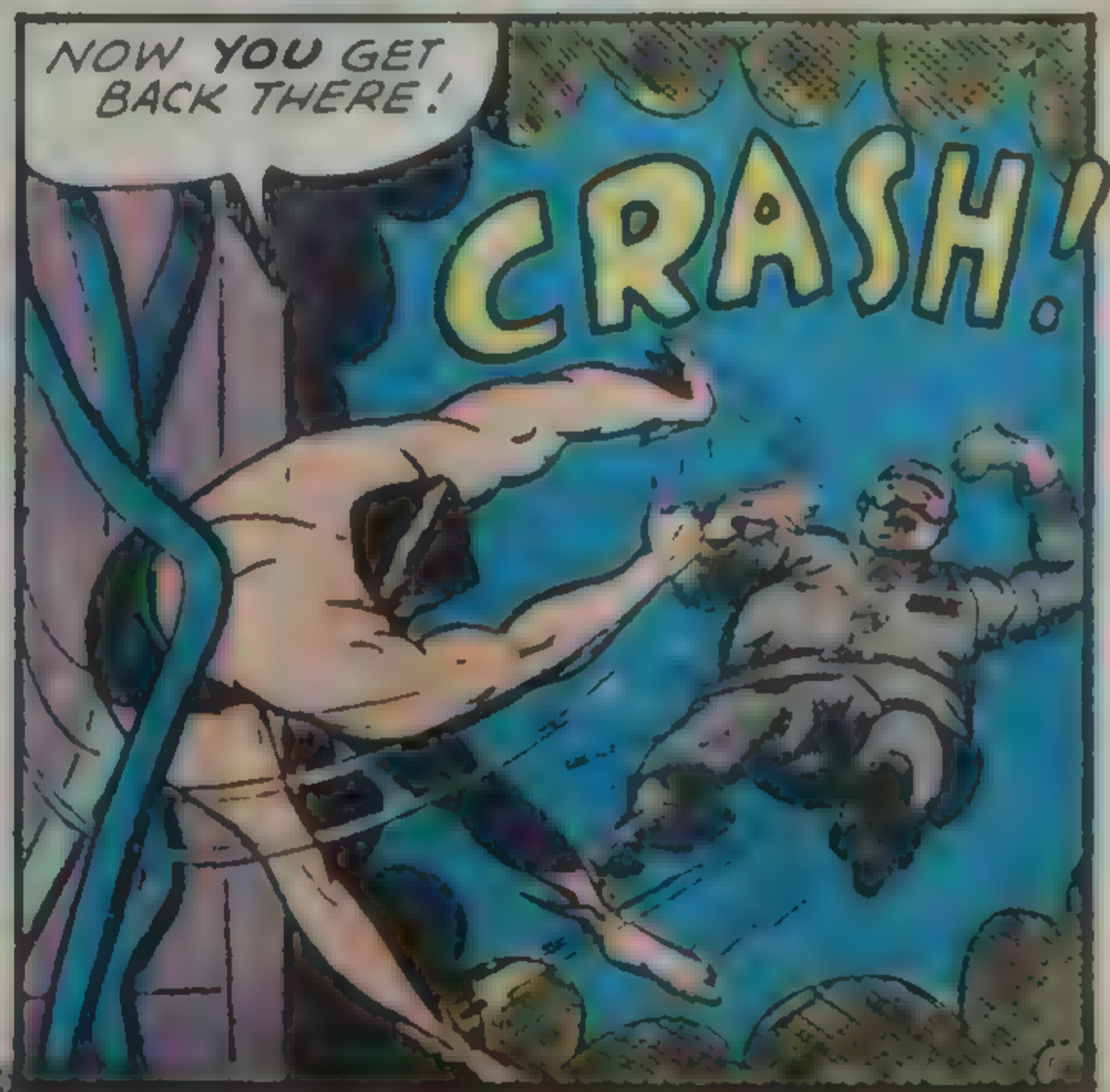
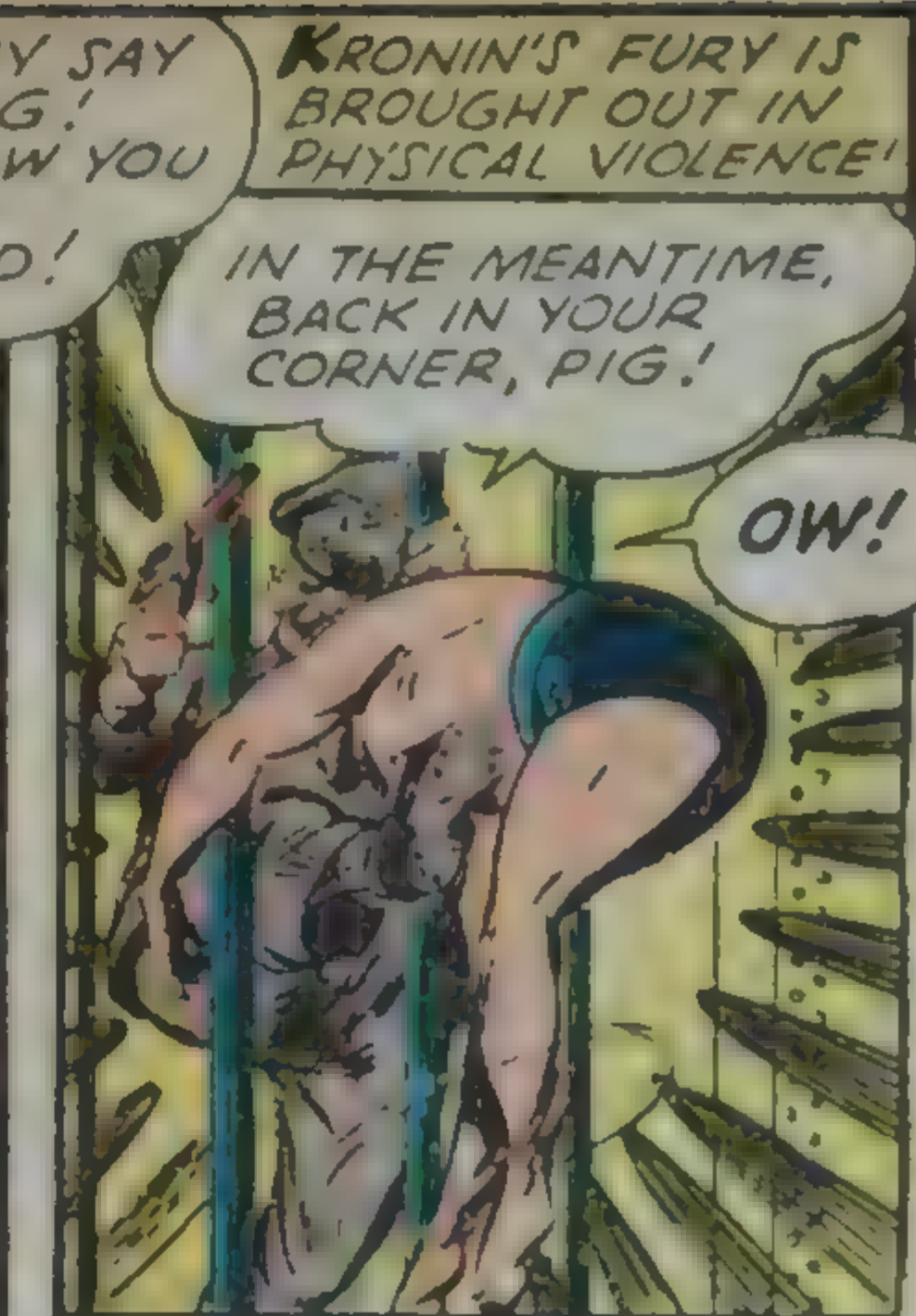


GOOT MORNING,  
PRINCE NAMOR!

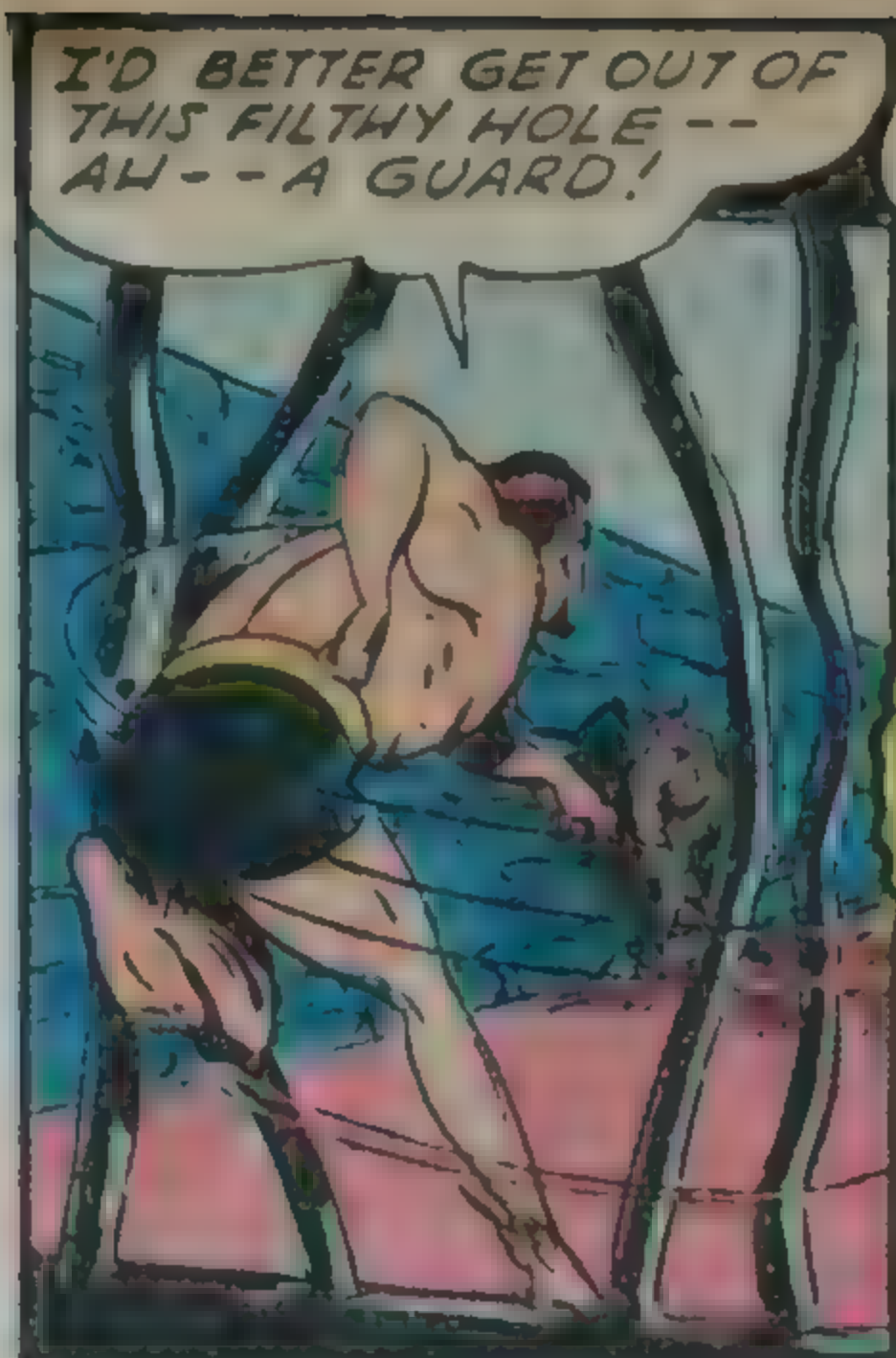
OH-KRONIN!  
HY'A -- SAY -- ?



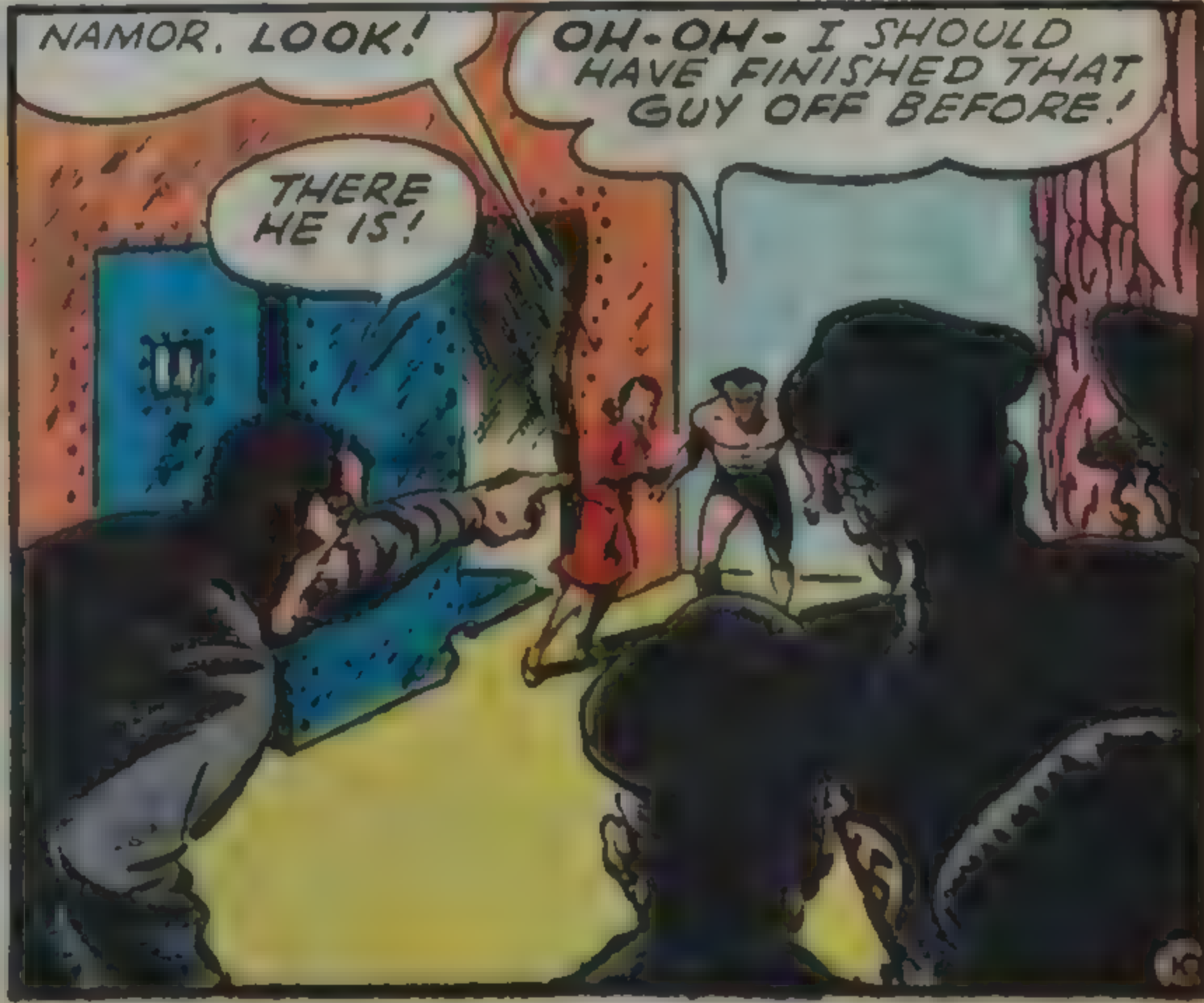
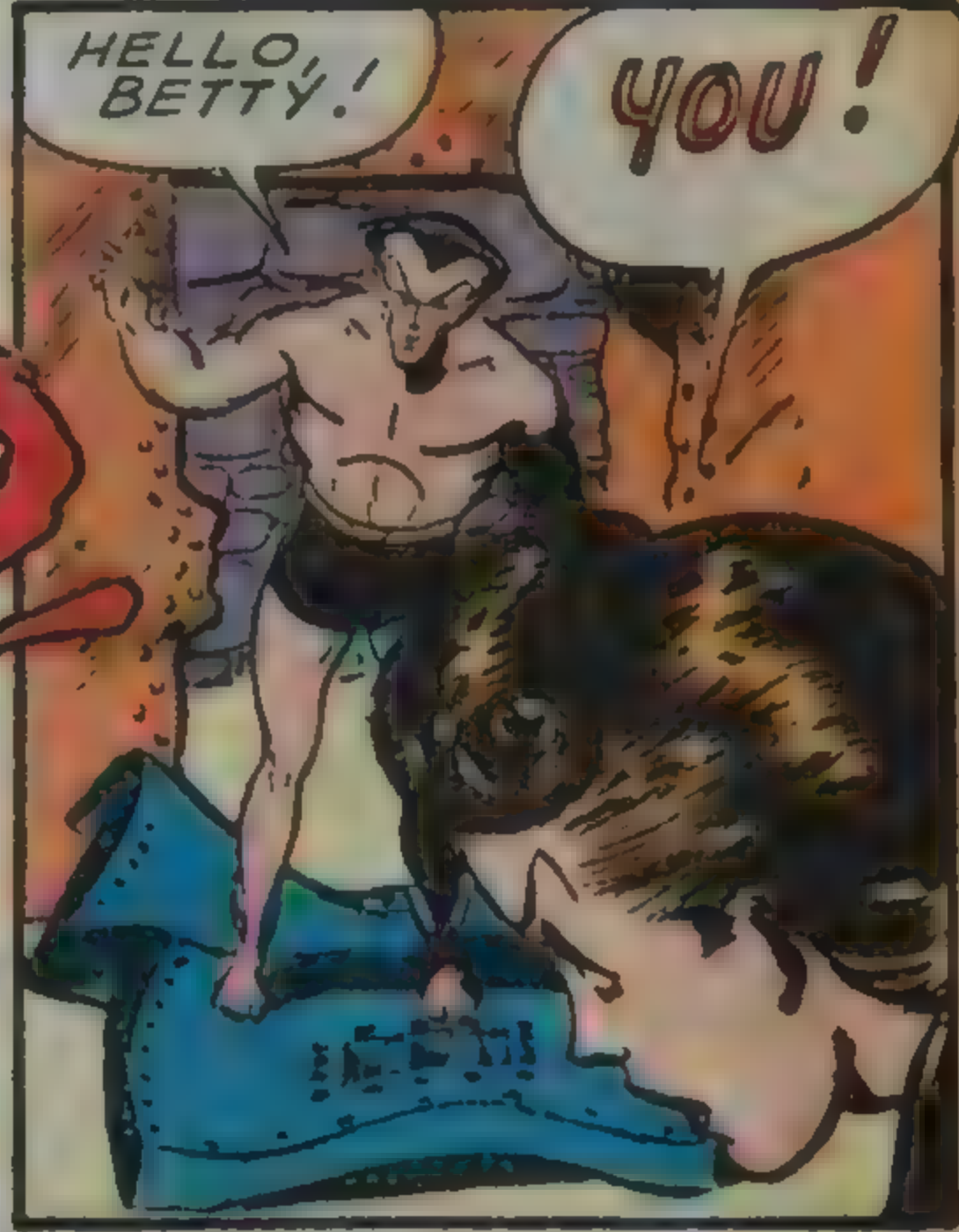
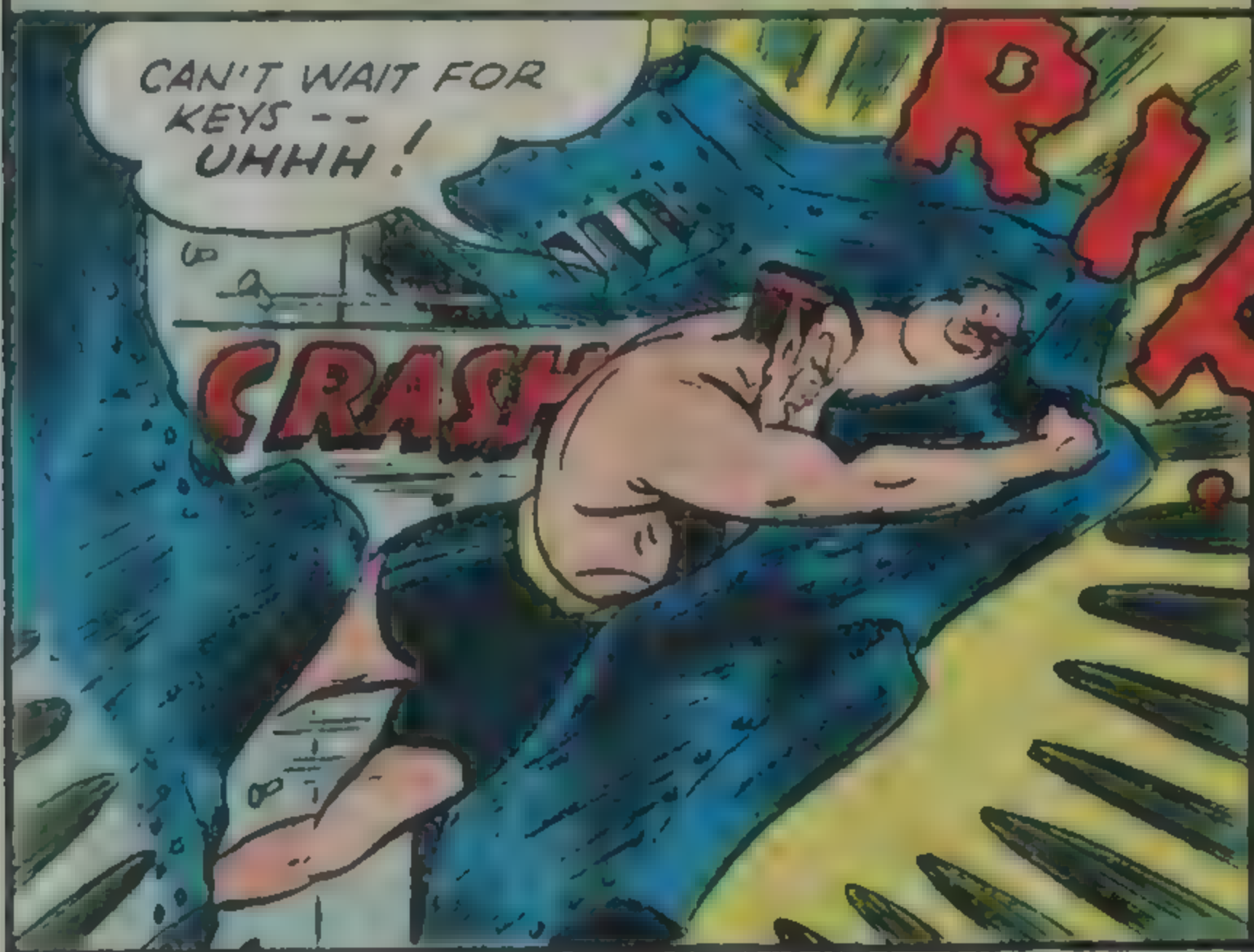




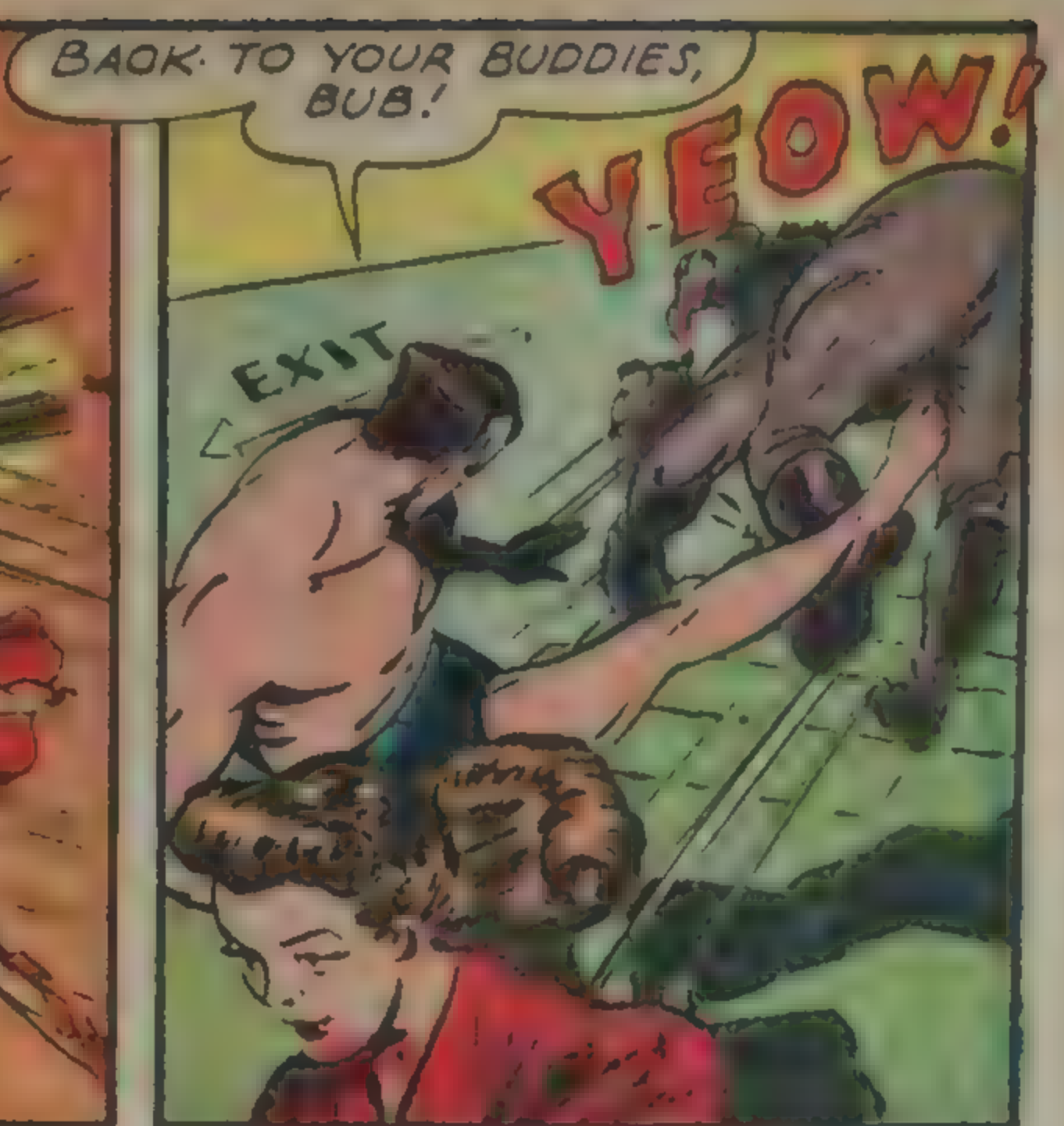
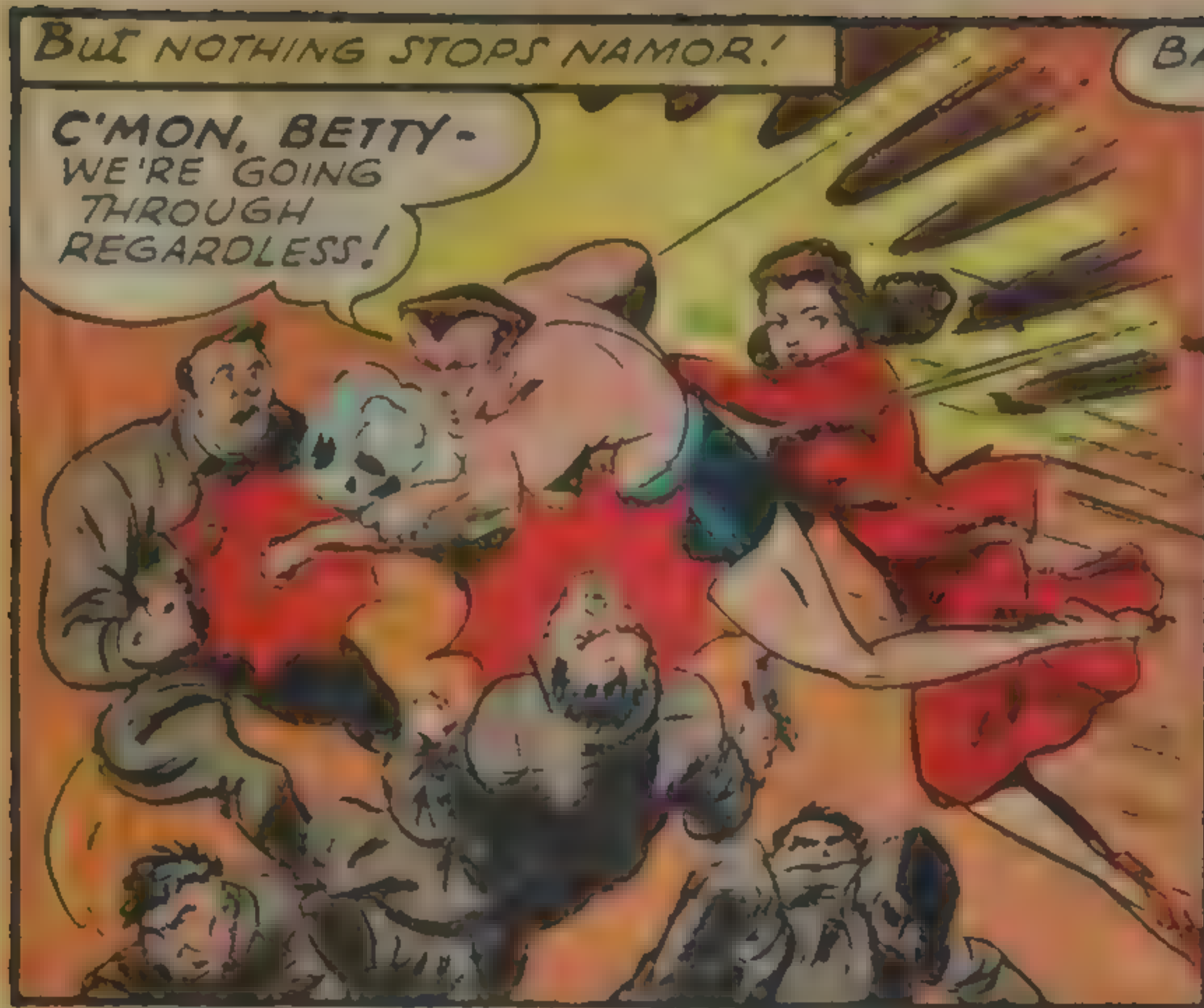




A POWERFUL CRASH DISLODGES THE DOOR ---









THE PONDEROUS TRUCK SMASHES THROUGH ---



WE'RE IN LUCK!  
A TWO-SEATER  
FIGHTER --

WE'LL  
HAVE TO  
HURRY--



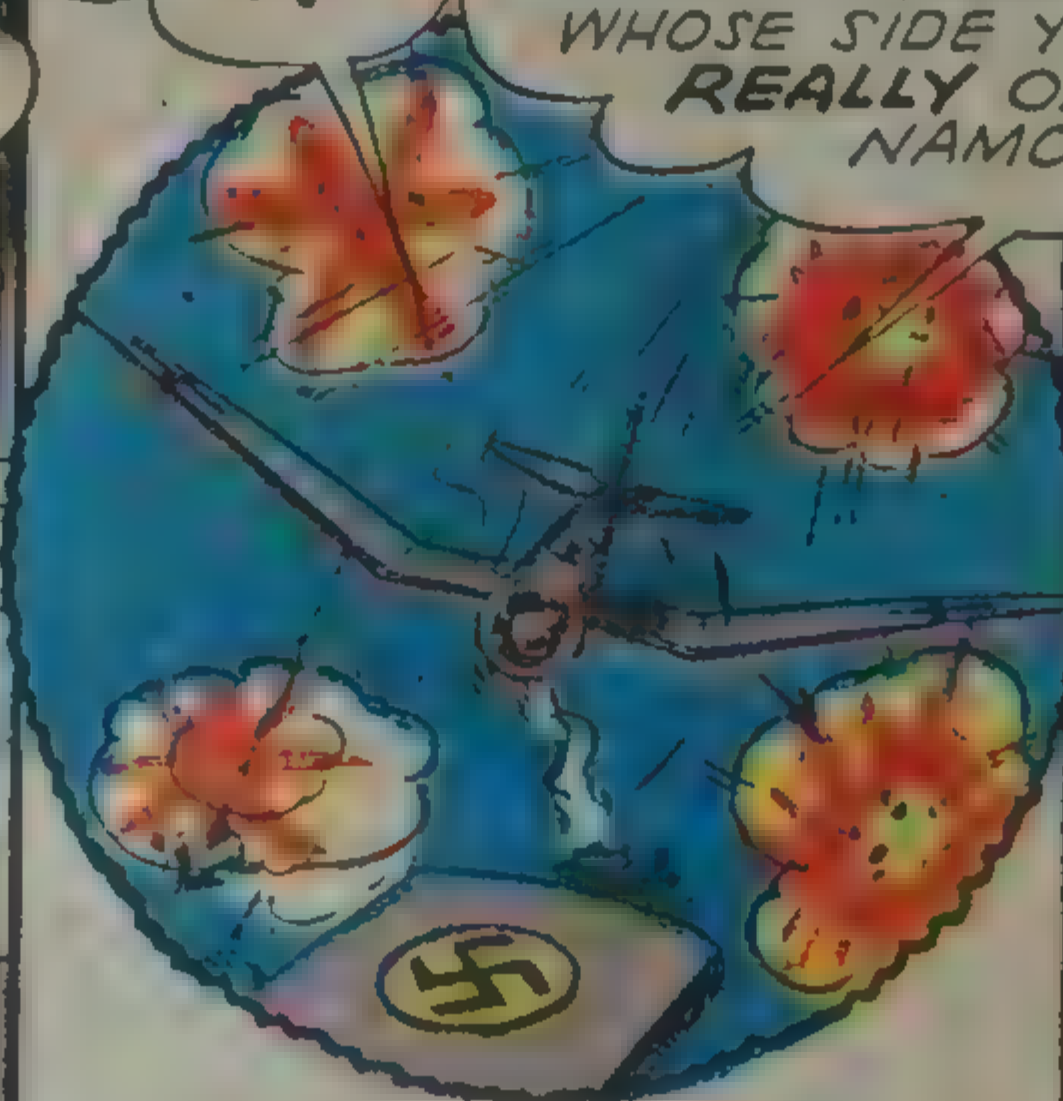
FOREGOING ALL ADO, THE  
PAIR HASTILY SETTLE  
THEMSELVES IN THE  
PLANE AND ---



ALL  
SET?

YES--

THERE!  
MADE  
IT!



WHEW! THANK  
HEAVEN BUT I'D  
LIKE TO KNOW  
WHOSE SIDE YOU'RE  
**REALLY** ON,  
NAMOR?

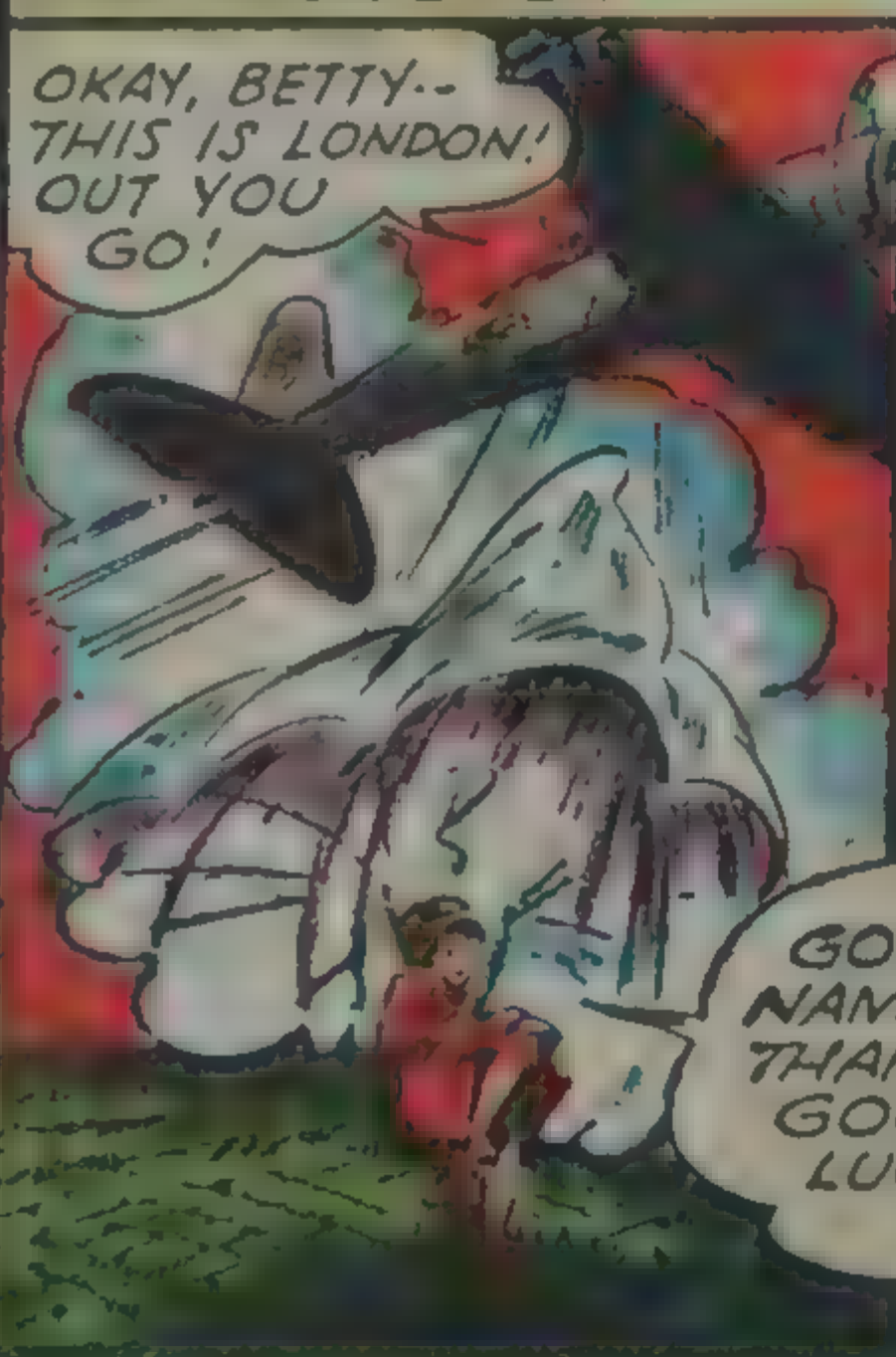
ON THE ALLIED  
SIDE, OF COURSE--  
I'VE ALREADY  
CONTACTED  
THE AMERICAN  
NAVY-- THEY'RE  
ON THEIR WAY IN!  
WE'RE GOING TO  
HAVE TROUBLE,  
THOUGH---

THIS IS A  
NAZI PLANE...  
CAN'T LAND  
IT ANYPLACE  
WHERE WE  
WANT TO  
GO!



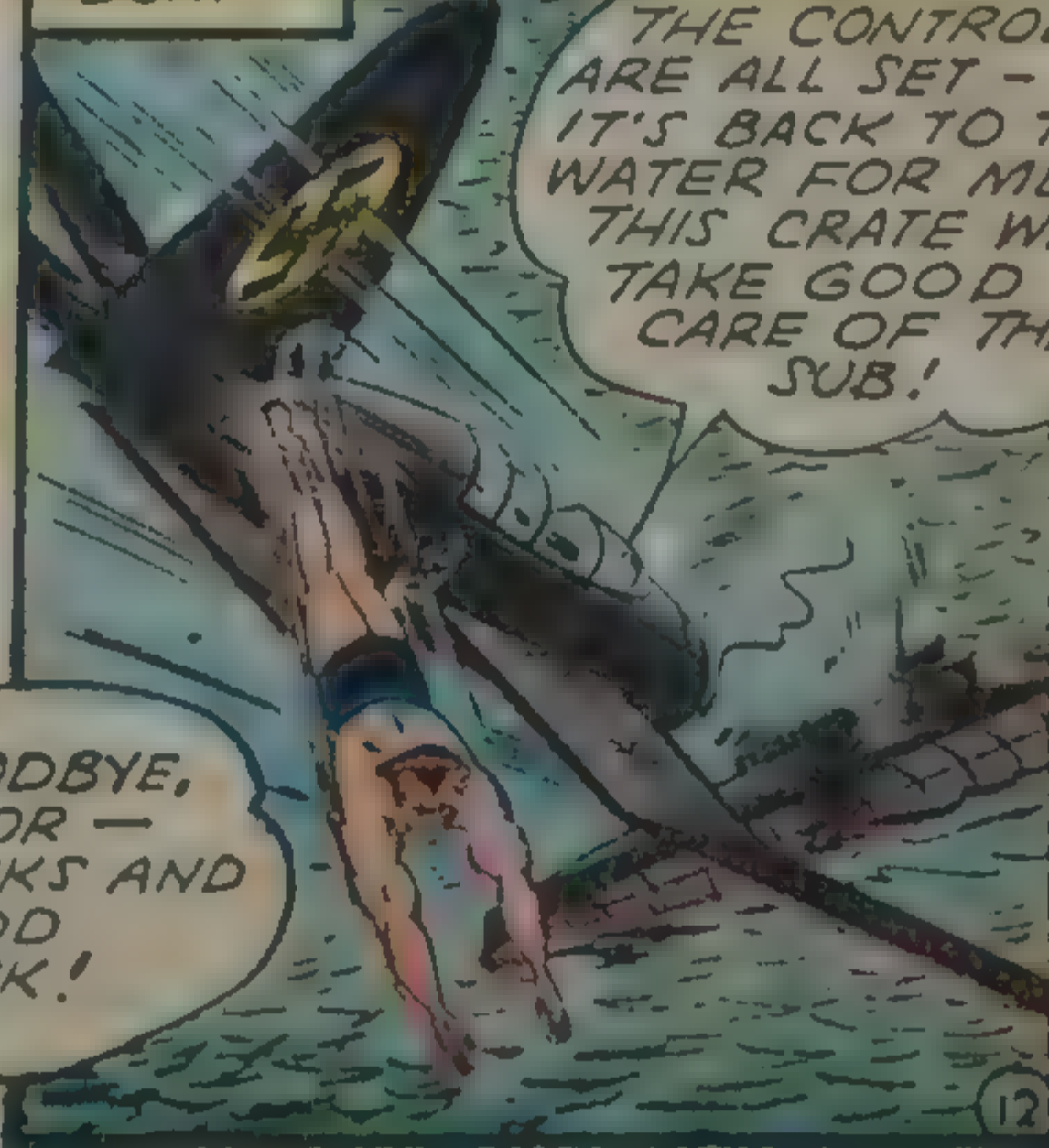
ONE HOUR LATER ---

OKAY, BETTY--  
THIS IS LONDON!  
OUT YOU  
GO!



GOODBYE,  
NAMOR --  
THANKS AND  
GOOD  
LUCK!

SUBMARINER TURNS OUT OVER THE  
ATLANTIC AND FINDS A NAZI U-  
BOAT ---



THE CONTROLS  
ARE ALL SET --  
IT'S BACK TO THE  
WATER FOR ME!  
THIS CRATE WILL  
TAKE GOOD  
CARE OF THAT  
SUB!

WELL, WHILE  
SUBMARINER  
GETS BACK TO  
THE WATER  
IN SEARCH  
OF  
HIS NEXT  
ADVENTURE  
FOR

ALL WINNERS,  
THE REST OF US  
HAD BETTER GET  
BACK TO  
BUYING WAR  
STAMPS AND BONDS  
TO BRING VICTORY  
CLOSER.  
BACK UP YOUR  
UNCLE SAM --  
SO HITLER  
WILL BE NEXT  
TO SCRAM!



# THE SILVER BUCK

ONE of them was peering in through the high, barbed wire topped fence, as Bert came along through the narrow path inside, cradling the shotgun under his arm.

"Better get going," he advised as the man turned. "It isn't healthy to hang around government property."

"Guess you guys have to keep on your toes." The man stepped back toward the curb, watching Bert closely. "Must be plenty of you for a place this size."

"Enough," Bert said succinctly. He turned and walked over to the guard shack. When he looked out the window the man had crossed the street and he could see the two of them lounging in the darkness just around the corner from the street lamp.

They were still there when he knocked off the midnight tour, and walked out the gate. Glancing back, he noted absently how dark the place was, save for a yellow bead of light at the ends of the different warehouses. Bert walked across the street, noting the two men there with a touch of uneasiness.

One of them chuckled. "Nowadays they're robbing the cradle and the grave. Kids for guards—"

"Try getting in sometime!" Bert snapped sharply. "Even the kids here know how to use a gun—"

"Shotguns!" the man laughed. "Got rock salt in it, sonny?"

"You guys seem awful interested." Bert looked at them closely. One was medium broad, the other tall, slouched. "It doesn't pay," Bert added, "to be too curious about Uncle Sam's stuff, mister."

The tall man said, "Johnnie and me were guards once upon a time, sonny. You don't have to worry about us, eh, Johnnie?"

Johnnie grinned. "Pat, here, is still an expert shot." Johnnie flipped a silver dollar into the air, caught it. "We're waiting for the bus, sonny. How often does it run down here? Been waiting long enough."

"So I noticed. It'll be along in about an hour. The waiting isn't crowded, so don't worry about a seat."

Johnnie laughed, flipped the dollar again. This time he missed catching it. It struck the edge of the curbing and out of the corner of

his eye Bert saw it skitter under the corner of a stone at a driveway. Grinning, Bert moved away, leaving Johnnie and his pal looking for the lost dollar.

"My good luck piece," Johnnie was wailing. "Gotta find it. . . ."

THE dollar was there when Bert went past the next afternoon at three-thirty. He picked it up, dropped it in his pocket, after a cautious look around. Pat and Johnnie weren't anywhere to be seen, and Bert continued on across the street, showing his badge at the gatehouse, going on into the dressing room for his uniform coat and hat.

Of course, if he saw them again, he'd return it. Bert thought about the possibility of their showing up again, wondering what he should do if he saw them snooping around. Perhaps he should have reported it . . .

He covered his tour once, then stayed in the shack. It was windy tonight, and the air from the ocean was wet and chilly. The lights of the big warehouses were out now, with only the shaded lamps at the doors showing. He watched Pete James making rounds, his thick neck bundled up inside his heavy coat. Once more Bert made his rounds, returned satisfied that everything was under control. He stopped outside the shack for a couple of minutes, leaning the heavy shotgun against the wall. It was dark here . . .

He heard the rattle of the weeds. Probably the wind. He started to turn and at the same time something struck him heavily, a solid, jarring blow, that crumpled his knees beneath him, driving him to the ground.

BERT opened his eyes. For a moment the light blinded him and he lay still, head throbbing painfully, eyes shut against the light. Eventually he could stand it, could manage without too much pain to turn his head and see that he was back in the little shack. The door was shut. Someone was with him. . . .

Cautiously Bert tried his bound wrists. Pat chuckled. "Take it easy, sonny. You've got a long wait and the waiting isn't crowded."

They went out and locked the door from the outside. The wind covered the sound of their footsteps and Bert lay on the floor, wishing the pounding in his head would let up, wondering how he could spread the alarm. Pat and Johnnie were going to do something, were criminals. . . .

The phone seemed his best bet and Bert wriggled around till he could hook the little square table with his feet, and give it a jerk.



It felt as if his head were coming off by the roots each time he struck the table, but at last the phone reached the edge. A final kick sent it banging to the floor. The bottle of milk followed suit, struck the floor on the opposite side and smashed, spraying Bert with its contents.

When he winked the milk out of his eyes he saw that his attempt was useless. The phone wires were cut close to the wall. Sweat drenched his body. The thought that this would be called negligence on his part didn't matter so much. The important thing was the warehouses, the stuff in them, valuable stuff for overseas shipment. . . .

The smashed bottle caught his eye and frantically Bert rolled around, worked up to where he could grip the neck of the bottle in one hand. The cord binding him didn't seem thick. He'd probably gash himself more than once. . . .

The cords parted and quickly Bert sat up. His head spun and he leaned against the wall for a moment till he was sure of himself. Gingerly he stood up.

The window slid back and Bert crawled through, unmindful of the pounding in his head. He dropped to the ground outside. The shotgun . . .

It was still leaning where he'd left it and Bert snatched it up, turned through the dark toward the warehouses in the center of the field. He reached the corner of the nearest building. If he hurried, if he were in time—

Right inside the first door Bert found Pete sprawled on the floor. Enough of the outside light fell through the window to show that Pete had been sand-bagged from behind. His head was matted with blood, his body lay loosely on the floor, one arm under him as he'd fallen. Briefly Bert bent down, felt for and found Pete's pulse. He was alive.

No sound reached Bert. He couldn't search all of the buildings himself, and Pete was out of the picture. If he could reach a phone. . . .

Half way across the blackness of the store-room Bert halted. Before him a man straightened up abruptly from beside a stack of shoulder-high cases. Head and shoulders showed. Bert lifted the heavy shotgun, drove it squarely against the head before him. He heard the heavy thud of a body, slid around cautiously, risking a light long enough to see that it was Pat he'd nailed; that Pat was safe for a while. If only he could locate Johnnie. . . .

Evidently they'd separated. Bert was in the next division of the warehouse when he saw the cone of light thrown by a flashlight on the floor. Then it was gone. Blackness shut down instantly, through which Bert moved, afraid to

breathe, the shotgun held firmly.

There was no sound. Any second Bert expected to hear the roar of a gun, feel the smashing impact of a slug. If he gave himself away, if Johnnie discovered him first. . . .

Somewhere a board gave a little whisper of sound and Bert turned toward that direction. The blackness was an impenetrable curtain before his eyes. He could almost feel it touching his face. He could do nothing, certainly couldn't wait all night. But at this rate. . . .

Reaching into his pocket, Bert fished out something, flipped it into the air, swung the shotgun to his shoulder. A second later something struck the floor with a sound like a small, clear bell, bounced and rolled away. . . .

**S**OMEONE cursed softly. A cone of light showed and behind it Bert saw Johnnie's lanky figure, saw him moving forward. Evidently he'd forgotten that he'd lost his symbol, his good luck piece. And now . . .

Johnnie bent down with an exclamation of concern. Bert leaped forward swiftly. Johnnie whirled and the light went out. Bert smashed with the gun at the exact spot where Johnnie's head had been. The gun connected solidly and Johnnie's body hit the floor hard and lay still.

**"F**ORCE of habit," Bert explained, grinning down at the two captives lying upon the floor. "When you heard that buck of yours hit the floor, you forgot you'd lost it. It was the only way I could locate you."

"Smart kid," Pat mumbled. "Here comes the parade."

Bert looked around, stood up quickly at sight of Lieut. Reynolds, the other officers, and the senior guard.

Lieut. Reynolds nodded to Bert. "I'm glad to find that you civilian guards are on your toes," he observed. "Perhaps I was wrong about you being on your toes."

Bert explained: "It was *his* lucky dollar." Bert indicated Johnnie.

"Lucky dollar?"

Bert fished the dollar out of his pocket. "Here it is," he said, and explained what had happened, adding: "It was Johnnie's lucky buck. He lost it the other night and I picked it up this morning."

"Unlucky would be more like it," Johnnie said sullenly. "It . . . it lost its powers, I guess. It sure didn't bring me any luck—"

"It did for me," Bert laughed. "A lot more than a dollar's worth, too!"

THE END




# THE DESTROYER

FREEDOM'S ON THE MARCH! LIBERTY IS ON HAND WHEN THE GLORIOUS **DESTROYER** GUIDES THE BANNER OF DEMOCRACY AND FLINGS IT WITH A CHALLENGE AT THE NAZI FOE!





IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE FRENCH-SWISS BORDER IS THE VILLAGE OF BLANC, OVERRUN BY THE NAZI OPPRESSOR AND UNDER MARTIAL LAW BECAUSE FRANK PIRAUD AND HIS VALIANT GROUP OF FREE FRENCH TROOPS DESIRE TO THROW OFF THE NAZI YOKE OF SLAVERY—



THE KOMMANDANT OF THE NAZI HORDE... COLONEL VON BITTERS!

BRING IN THE GIRL!

JA, HERR COLONEL!



AH!—MISS RUTH PIRAUD, DER SISTER OF THAT SAVAGE FRANK PIRAUD!

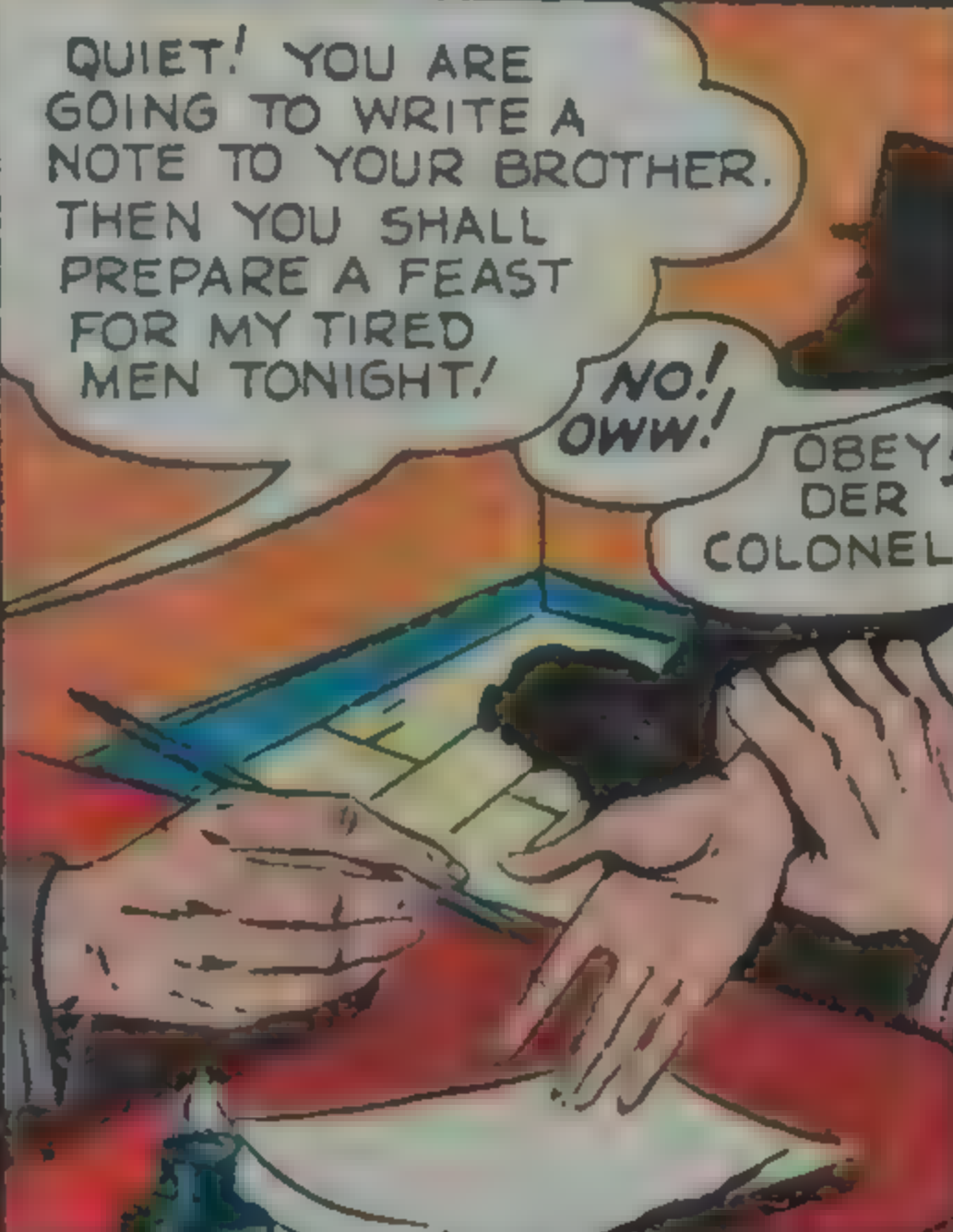
VERMIN! LET ME ALONE! IS IT NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU COMMANDEER MY CHATEAU?



QUIET! YOU ARE GOING TO WRITE A NOTE TO YOUR BROTHER. THEN YOU SHALL PREPARE A FEAST FOR MY TIRED MEN TONIGHT!

NO! OWW!

OBEY DER COLONEL!

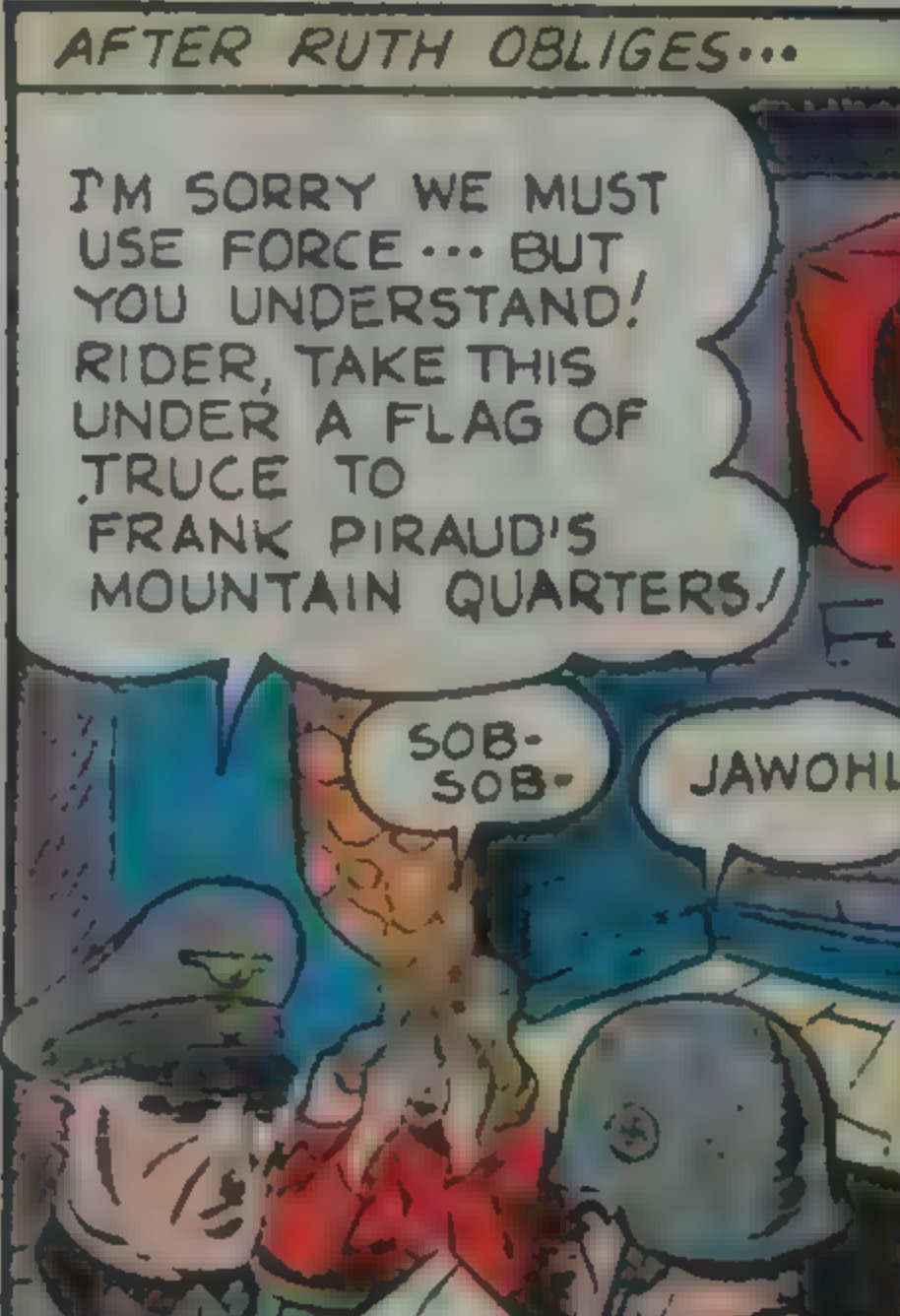


AFTER RUTH OBLIGES...

I'M SORRY WE MUST USE FORCE... BUT YOU UNDERSTAND! RIDER, TAKE THIS UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO FRANK PIRAUD'S MOUNTAIN QUARTERS!

SOB-SOB

JAWOHL



THE MESSENGER WALKS BRISKLY DOWN THE STEPS...

ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE...



BUT A STALWART PAIR OF HANDS INTERRUPT—

ACH DU... ULP!

SILENCE!



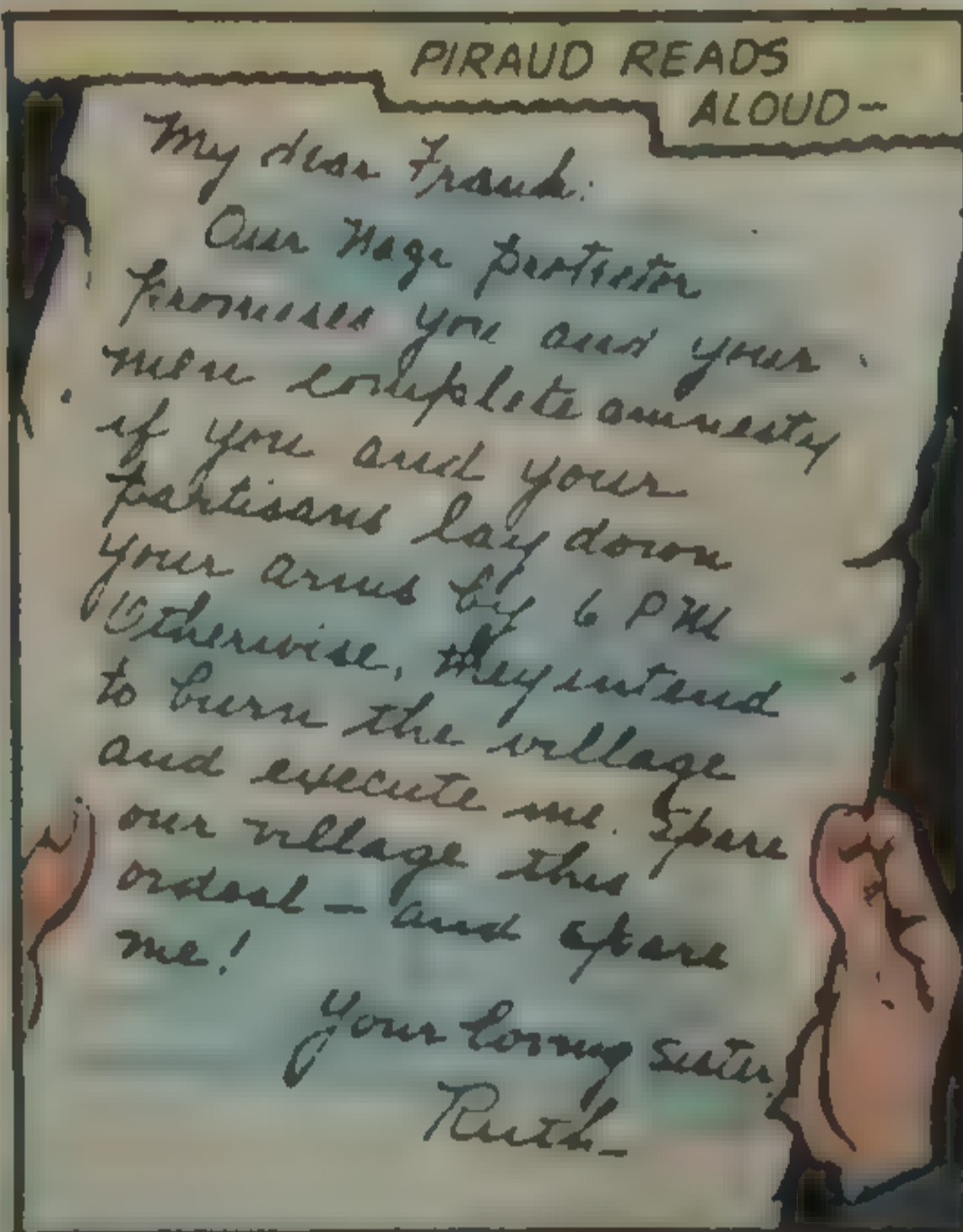
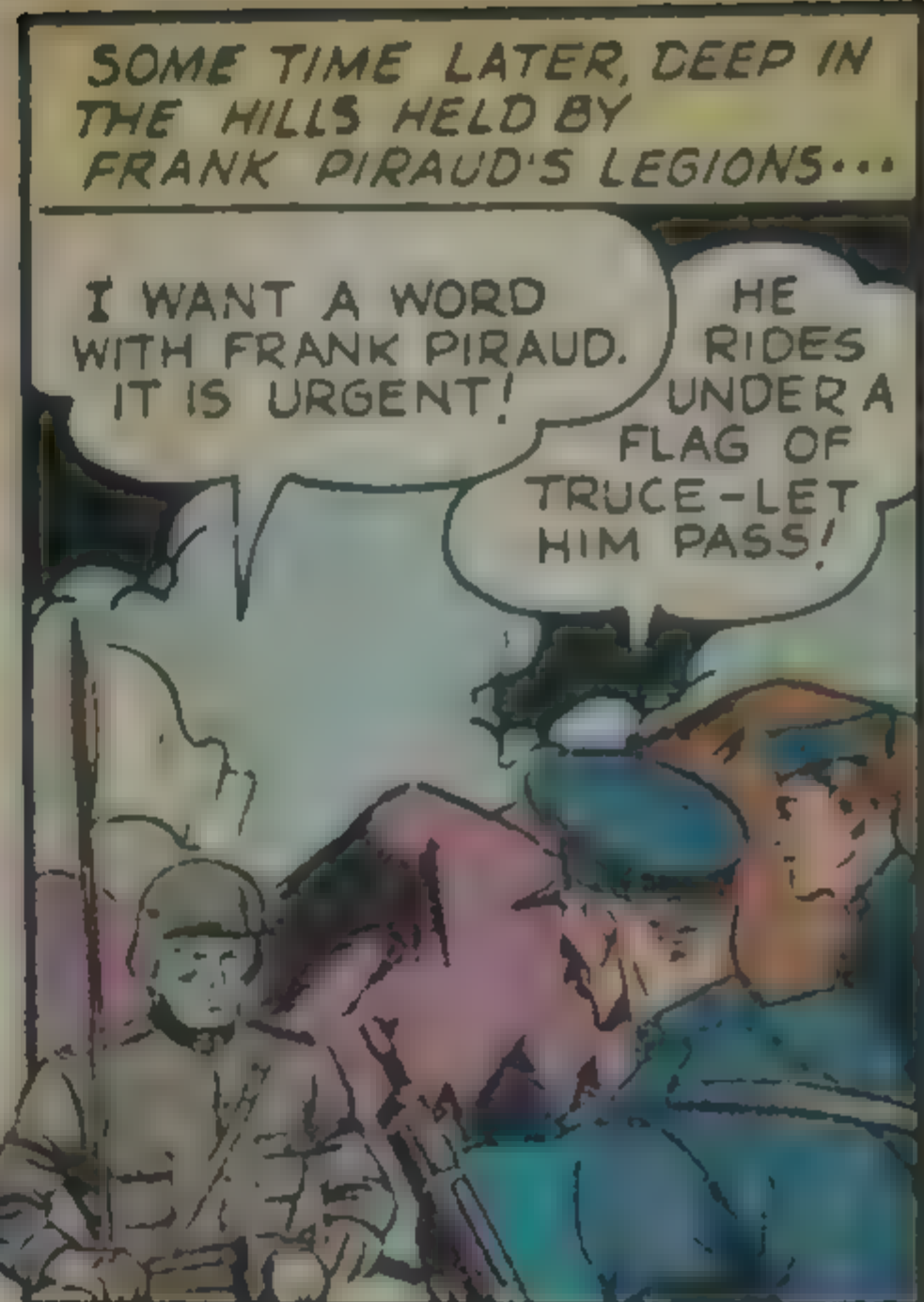
... AND THE DESTROYER CONQUERS ONCE MORE!

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE FEUHRER'S BAN ON SINGING?

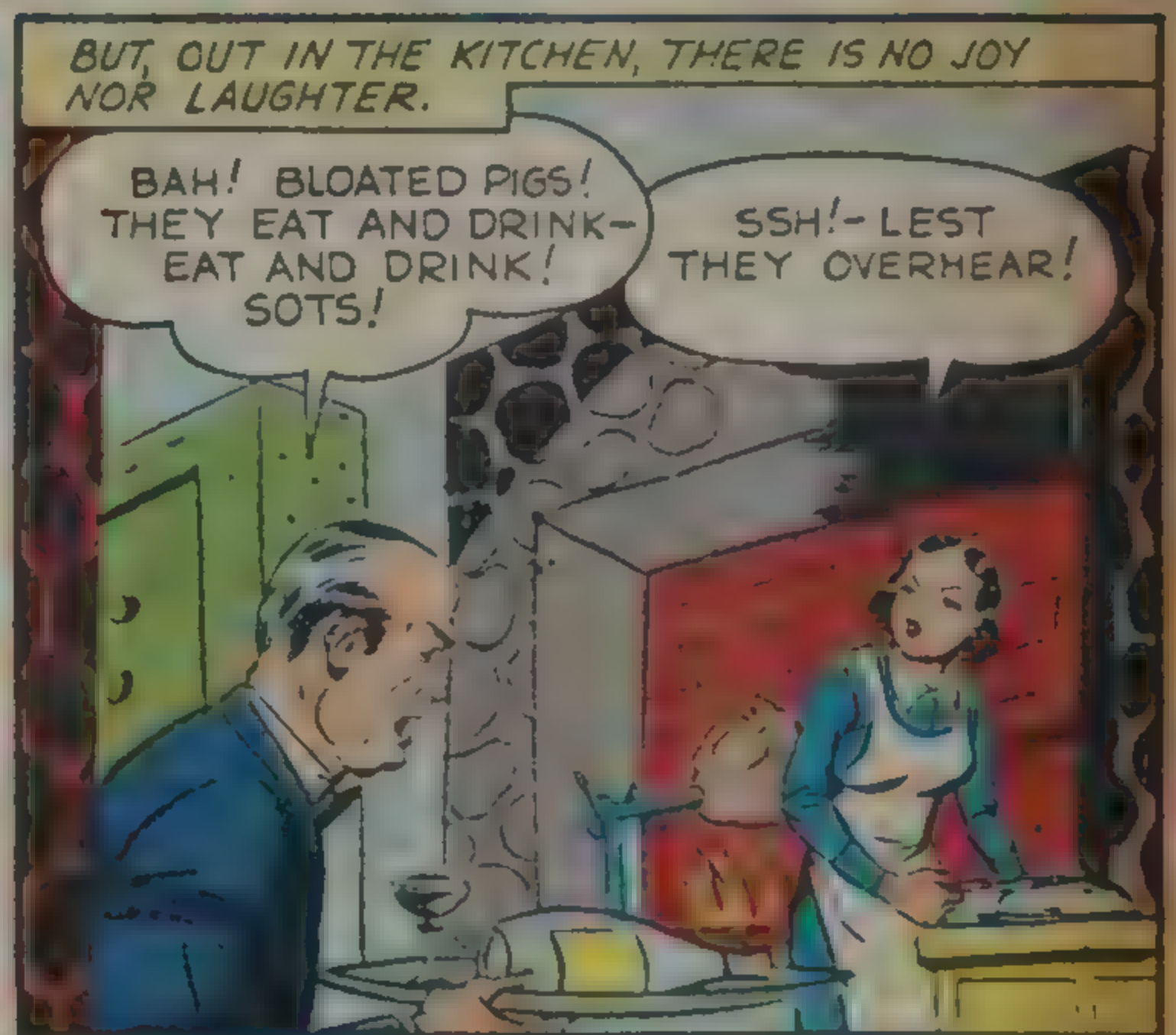
OWLP!















M'SIEU PIRAUD, IT HAS BEEN MISERABLE!

I KNOW! BRING US ALL THE BUTLER UNIFORMS YOU HAVE!



HERE ARE THE UNIFORMS, SIR!

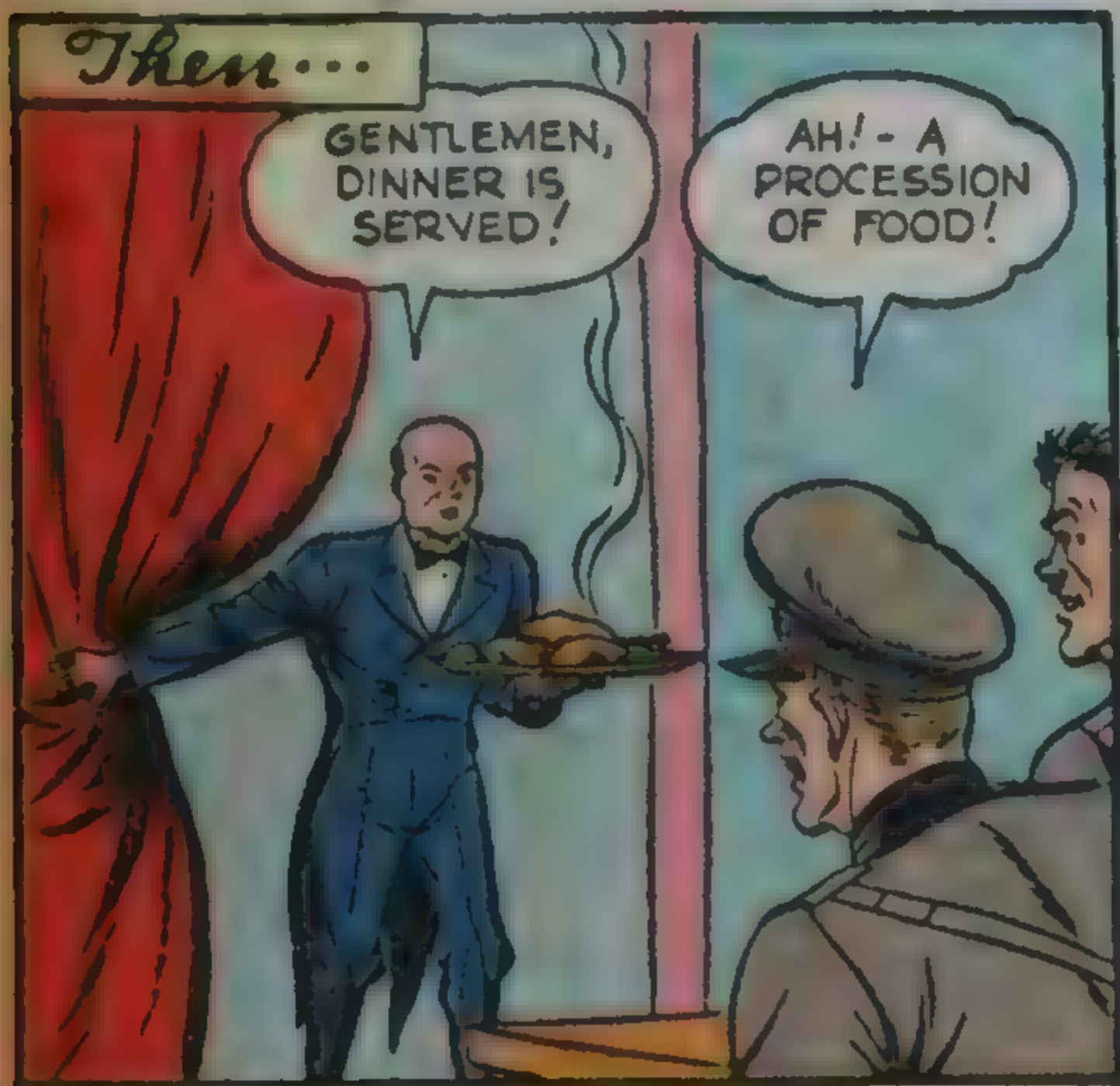
GOOD! LET'S GET DRESSED!



WHILE, OUTSIDE, IN THE DINING ROOM...

SAY, WHAT HOLDS UP THE MAIN DISHES?

AHH--THE ROAST PHEASANT, SQUAB AND PIG BASTED IN WINE AH-H!



Then...

GENTLEMEN, DINNER IS SERVED!

AH! - A PROCESSION OF FOOD!



ALL RIGHT, MEN-- FEED THEM WELL!

YES... GIVE THE WORD!



NOW!

VIVE LA FRANCE!

ACHH!



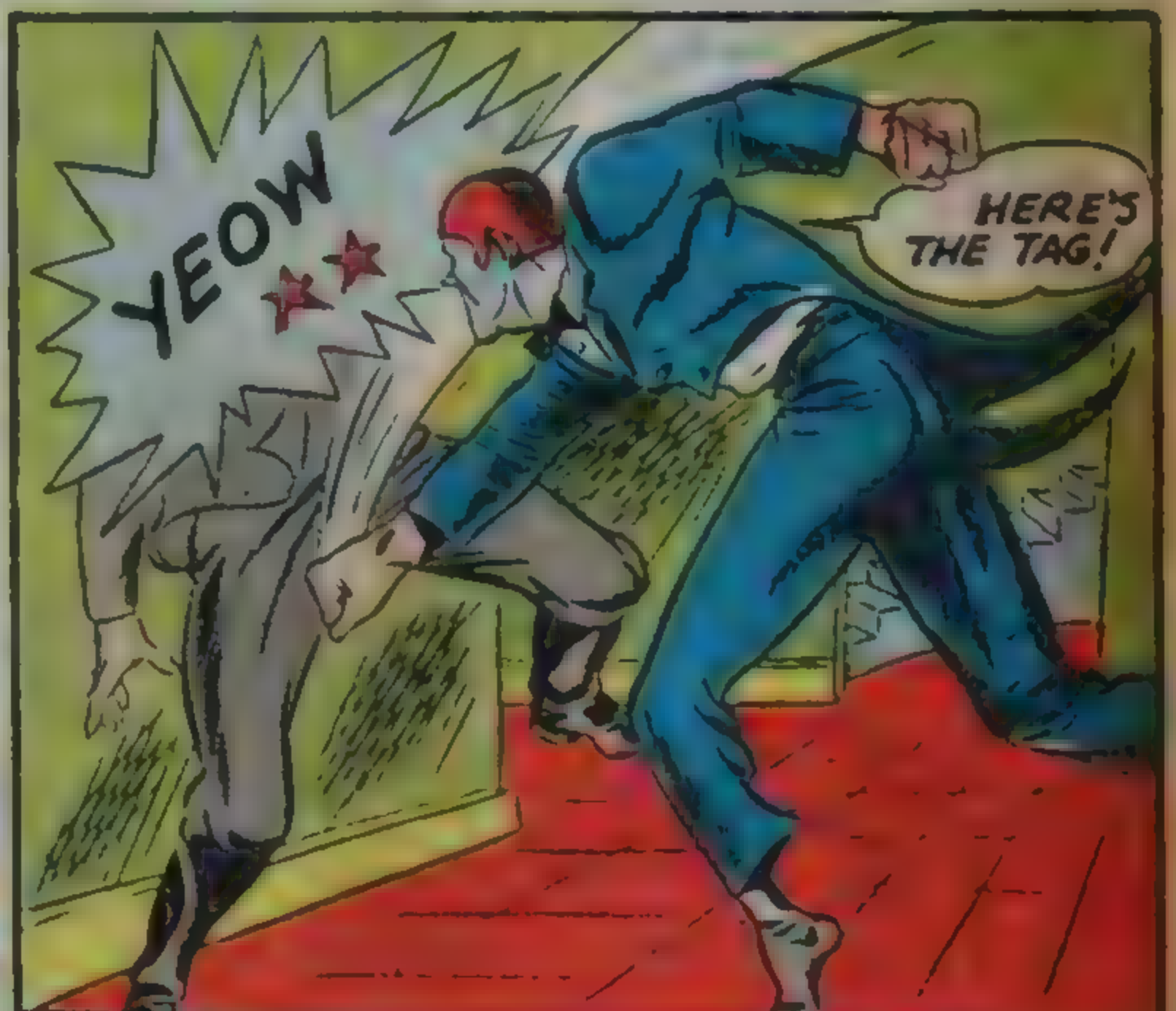
THE RUTHLESS BAND PRODUCES PISTOLS AND FIRE AWAY AT THE SURPRISED NAZIS!

HERE'S THE MAIN COURSE, GENTLEMEN!

BANG

BANG







FRANK CHANGES CLOTHES  
WITH ONE OF THE DEAD  
NAZIS, AND...

AU, REVOIR,  
RUTH.

BE  
CAREFUL...

I HAVE DISPERSED  
MY MEN ACCORDING  
TO YOUR PLAN.

IT  
WILL  
WORK!  
NOW TO  
AROUSE  
THE  
GERMAN  
SOLDIERS!

FRANK PIRAUD AND THE  
DESTROYER DRIVE INTO A  
GERMAN BIVOUAC AREA!

ALL RIGHT, COLONEL-  
DO YOUR  
STUFF!

WITH  
GUSTO!  
WATCH ME!

CAPTAIN, ASSEMBLE  
THE MEN FOR AN ATTACK  
ON FRANK PIRAUD'S  
MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT  
ON THE DOUBLE!

JAWHOL,  
COLONEL  
BITTERS!

THE DESTROYER AND FRANK LEAD THE GERMANS  
ALONG A MOUNTAIN PASS.

WE'LL TURN  
AT THE FORK  
ABOVE.

YES, AND  
LEAVE THESE  
SWINE TO  
THEIR DOOM!

KEEP GOING WHILE  
I SEE HOW THE  
REAR OF THE  
COLUMN IS  
DOING.

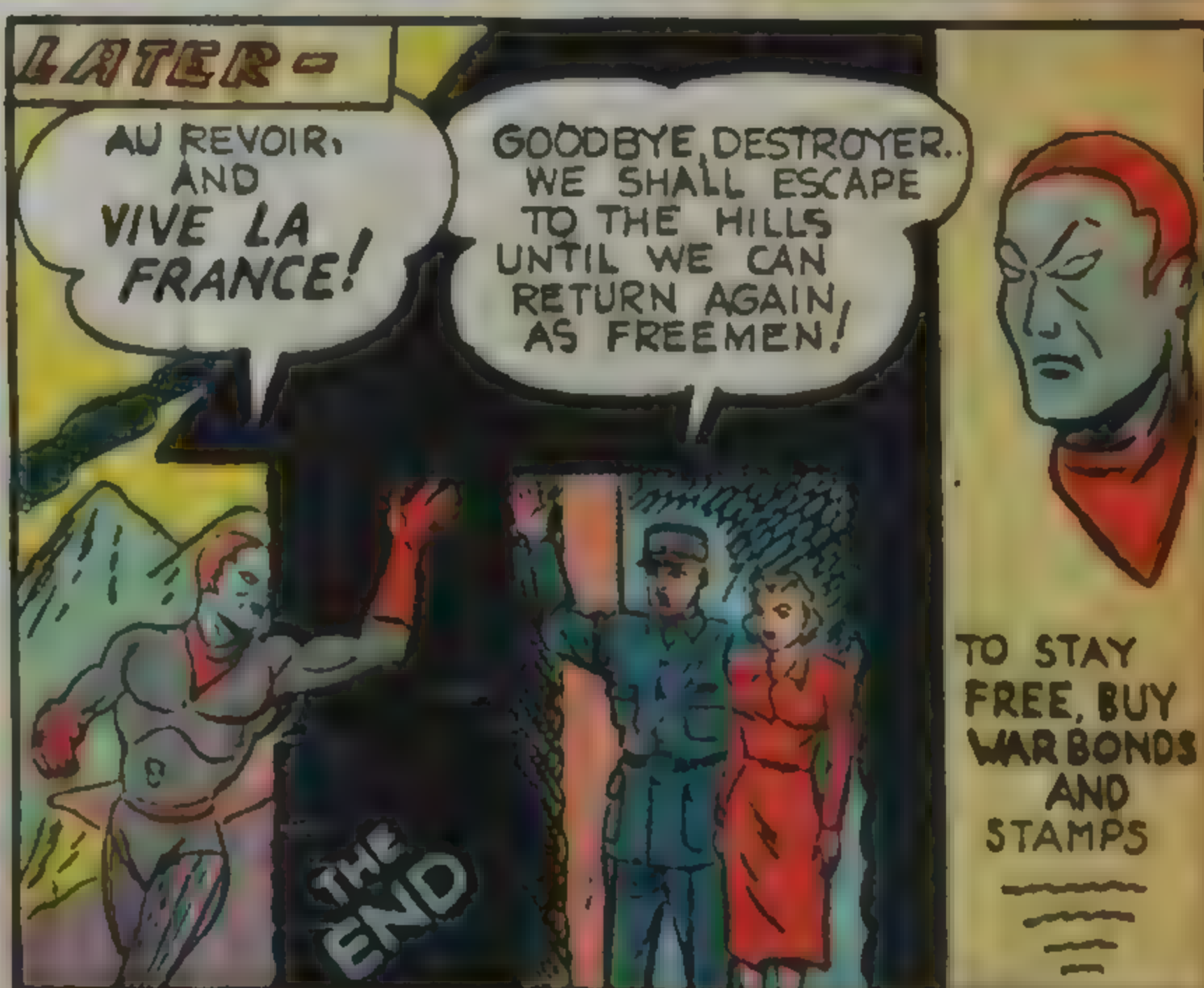
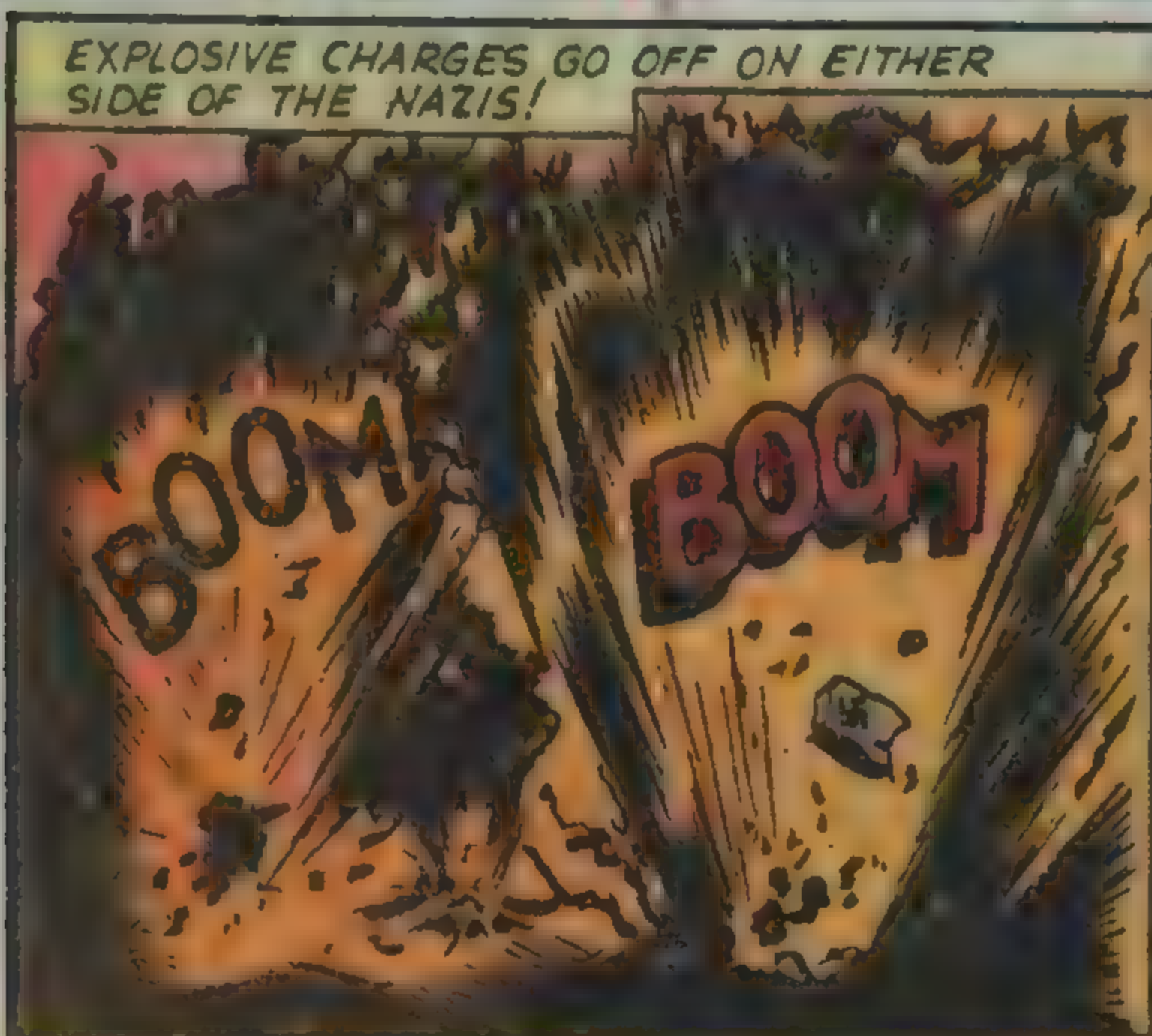
JA,  
COLONEL!

HOWEVER, THE CAR CONTINUES UP THE  
TREACHEROUS HILL.

HERE WE  
ARE!

GOOD! WE DISCARD  
OUR UNIFORMS AND  
REJOIN MY MEN.





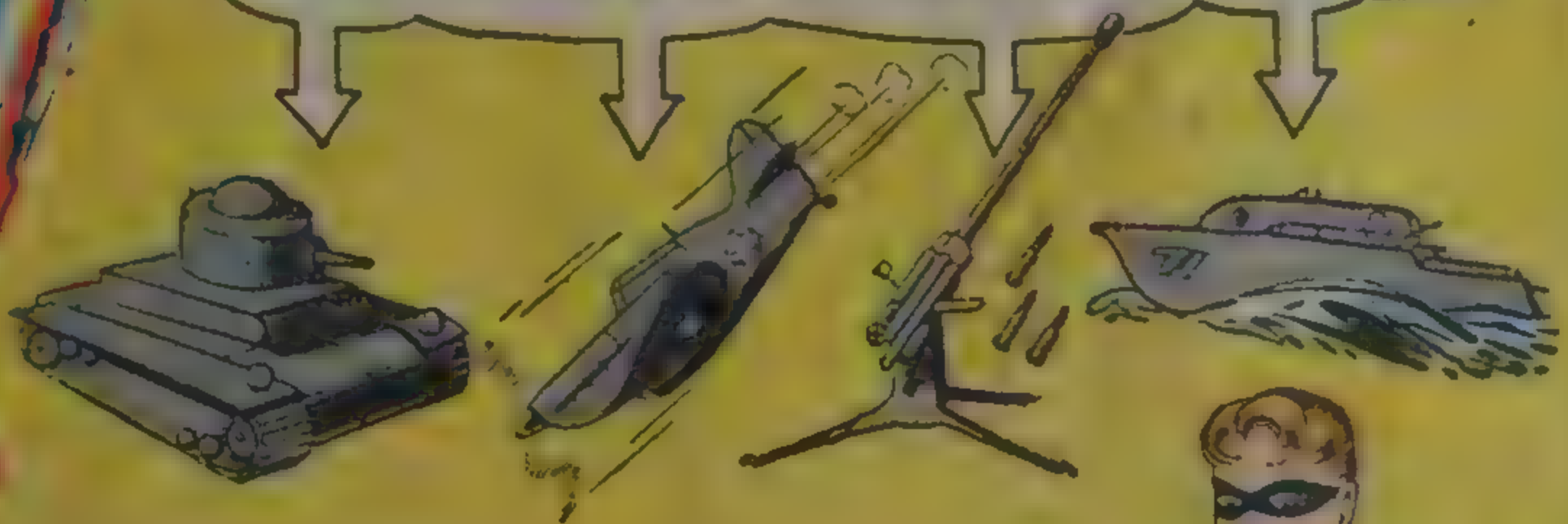


# CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES HAVE GONE TO WAR!



THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS!  
NO MORE BADGES FOR THE DURATION!  
...AND THERE'S A MIGHTY IMPORTANT REASON  
BEHIND THIS PATRIOTIC ANNOUNCEMENT!  
BUT LET YOUR OWN CAPTAIN AMERICA TELL IT!

HELLO, YOU LOYAL SENTINELS OF LIBERTY: THIS V-MAIL  
LETTER COMES TO YOU FROM THE FIGHTING FRONT! I HAVE  
JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM UNCLE SAM THAT THE METAL  
USED IN CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES IS NOW SORELY  
NEEDED FOR AMMUNITION! YES, BOYS AND GIRLS,  
THOSE LITTLE METAL BADGES, SYMBOL OF FIGHTING  
COURAGE AND AMERICANISM, ARE NOW GOING  
INTO THE MAKING OF  
**TANKS! PLANES! GUNS! SHIPS!**



-- AND HOW, KIDS!  
WITH THESE WEAPONS WE WILL  
CONTINUE TO **STRIKE** AND  
**STRIKE HARD** AT THE ENEMY!  
PLEASE DON'T SEND ANYMORE  
DIMES UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US  
AGAIN! --- AND LET ME REMIND YOU  
KIDS WHO ARE DOING SUCH A GALLANT  
JOB ON THE FIGHTING HOME FRONT ---  
TO KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK OF FIGHTING  
SPIES AND SABOTEURS! HERE'S AN IDEA ---  
HOW ABOUT PUTTING THAT DIME YOU WOULD  
HAVE SPENT FOR A CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGE  
TO GOOD USE! **BUY WAR SAVING  
STAMPS!** STAMPS ARE AS IMPORTANT  
IN LICKING THE ENEMY AS WEAPONS ---  
**THEY ARE THE WEAPONS!**



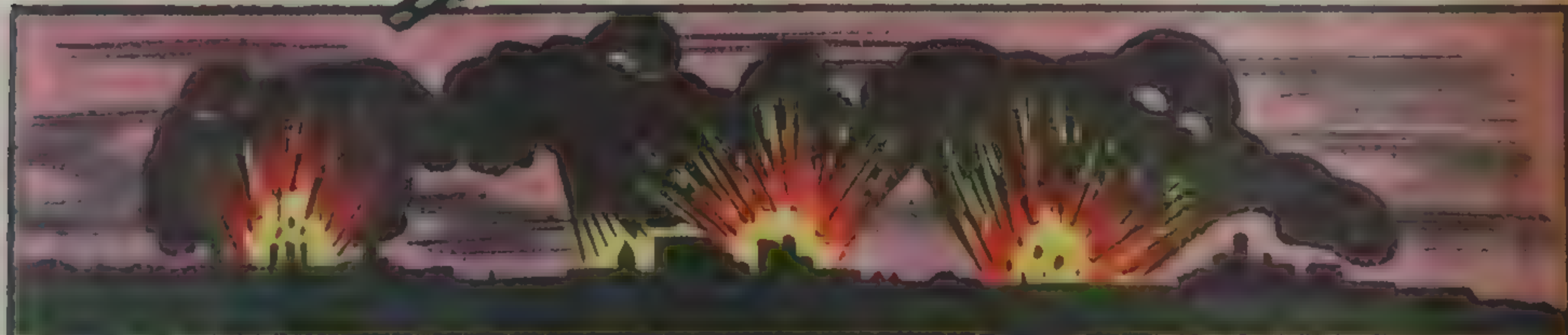


THE

# WHIZZER



Battles  
THE  
TERROR  
OF  
TRIPLE  
DESTRUCTION!



THREE GIGANTIC BLASTS SIMULTANEOUSLY RIP MONSTROUS GAPING WOUNDS WHERE BELLVILLE'S THREE WAR PLANTS HAD HUMMED BUT A MOMENT BEFORE! THUS "TRIPLE-DESTRUCTION" (A MASTER NAZI SABOTEUR) MADE BELLVILLE VICTIM NUMBER THREE, IN HIS FIENDISH PLAN TO DESTROY THREE WAR PLANTS AT A GIVEN MOMENT, BUT HIS GHASTLY CHALLENGE IS MET BY THE COURAGEOUS WHIZZER!



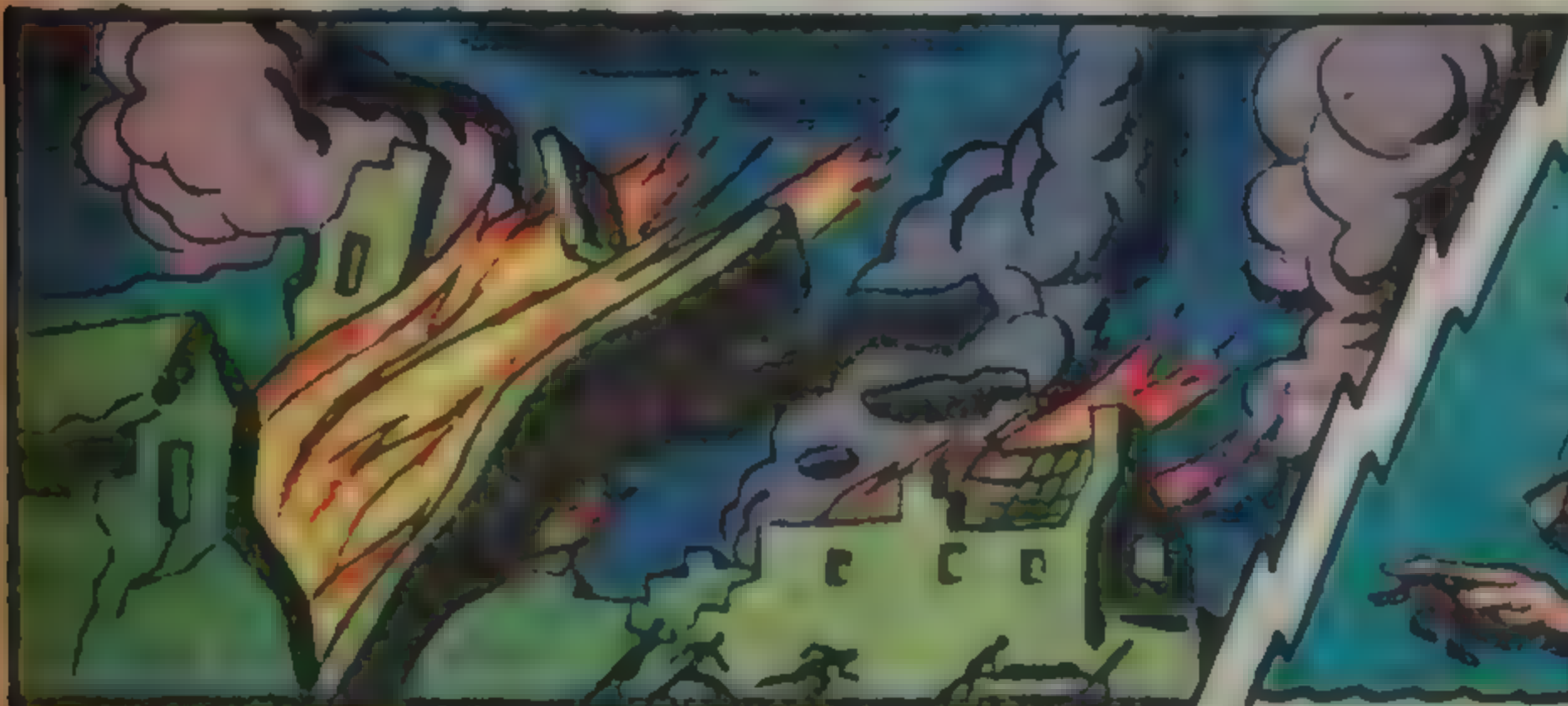


YOU SPINELESS WORMS  
OF DECADENT DEMOCRACY,  
LISTEN TO MY WARNING!

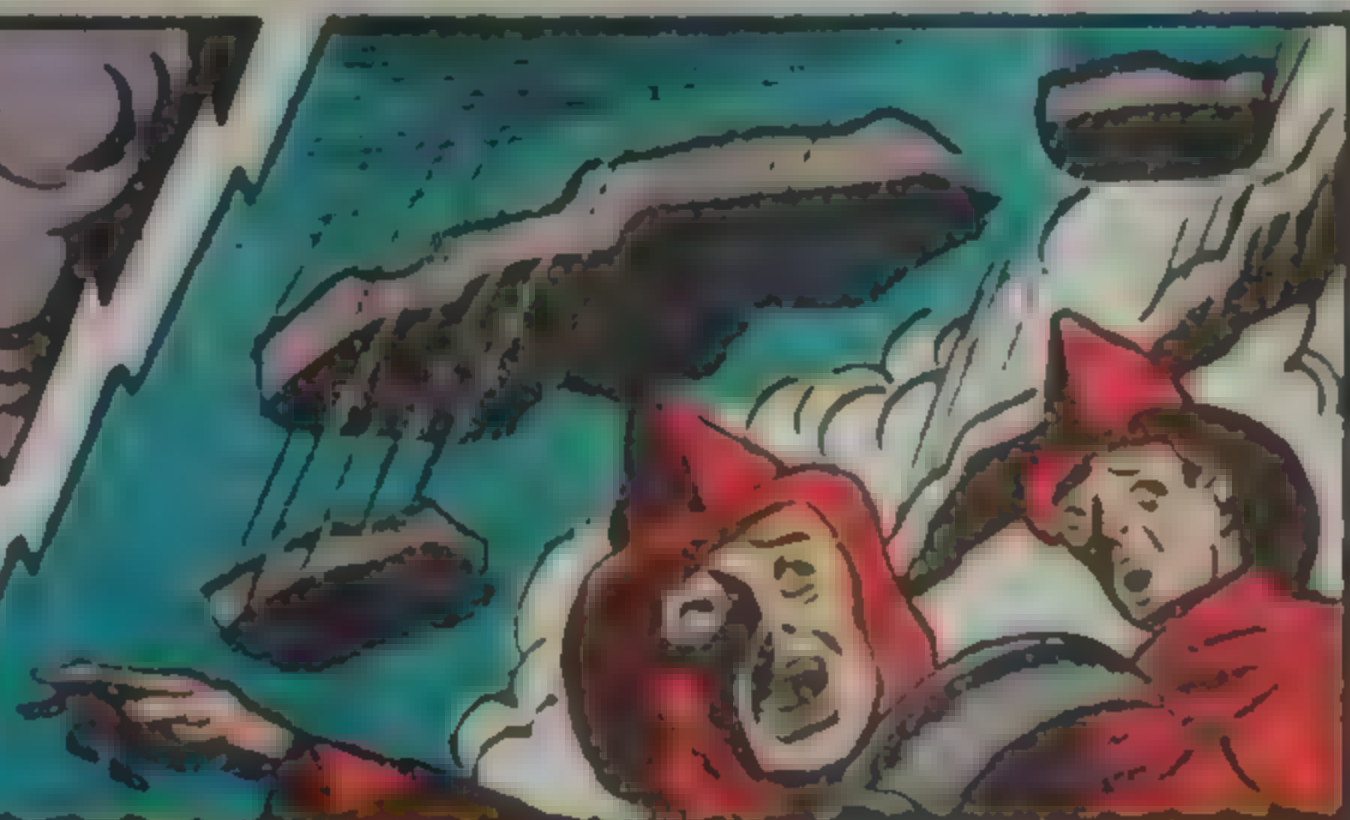
"TRIPLE DESTRUCTION" THE MAD MONSTER ENTERTAINS  
HIS BLACK HEARTED STOOGES, BROADCASTING A GLOAT-  
ING THREAT AGAINST CARSONVILLE'S THREE WAR PLANTS!



-- TONIGHT WE SHATTERED  
BELLVILLE'S FUTILE WAR  
PLANTS --- YOUR PUNY



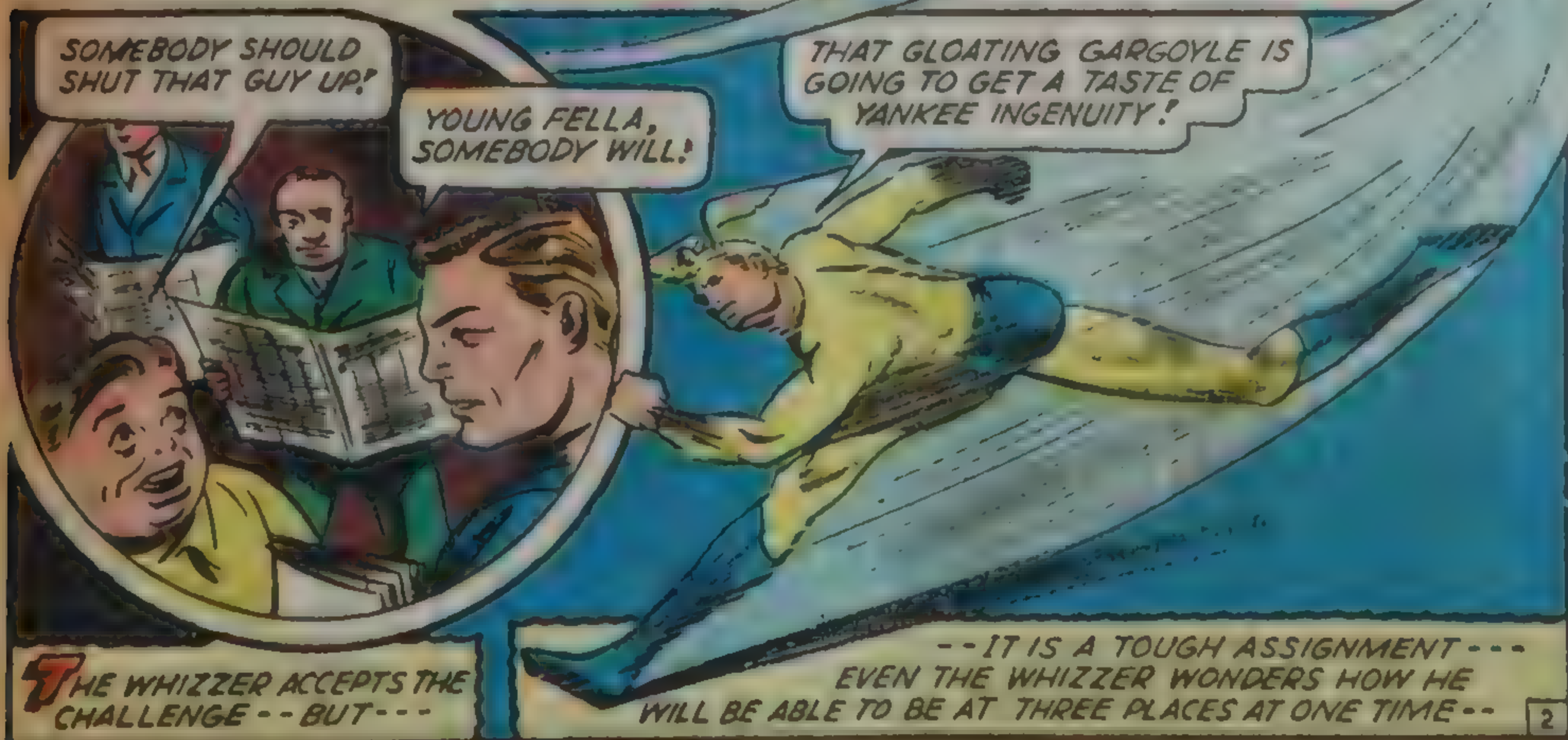
-- EFFORTS HAVE SAVED ONLY THE  
ASHES FROM YOUR HOPES ---



-- TOMORROW NIGHT, AT THE STROKE OF  
TWELVE, THE THREE WAR PLANTS OF  
CARSONVILLE WILL BLAST ---



-- SKYWARD, VICTIM NO. 4 TO THE INEVITABLE DOOM  
THAT AWAITS ALL DECAYING DEMOCRACIES!



SOMEBODY SHOULD  
SHUT THAT GUY UP!

YOUNG FELLA,  
SOMEBODY WILL!

THAT GLOATING GARGOYLE IS  
GOING TO GET A TASTE OF  
YANKEE INGENUITY!

THE WHIZZER ACCEPTS THE  
CHALLENGE -- BUT ---

-- IT IS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT ---  
EVEN THE WHIZZER WONDERS HOW HE  
WILL BE ABLE TO BE AT THREE PLACES AT ONE TIME --



GENTLEMEN-- STATE AND GOVERNMENT AID MAY REACH US TOO LATE! SO WE MUST ACT FAST!

SURE, HENRY--- BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO ACT FAST ENOUGH TO BE IN THREE PLACES AT ONCE?

MEN--I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL GET ME AT THREE SPOTS AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE--- AND IT SHOULD SAVE BLOODSHED AND THE WAR PLANTS!

BUT--- HOW?

**A**N IMPORTANT MEETING IS HELD AT CARSONVILLE'S TOWN HALL!

THIS WAY-- WE WILL BEAT HIM WITH HIS VERY OWN BOAST--- REMEMBER--HE SAID--

SO THAT NONE CAN DOUBT OUR PRECISION, WE WILL STRIKE YOUR DOOM BY THE TICK OF YOUR OWN TIME SYSTEM, WESTERN UNION!

YES-- THAT PLAN IS WORKABLE -- YOU CAN COUNT ON US -- AND WE WILL ALL COUNT ON YOU!

THAT'S SWELL--I THANK YOU!

**L**ATER AT WESTERN UNION ---

45 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT --- AND THE SHADOW OF TRIPLE DESTRUCTION LOOMS LARGER WITH EACH TICK OF THE CLOCK AS THE ZERO HOUR APPROACHES!

JITTERY, JIM?

NAW-- JES NOIVOUS!

NERVES STRETCHED TIGHT STRAINING TO CATCH EACH SOUND AND PIERCE DARKNESS!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

TENSION WITHIN THE PLANT!

GOSH! AN EXPLOSION WOULD BE A RELIEF!

CITY HUSHED AND WAITING!

REMEMBER -- SET YOUR WATCHES WITH THE PLANT'S WESTERN UNION CLOCK!

YEAH-- THAT'S A SMART IDEA, BOSS!

WHILE ALOFT WITH TRIPLE DESTRUCTION AND HIS STOOGES---

HEIL, HITLER!

DEATH IF YOU FAIL!

-- A BLACK CHUTE DESCENDS EARTHWARD! A BLACK DEMON ON A MISSION OF DEATH!



**M**EANWHILE --- AT WESTERN UNION, WHIZZER GOES INTO ACTION!

WE'VE DONE OUR PART -- THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

GOOD! EVERYTHING MUST BE TIMED TO A SPLIT SECOND!

WESTERN UNION TIME

NOW TO SURPRISE THE NAZI MENACE AT PLANT NO. 1!

NOW THRU THIS SEWER -- UP THE VENTILATION SHAFT TO THE STOREROOM -- IT'S TOO EASY!

AND THE NAZI MENACE IS ALREADY AT PLANT NO. 1!

WHEN THE WESTERN UNION CLOCK SAYS TWELVE -- BANG -- NO MORE PLANT!

WANT SOME RELIEF, MAY -- I LIKE TO WATCH THE BOARD!

THANKS, GABBY! EVERYONE'S ON EDGE TONIGHT -- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

ACH -- SOME FOOL IS COMING -- I MUST PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

-- AN INNOCENT RELIEF --

-- LEADS TO COMPLICATIONS FOR HEINIE --

THE FIRST STOOGIE FEELS NOTHING WILL STOP HIS PLAN BUT JUST THEN --

NOT A SOUND, YOU FOOL!

EEEEK!

**W**HILE UPSTAIRS -- WHIZZER ARRIVES AT THE DESK!

HI, GABBY -- ANYTHING UNUSUAL?

NOPE -- 'CEPT MAY'S BEEN GONE UNUSUALLY LONG!

WHICH WAY DID SHE GO?

DOWN THAT WAY!

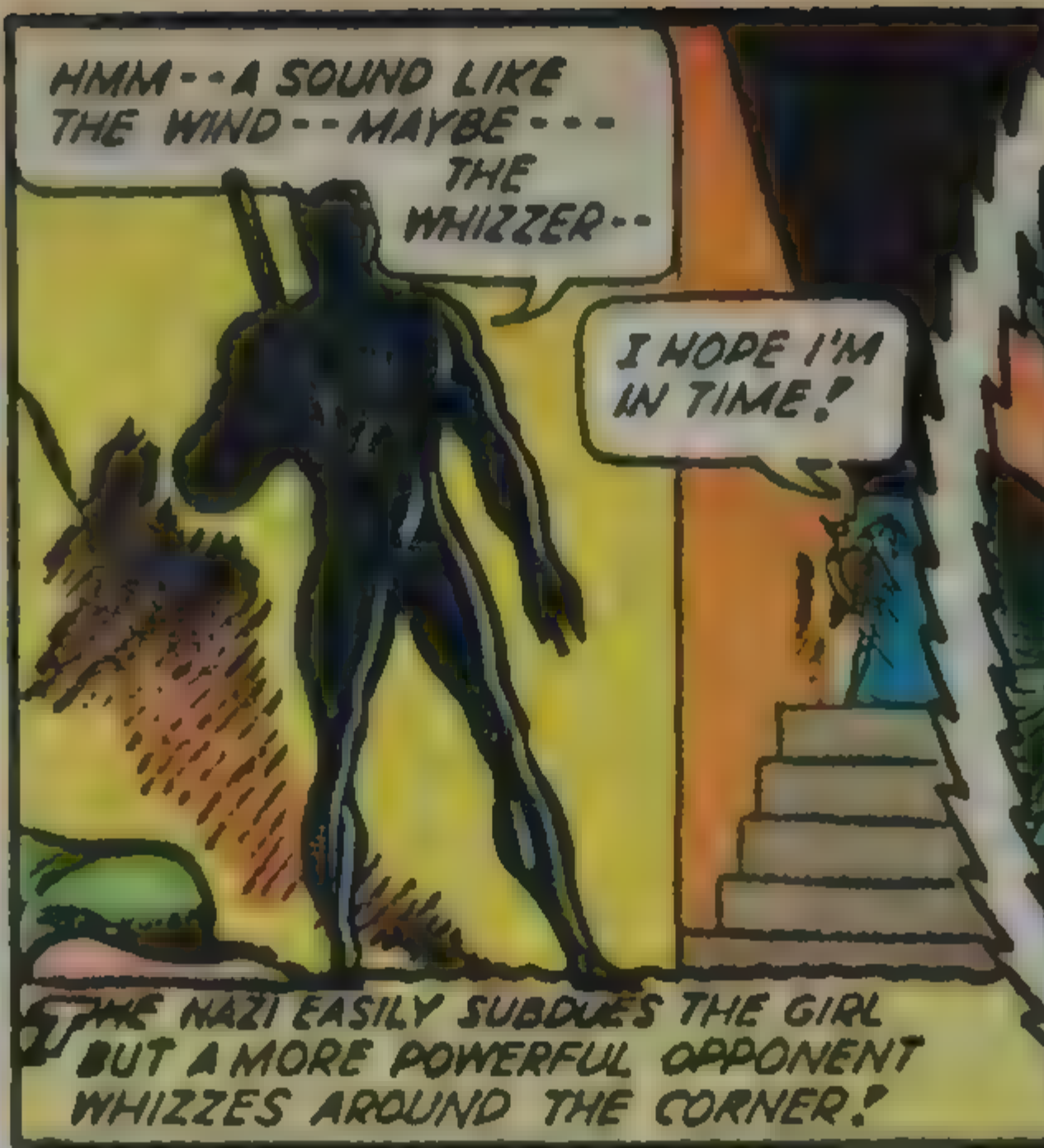
AS MAY PEERS INTO THE STOREROOM DARKNESS, THE NAZI SUBDUES HER!





I MAY BE WRONG  
BUT THIS MAY BE  
THE LEAD I  
NEEDED!

**NOW THE FASTEST  
THING ON EARTH  
SENSES DANGER!**



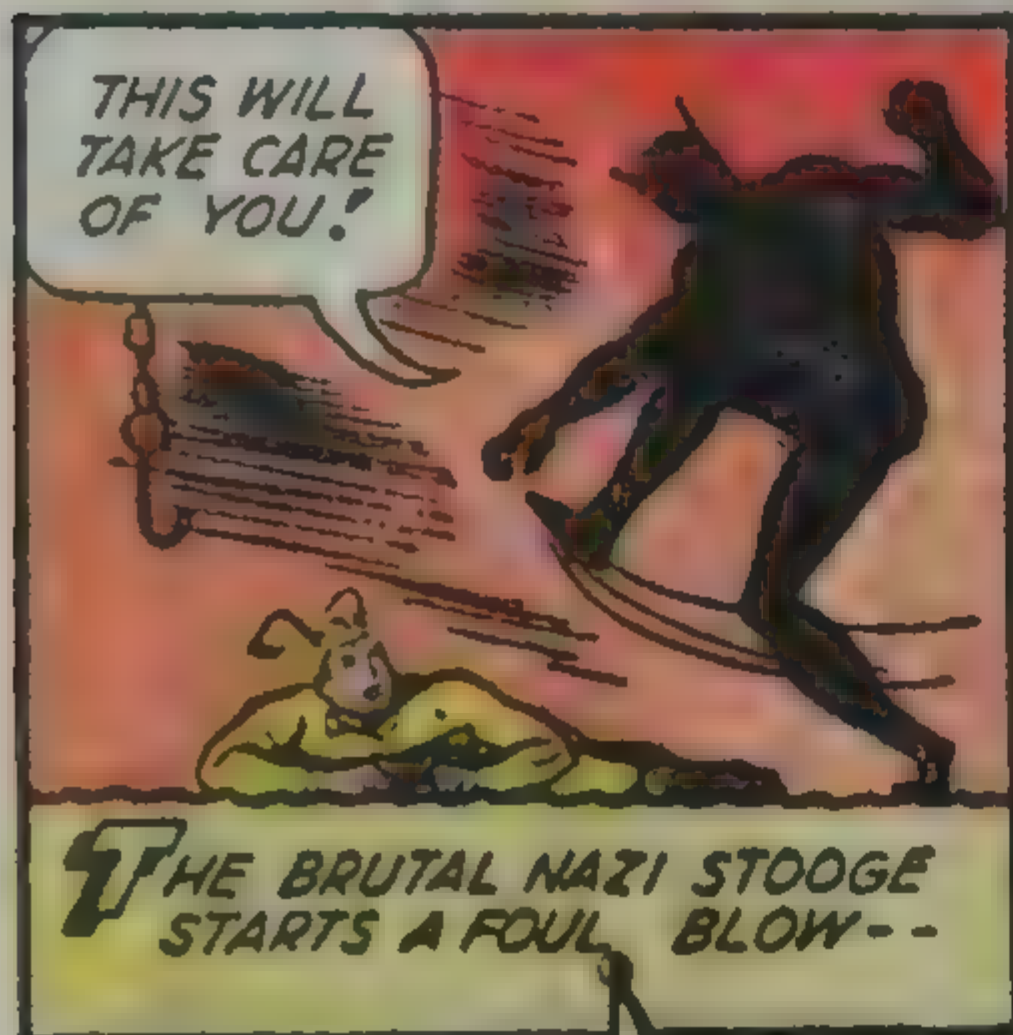
HMM--A SOUND LIKE  
THE WIND--MAYBE---  
THE  
WHIZZER--

I HOPE I'M  
IN TIME!

**THE NAZI EASILY SUBDUES THE GIRL  
BUT A MORE POWERFUL OPPONENT  
WHIZZES AROUND THE CORNER!**

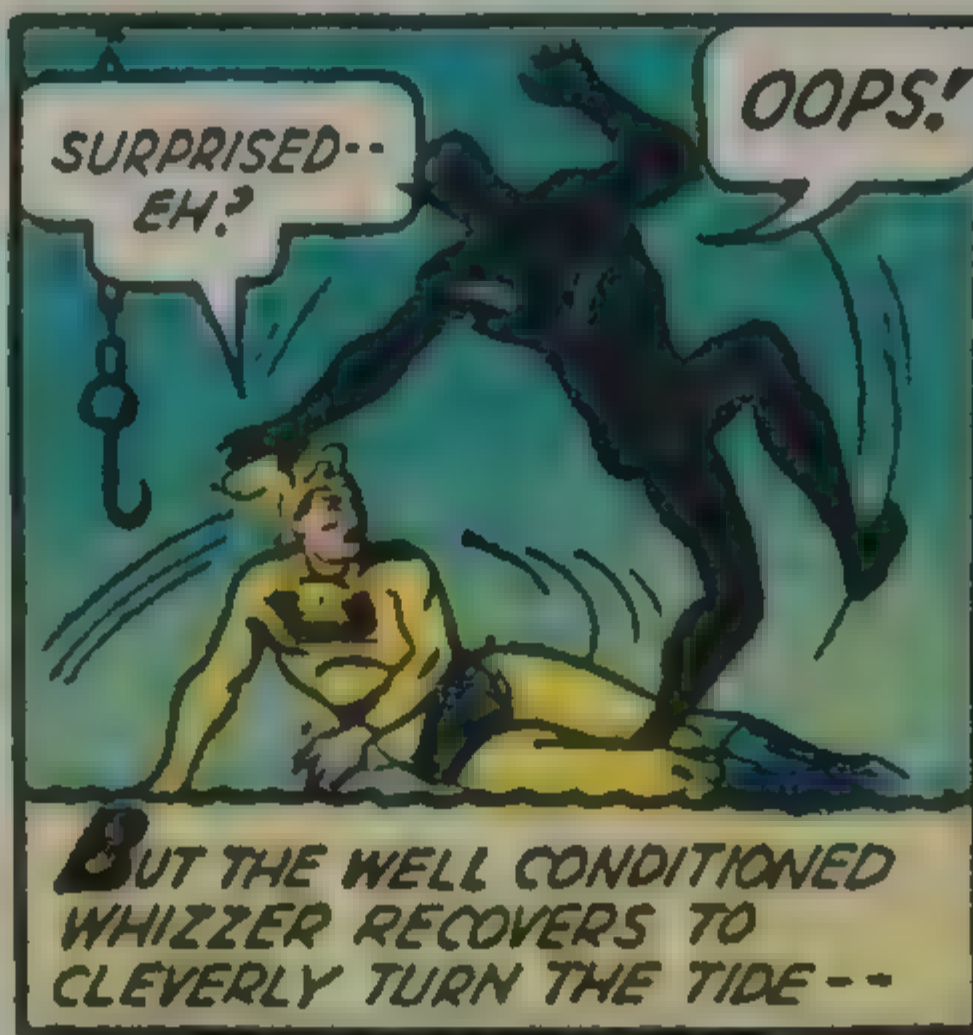


TAKE THIS,  
SPEEDY  
BOY!



THIS WILL  
TAKE CARE  
OF YOU!

**THE BRUTAL NAZI STOOGES  
STARTS A FOUL BLOW--**



SURPRISED--  
EH?

OOPS!

**BUT THE WELL CONDITIONED  
WHIZZER RECOVERS TO  
CLEVERLY TURN THE TIDE--**



I'LL TIE YOU WITH  
THIS CHAIN!

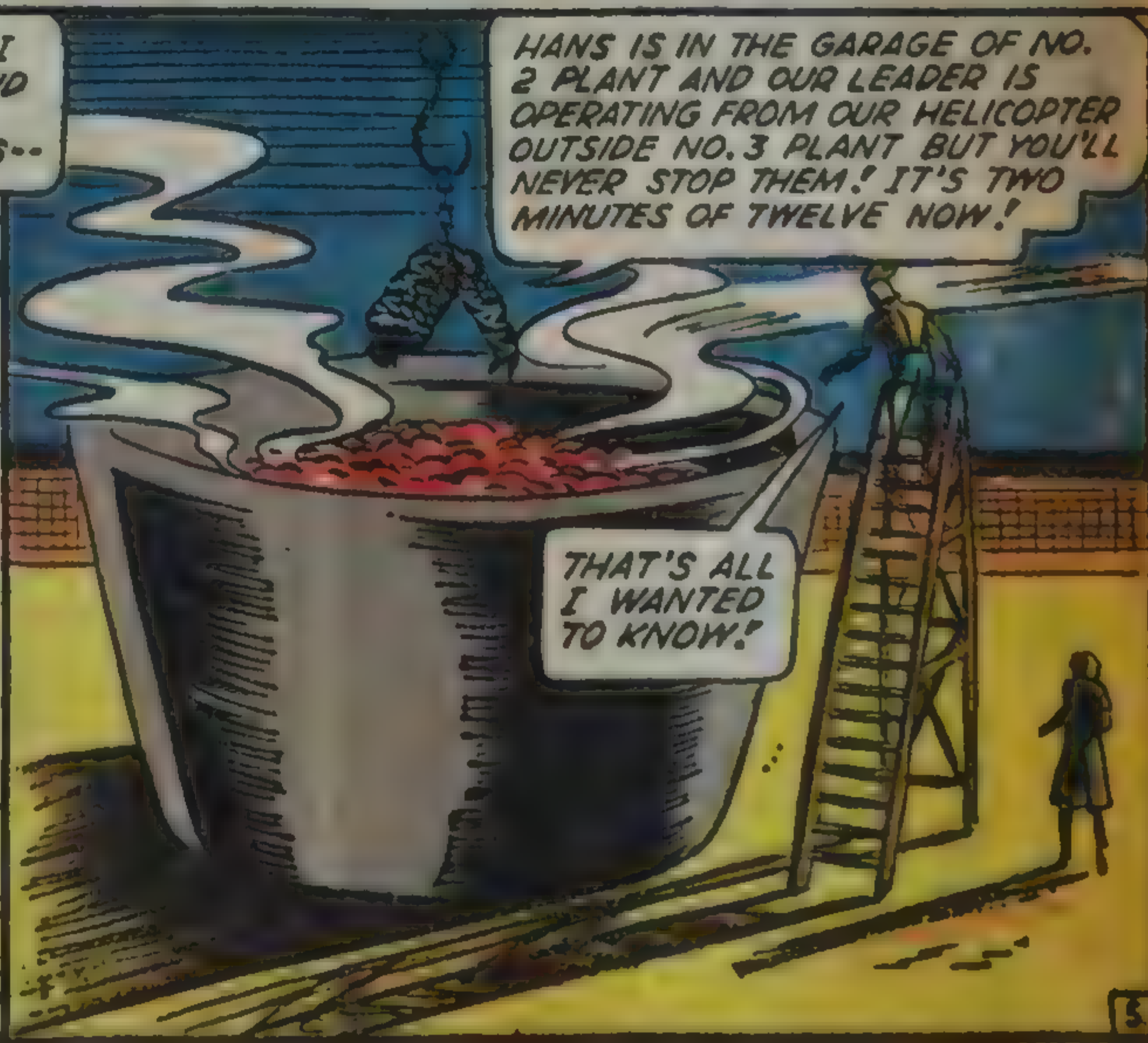
**AND GRABBING THE DER-  
RICK HOOK QUICKLY BINDS  
THE STUNNED NAZI!**



TELL ME--



WHERE I  
WILL FIND  
THE  
OTHERS--



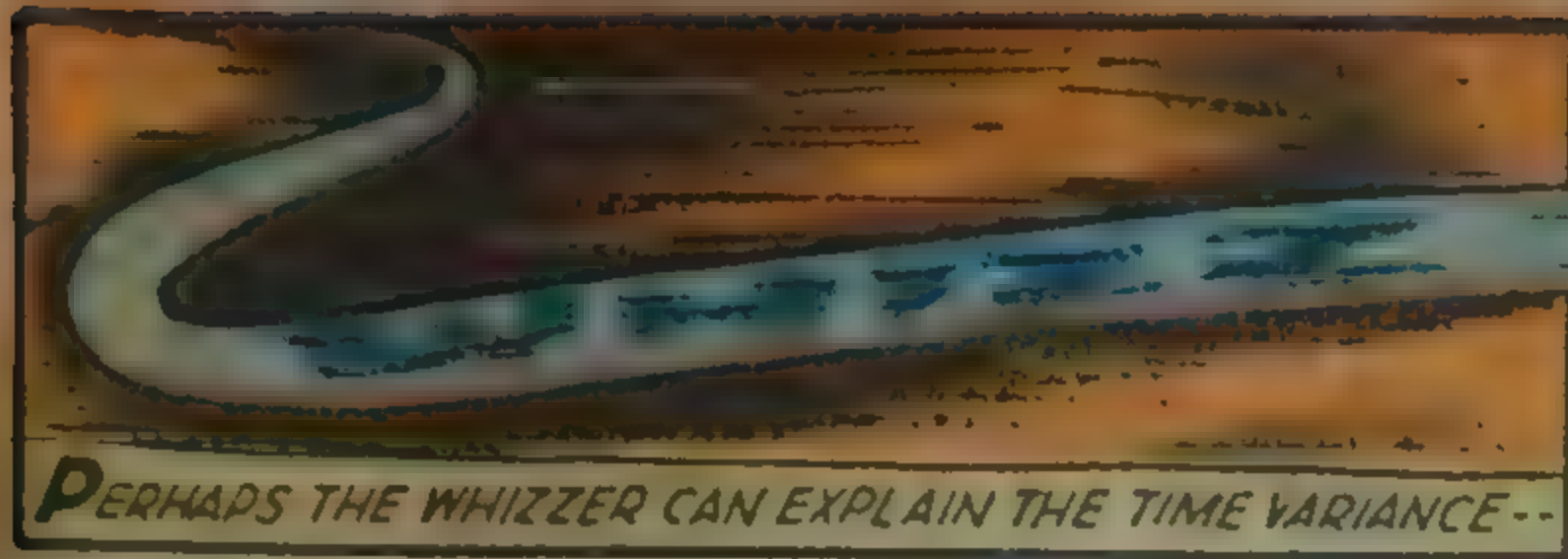
HANS IS IN THE GARAGE OF NO.  
2 PLANT AND OUR LEADER IS  
OPERATING FROM OUR HELICOPTER  
OUTSIDE NO. 3 PLANT BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER STOP THEM! IT'S TWO  
MINUTES OF TWELVE NOW!

THAT'S ALL  
I WANTED  
TO KNOW!

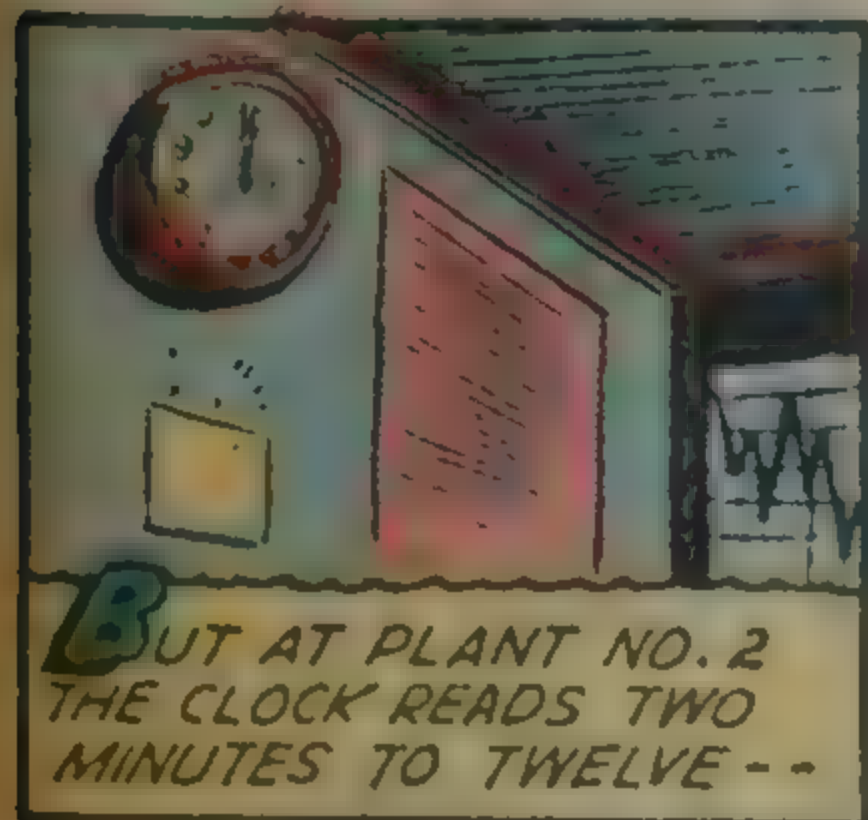


--AND I WILL LET  
YOU DOWN!





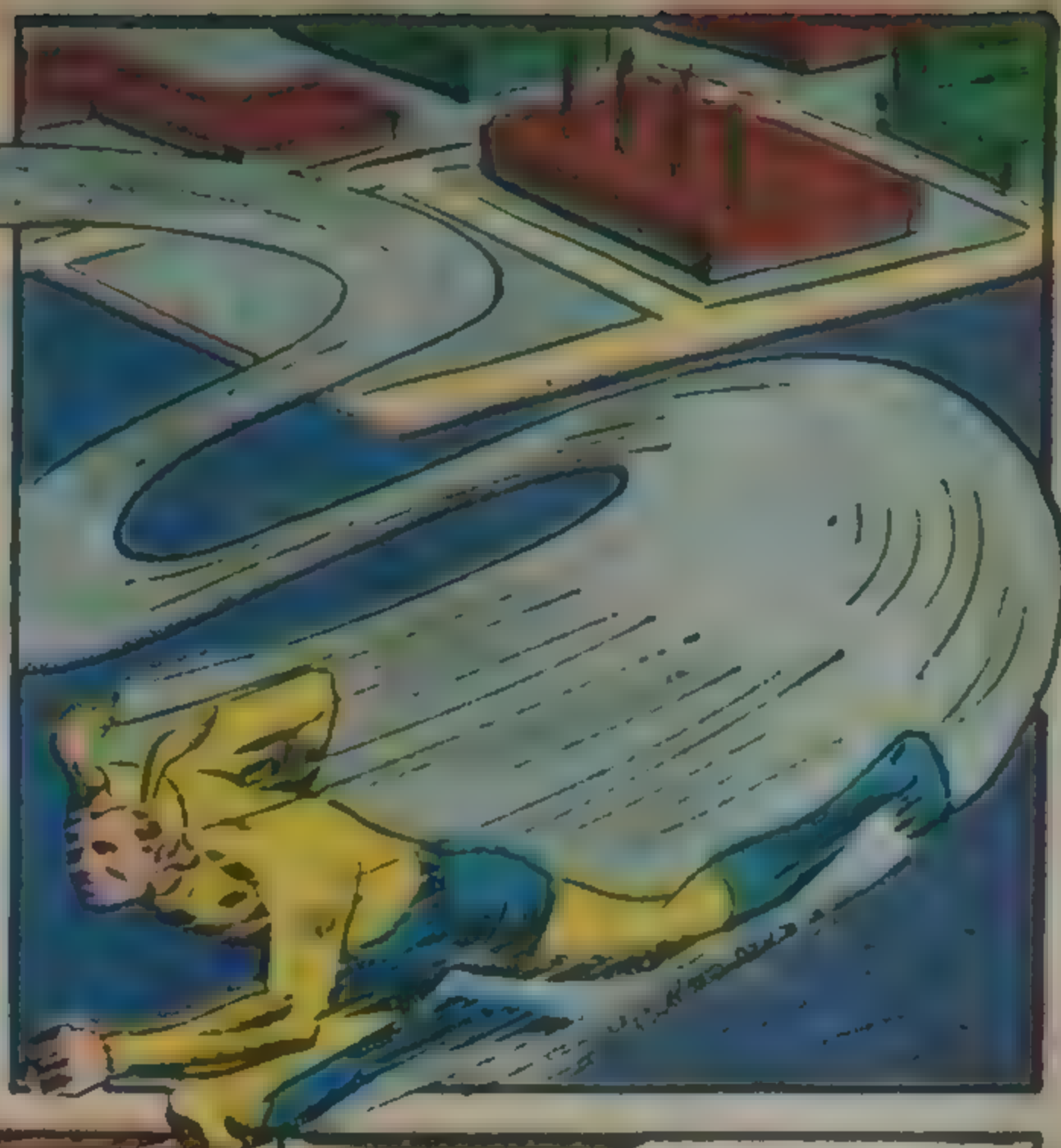
PERHAPS THE WHIZZER CAN EXPLAIN THE TIME VARIANCE--



BUT AT PLANT NO. 2  
THE CLOCK READS TWO  
MINUTES TO TWELVE--



WHILE AT PLANT  
NO. 3--THE LEADER  
HAS FIVE MINUTES  
TO WAIT!

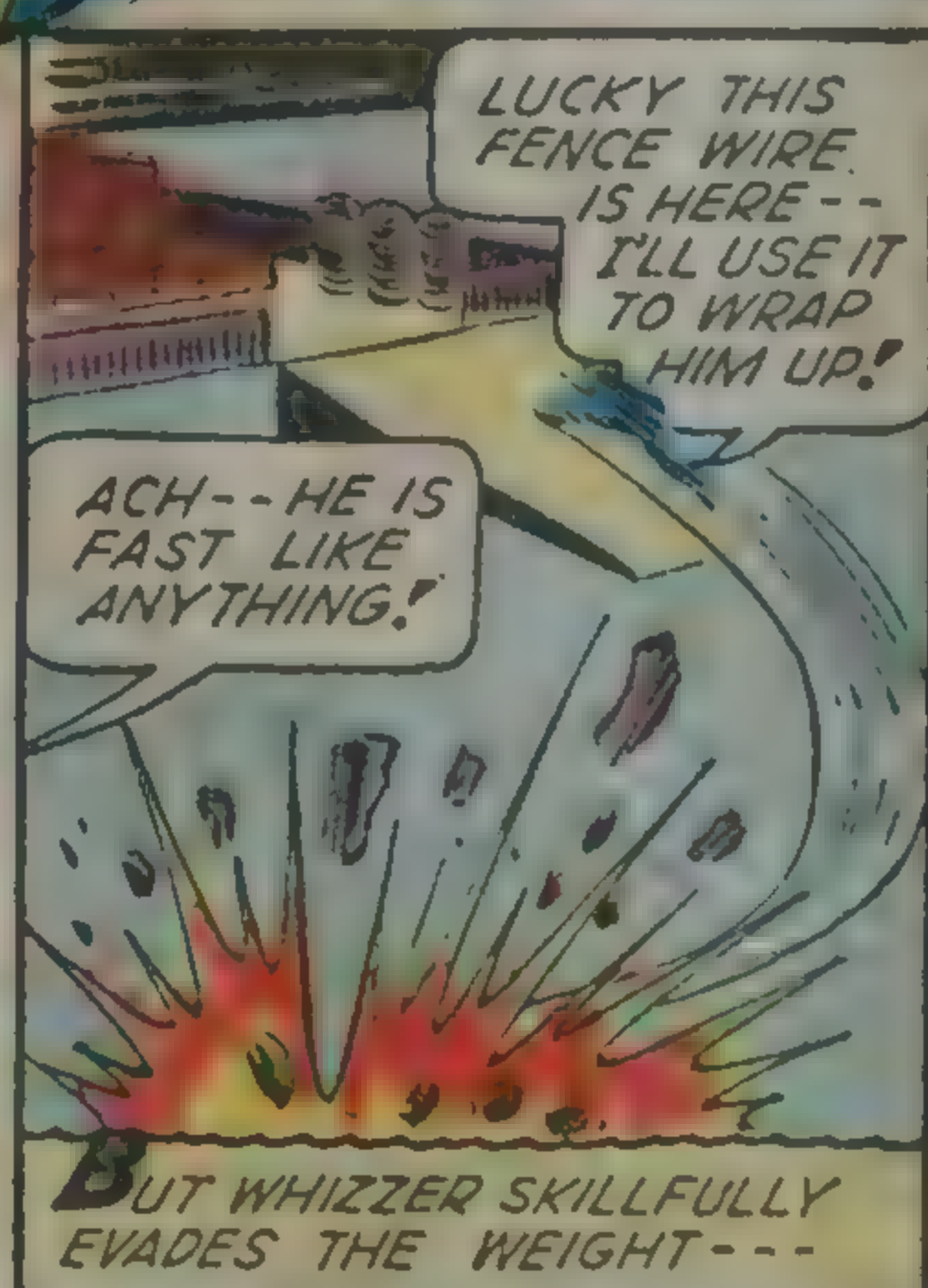


JUST IN  
TIME!



WHIZ-  
BOY  
WHIZ!

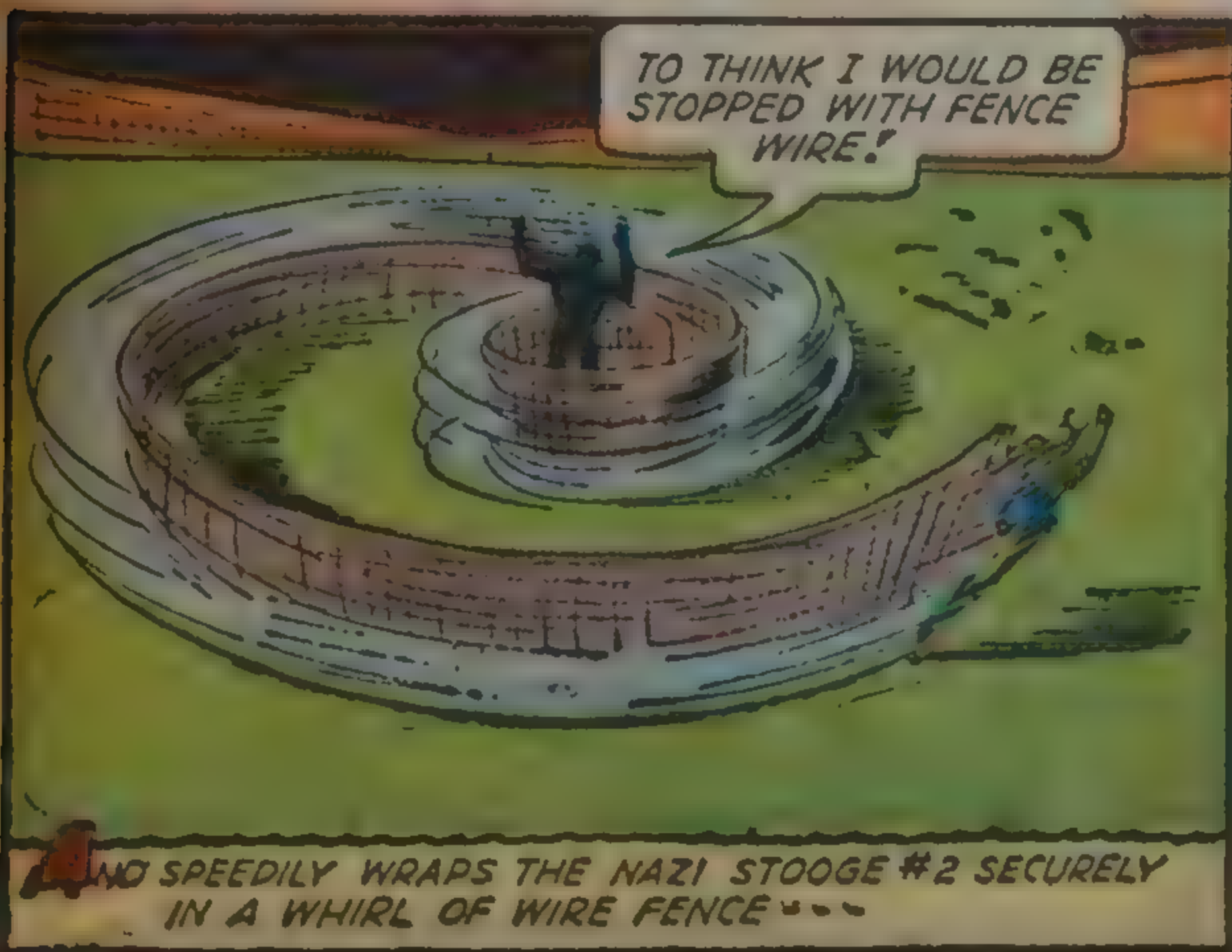
THE GROGGY NAZI RE-  
LEASES A HUGE MAGNET--



LUCKY THIS  
FENCE WIRE  
IS HERE--  
I'LL USE IT  
TO WRAP  
HIM UP!

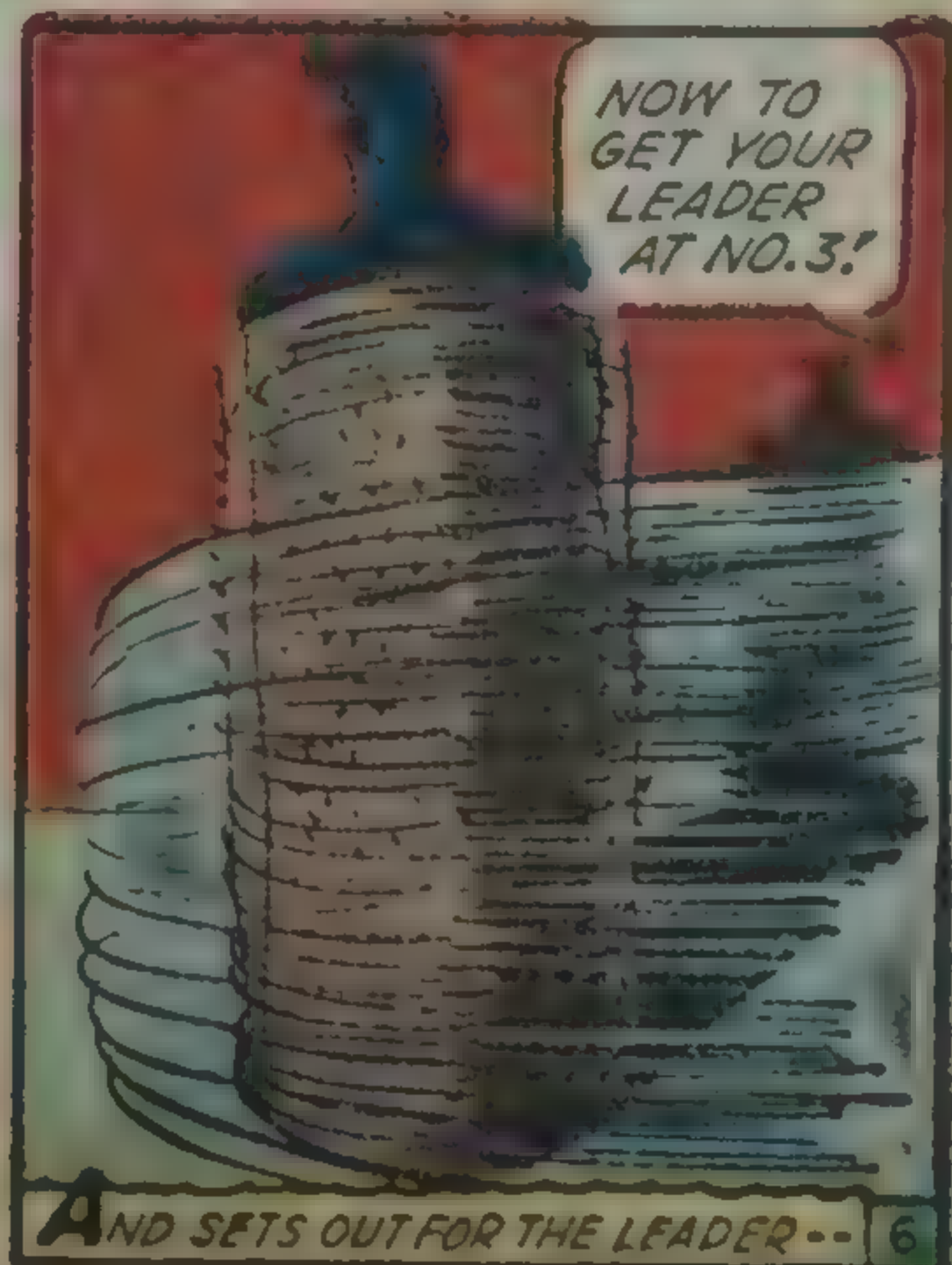
ACH-- HE IS  
FAST LIKE  
ANYTHING!

BUT WHIZZER SKILLFULLY  
EVADES THE WEIGHT---



TO THINK I WOULD BE  
STOPPED WITH FENCE  
WIRE!

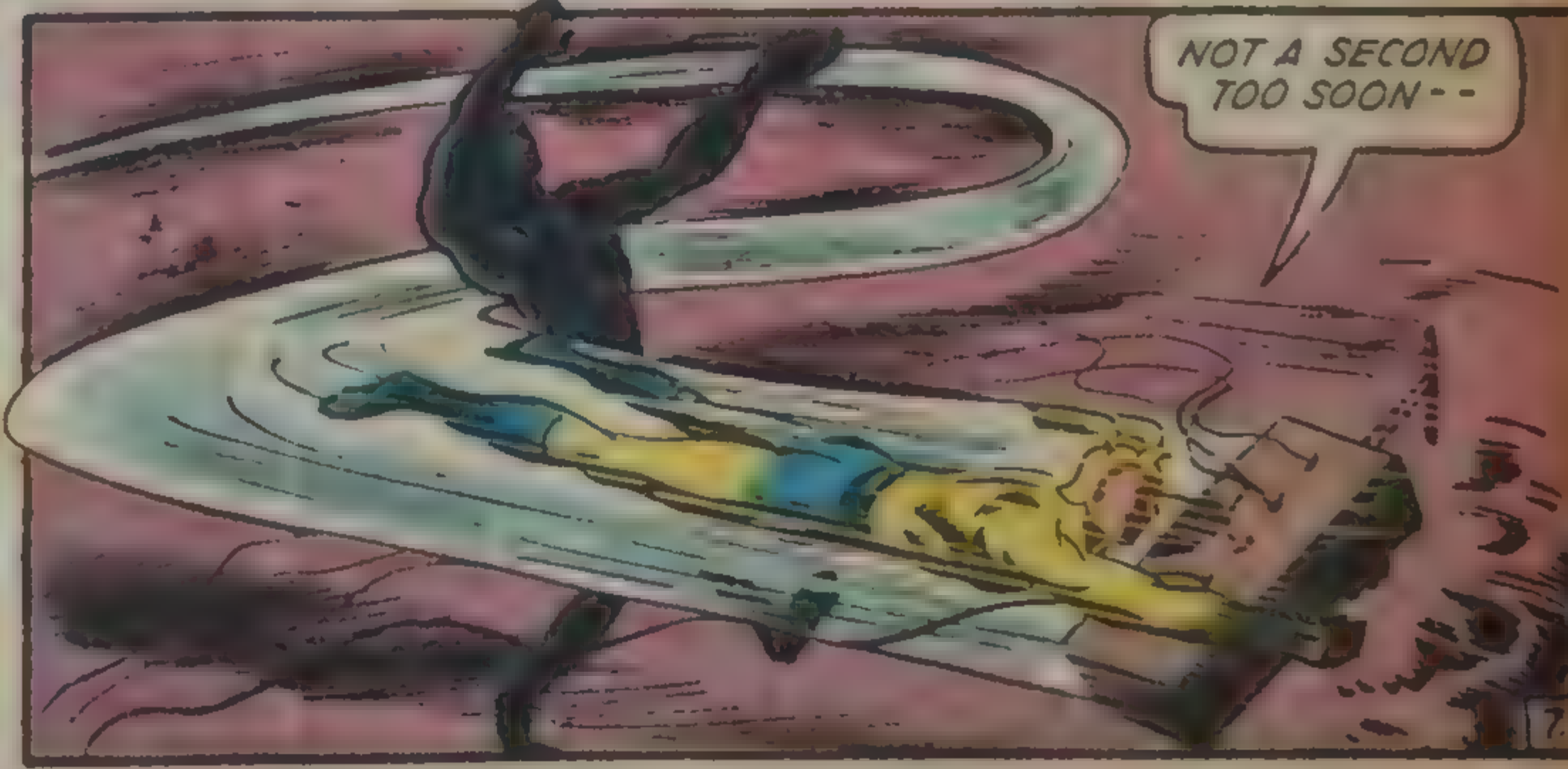
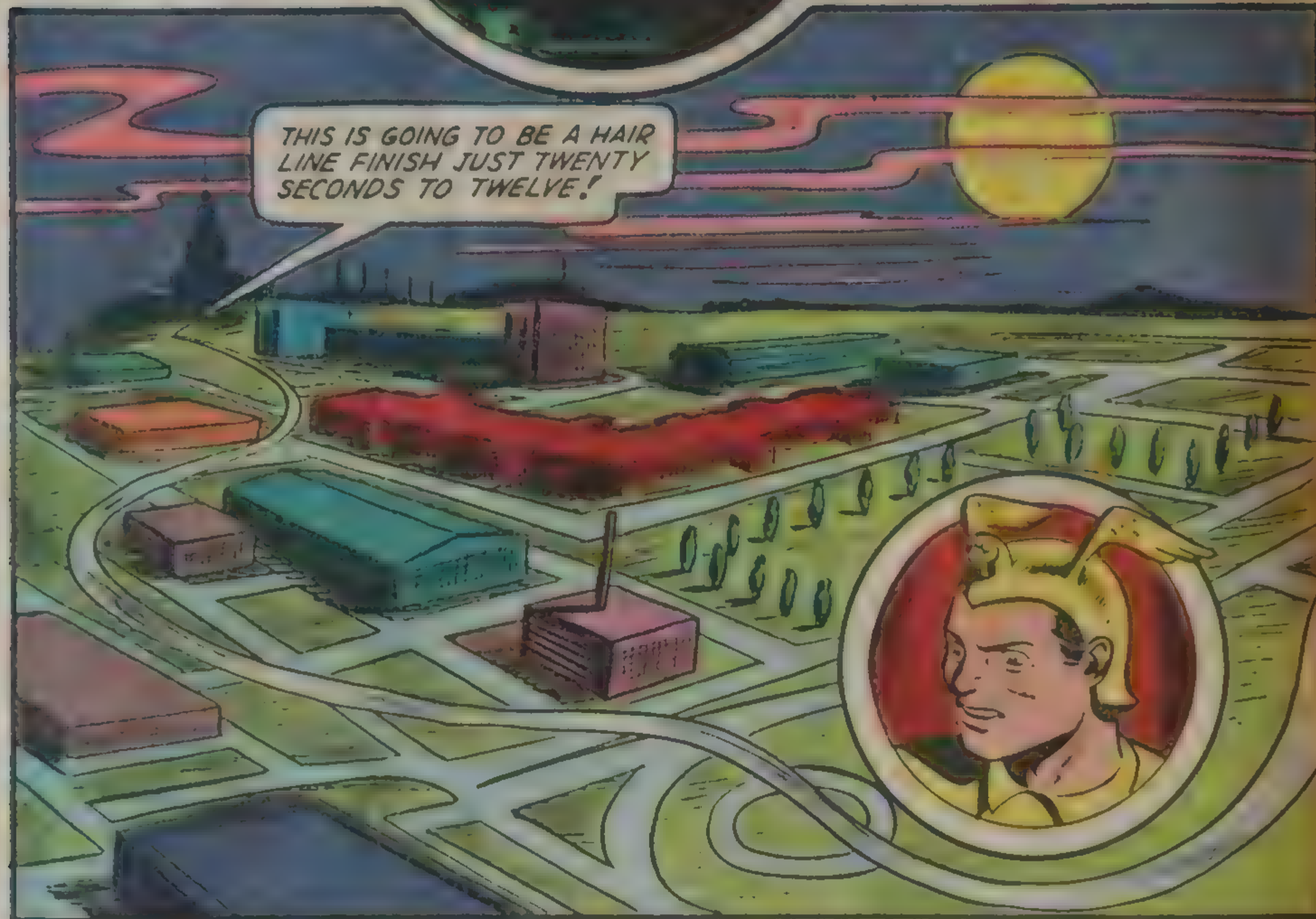
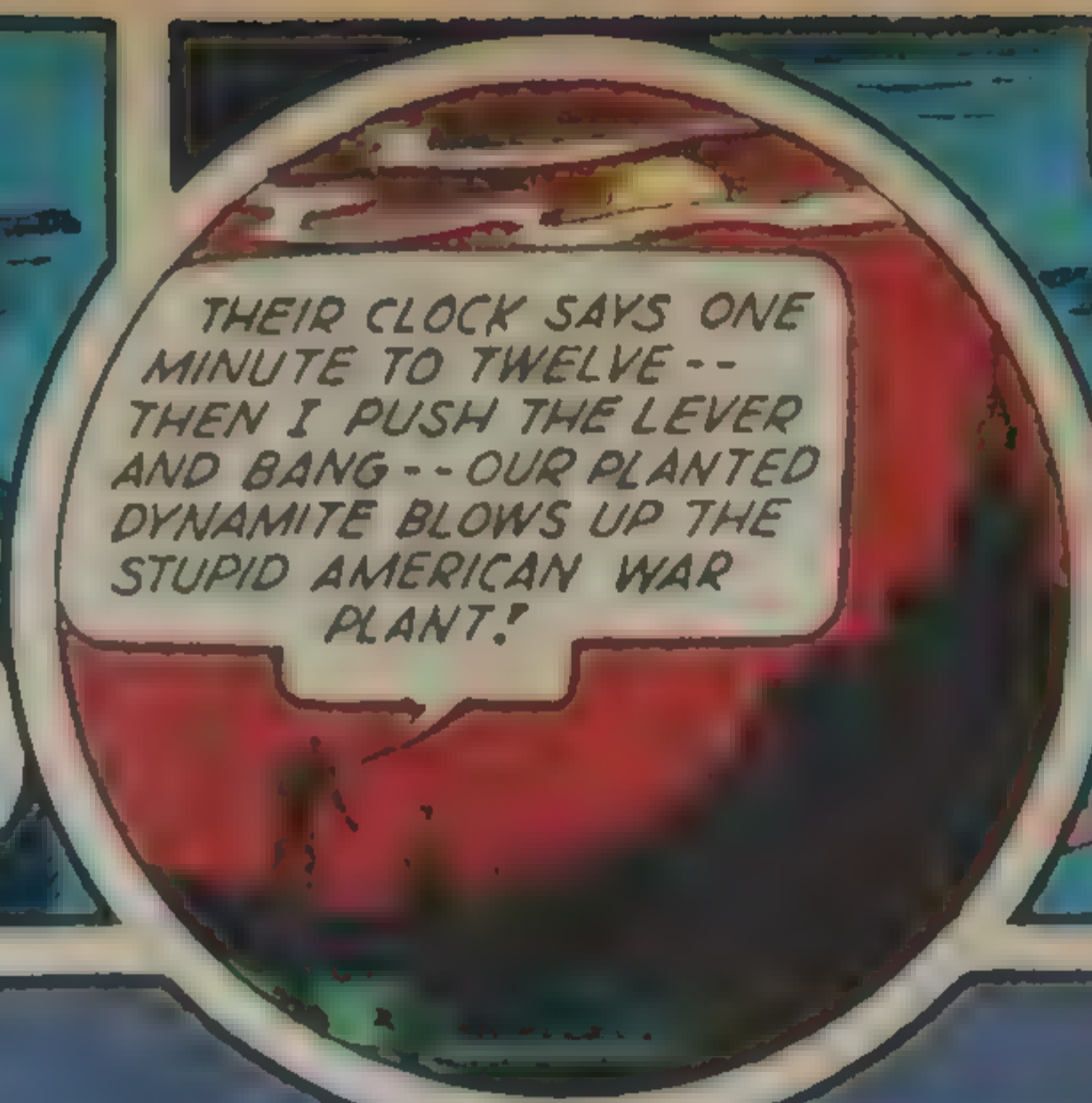
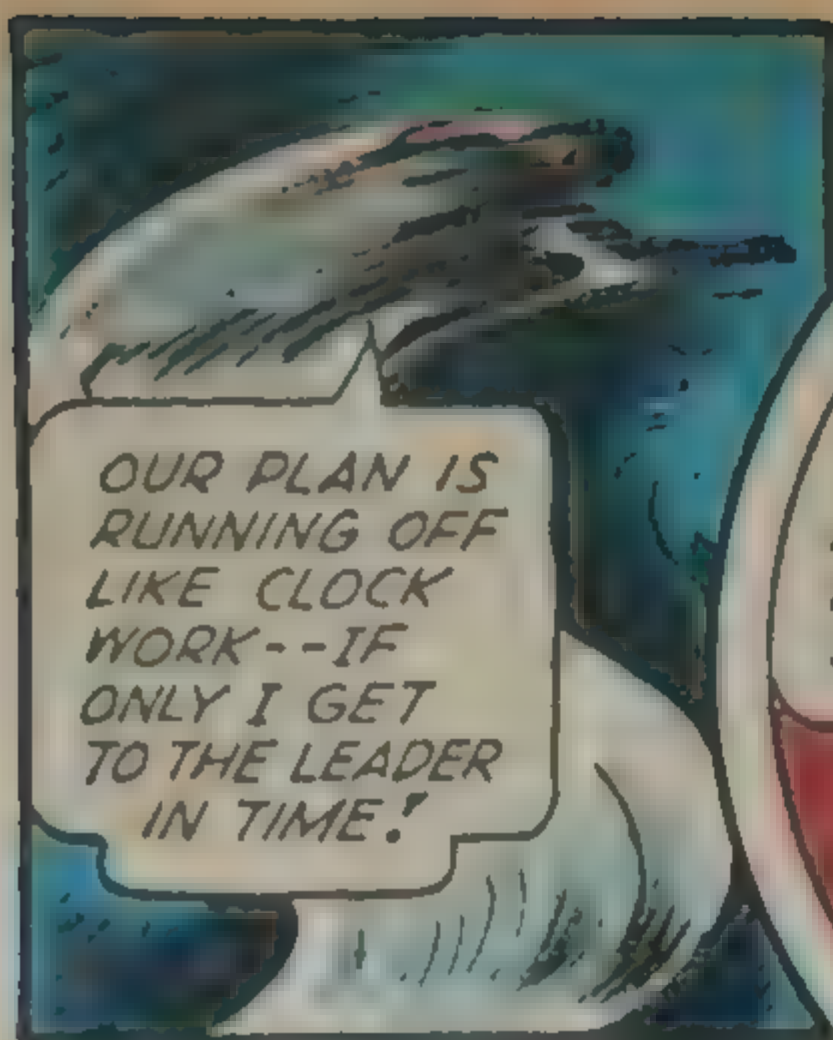
AND SPEEDILY WRAPS THE NAZI STOOGES #2 SECURELY  
IN A WHIRL OF WIRE FENCE--



NOW TO  
GET YOUR  
LEADER  
AT NO. 3!

AND SETS OUT FOR THE LEADER--







OUR FUEHRER WILL NOT PERMIT SUCH INTERFERENCE!



WHIZZER'S VICTIM #1 AND



#2 WAITING HELPLESSLY TO BE DELIVERED WITH-



THEIR VANQUISHED LEADER TO THE JAIL!

NOW TO GO BACK AND PICK UP THE REST OF THIS TRIPLE FLOP TROUPE!



OUR PLAN FOOLED YOU COMPLETELY!



THREE DUPES OF A PLAN AS SIMPLE AS SETTING A CLOCK!



YOU ARE IN JAIL BECAUSE WE HAD WESTERN UNION SET THE CLOCK OF PLANT #1, FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF PLANT #2 AND PLANT #2, FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF PLANT #3!



YOUR PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY! WE ARE PROUD WE COULD COOPERATE!

YOU WERE SWELL!

WESTERN UNION



JUST ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HOW FREE MEN PULLING TOGETHER CAN OUTSMART AND OUTFIGHT THE VULTURES OF SLAVERY!



THE WHIZZER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. IN ANOTHER THRILLER!!



# YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL- CHARMING and POPULAR! *At Once!*

"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Here's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!



## TAKE THOSE KINKS OUT OF YOUR APPEARANCE and PERSONALITY

Now you can have an amazing book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY", by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities), which tells you in exact detail how thousands of others have dramatized their charming points—and achieved astonishing popularity. You, too, can learn—almost at a glance—how to highlight your most favorable characteristics of figure, of face, of mannerisms, of intellect. You, too, can learn how to be an interesting companion and conversationalist. You, too, can learn to be the kind of a girl that other girls envy and boys admire. "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" reveals to you the "mysteries" of feminine appeal and how you can quickly develop your own enticing charms.

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"HOW TO CHARM WITH COLOR"



Girls who wear a certain color more readily receive marriage proposals than those who wear the other colors. Do you know what that enchanting color is? For ages colors have been used to enhance attractiveness. A doctor tells you the exciting scientific facts in "How to Charm With Color"—a big book yours free with "Better Than Beauty".

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Canadian and Foreign, No C. O. D. Send \$1.20.



172  
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trations

## FOR EVERY GIRL

## WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY A Complete Guide to Charm Part of Contents

### SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain nerve and dash.
18. How to affect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

### SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IM- PROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in social and personal manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tongue-tied talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking an encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Coloric Table of everyday foods is grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight.

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# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

ID MARRY JIM IF  
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

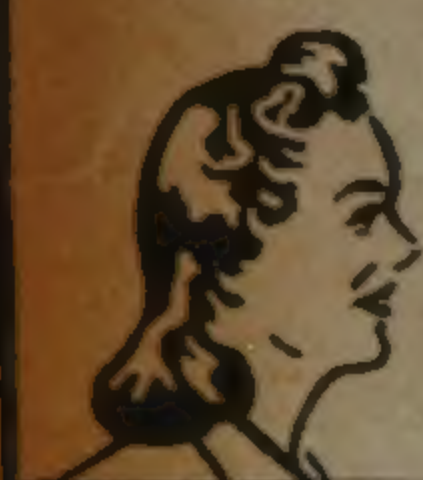
I'LL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT,  
HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

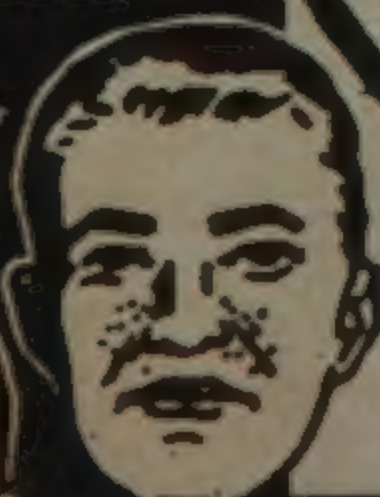
If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
3 1/2"

**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS**

**USE  
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE  
OUT!**



**RUSH  
COUPON**

**Send No  
MONEY**

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

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516 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.**

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.  
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

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Because of the tremendous demand for these amazing thrill producers, our supply is limited. ORDER NOW to be sure of getting yours. Send no money just coupon! When the postman brings yours, pay him \$1.69 plus postage and C.O.D. charge, or 2 sets for \$3.25, plus delivery charges. Only 2 to a customer. (Avoid disappointment. Have money ready when your postman arrives.)

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I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return within 5 days and get purchase price back.

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